

Golden Collector's Issue of 1985

# Esquire

THE ESQUIRE  
1985 Register

Man At His Best  
DECEMBER 1985 • PRICE \$3.00

*Presenting*

# America's New Leadership Class



Men and Women  
Under Forty  
Who Are Changing  
the Nation

Business & Industry • Arts & Letters  
Science & Technology • Education & Social Service  
Politics & Law • Entertainment, Sports & Style





THE ESQUIRE  
**1985 Register**  
HONOREES

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**"The state of the art in car technology now lives in Michigan, Indiana, Arizona, Alabama, Ohio and California.**

**Not Germany or Japan.**

**Chrysler Technology is making  
Made in America  
mean something again!"**



# We're using technology like it's never been used before to make Plymouth, Dodge and Chrysler mean just one thing. The best.



## At Sterling Heights our cars come off the world's most advanced production line.

The combination of computers and high-tech electronics has turned manufacturing into a science that has completely revolutionized the way we build cars. In-line assembly and just-in-time inventory systems are just two of the innovative operations achieving high quality and productivity. 103 robots weld bodies for consistent strength throughout. 182 lasers and cameras inspect over 350 points on the car body. And in a fully automated paint facility, 100 robots in hospital-clean paint rooms that are comparable to the best in Europe and Japan.

**Computers are the foundation for the factories of the future. And we're a leader in the industry.**

Our designers and engineers use the largest integrated technical computer network in the industry. More than 625 terminals give the designer the speed, accuracy and flexibility he needs. For example, designs entered on the graphic terminal can be checked by computer to make sure all parts and connections will be correct—even before they are built. Our unique computer system is helping to ensure the same high quality in every new car and truck we build.



**Outer Drive Manufacturing Technical Center is a production laboratory that perfects our plants.**

At Outer Drive we're using computers to predict and solve problems before they develop. It provides the resources to plan, process, assemble and drive out the door a finished car. But Outer Drive is more than just a tool facility. It's a true assembly research and development center for computer-integrated manufacturing techniques. It's playing a major role in the development of Chrysler as one of the most technically advanced automotive manufacturers.



## Chrysler Pacifica is a design center where we turn our vision of the automobile into a reality.

At Chrysler's advanced production design center in Southern California, we're living in the 2900s. Pacifica allows us to develop advanced concepts up to 200 weeks ahead of production design cycles. It boasts some of the most technically advanced techniques anywhere. Among them, the

use of state of the art modeling materials instead of clay, allowing designers to sculpt a concept in three dimensions from as they conceive it.



## It takes a tough truck to get out of Dodge City.

We have created one of the most modern truck plants in the world to build our new Dodge Dakota and other pickup trucks. Dodge City II brings together the production of all the major stamping components and assembly facilities. To assure world class quality and toughness, we use the same high technology and advanced systems to build our trucks as we do our cars.



**Our Liberty Project is building in more quality. And plans to take \$2,000 out of the cost.**

Liberty is a new approach to building cars. A process that brings together the work of stylists, engineers, suppliers and production people with one goal: to raise quality and cut costs. In addition to being a concept, Liberty is a car in constant evolution. A living demonstration of the determination of Chrysler to match anybody, anywhere—in quality and cost.



## At the Chrysler Shelby Development Center we're putting meat fun into driving.

Heading the projects under way: a turbocharged 16-valve 2.3 engine which will raise horsepower to 175 hp, and a new four-wheel drive system. Both for our performance Daytona. And a four-wheel drive powertrain for our minivan—Caravan and Voyager.

**We plan to introduce new products at a rate of one every six months.**

Our Plymouth Sundance and Dodge Shadow will show that America can build a GM-type car at an affordable price. Our Dodge Dakota mid-size pickup offers the payload of a full-size pickup, with greater fuel economy and a lower price. Over the next four years, we'll introduce a new family sedan, luxury car, sporty coupe and convertible. And with

Maserati, we'll build a luxury sports convertible that will be one of the most exciting cars in the world.

**Our workers and our dealers share our commitment. To be the best.**

There's a new spirit at Chrysler. The pride is Back. Pride in the quality of the Chrysler, Plymouth and Dodge cars and trucks we build. Pride in what we've accomplished as a team working together to be the best. But it didn't come back on its own. It took Chrysler to technology to bring it back. Technology that's making Made in America mean something again. The best. Buckle up for safety.



**The New Chrysler Corporation.**

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**We don't want to be the biggest. Just the best.**

A Time for Gucci.



Men's & Ladies' Swiss Quartz Watches.  
Stainless Steel & 18 Karat Gold Plated to 10 Microns.  
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JEFF HAMILTON

Men's Wearhouse Catalogue page 206

# AT&T. The reason you've always taken long distance services for granted.



Whenever you wanted to feel close to someone faraway when you wanted to share a smile or just felt like a chat, you gave them a call. You didn't worry about the call. Because you took for granted that you could reach wherever you wanted, and that you'd get a clear long distance connection.

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Only AT&T has over 85,000 long distance operators to offer any assistance you may need.

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Plus, AT&T has special programs and plans that can help your long distance dollars go farther.

You know with AT&T you can continue to take these services for granted. Because there's someone who will never take for granted you. **Reach out and touch someone.**



## Esquire

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It all adds up to a new personality for the new generation.

*\*With 35 passengers, front wheel drive model. FWD.*

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*The Small Car That Merges  
Import Technology With  
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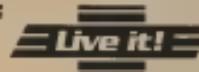
*Sprint.*

*Spectrum.*

*Nova. The Best Of Both Worlds.*

New Chevy Nova is a world-class vehicle built in America through a joint effort between General Motors and Toyota Motor. Nova merges the technology of the imports with traditional American values. It's designed to provide exceptional quality at an affordable price. It's not just a symbol of today's Chevrolet. It's a new way of building cars for a new generation.

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第二部分

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*Rub Samuels, Jr.*

Rub Samuels Jr.  
President  
Maker's Mark Distillery

**Maker's  
Mark**

See Reader Service Card after page 220

PS.  
That's a  
photo of young  
Jesse taken from  
the Samuels family  
album. The gun  
belonged to Jesse's  
brother, Frank.

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## BUILDING THE WALL

THEIR IS an important postscript that balances on Christopher Isherwood's "The Wall" (September). I do not know that Berlin Scruggs gives ground on half the delays demanded by critics of the Wall; there would never have been a Vietnam Veterans Memorial. It may have been great for us to accuse scolding "officials and geniuses," but because of the great's tenacity, there the maximal attack, gloating in the approval of an overwhelming majority of Viet vets and attracting more and more veterans than any other shrine in Washington.

*David N. Usdak  
Arlington, Va.*

THANK YOU for revealing the back-ground of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Granted, the other monuments are beautiful and impressive, but the Wall's blackness, in contrast to their whiteness, seems so much more appropriate for this controversial war.

When I saw it for the first time last November and saw the rose stems pressed into the cracks between the panels, and the other tokens left by visitors, my reaction immediately was, "My God, this is America's Wall."

*John Burt  
Radley, Pa.*

## UNCERTAIN JUSTICE

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed the article on Leo Frank ("The Lynching of Leo Frank," by Steve Gray, September). It teaches us a clear and valuable lesson—that vengeance and emotional passion make us no better than hooligans. It also shows how peer pressure and childhood itself can prevent the truth from coming out.

*Stephen Wheeler  
Lake Charles, La.*

YOUR DOCUMENTARY "The Lynching of Leo Frank" in the front, most erudite and complete account I have read in 30 publications. Kudos to Steve Gray.

*Avenging Hand-Sisterhood  
Arlington, Va.*

IT IS apparent after reading "The Lynching of Leo Frank" that any accurate measurements were in obvious in 1913 or in 1983. That any court would put conviction out licensing offered by the likes of Jim Cor-

ley it mind-boggling. The way at which the Georgia Board of Pardons and Paroles treated Alton Meier's testimony proves that to the Board, Leo Frank was "only a Jew."

An excellent article by a sensitive yet objective writer.

*Steve Krausman  
Kew Gardens, N.Y.*

**GREAT BALLS** of ball comment! After wading through eight pages of Steve Gray's article, I, for one, stand the evidence highly inconclusive. After considering the "new evidence," the Georgia Board of Pardons and Paroles acted correctly. For Mr. Only to reach the subject of anti-Semitism is to reach the board and insulting to blacks, whites, gentiles, and atheists.

*Donald Eggers  
Baltimore, Md.*

## AS PARENTS AGE

IN "TAKING Over" (September), Mark Taylor tells it exactly as it is, and those of us who are as deeply involved as the scenario in his column see his perception, his sensitivity, and, most of all, his honesty.

It is too late to believe the point that my mother's generation, looking back, to be infallible. In our the recognition of failings everywhere. We who try hard to recognize and respect the needs and ignorance of eighty-plus year-olds, and at the same time have no time to meet our own needs and requirements, need Taylor's to make an realize that our parents are human. There are many of us living along the same rough road, and perhaps each other a not-as-distantly alone as we sometimes feel.

*Jameson Conner  
Ridgefield, N.J.*

NECK TAYLOR has written about an important topic. In my particular case, I've begun to feel the pains brought about by my mother's aging. Like many would-be, what to do? I am, when, whatever. Although I've still not answered, Mr. Taylor's piece was not only food for thought but a nice bit of work as well. Thank you, Nick, it's nice to know I'm not totally alone in this.

*James M. Alford  
Somerville, Calif.*

I WAS looking through *Esquire* trying to discover what was in the magazine for me, a never-satisfied individual, when I came upon Mr. Taylor's big problem with his parents. Since I am approximately their age, I have something to say on that topic.

What is the problem? His parents are still available, so financial burdens lie here, and, it appears, not much. All they seem to expect are a few chores and a visit once in a blue moon. So he has a guilty conscience because he does for them set through love but because of duty and pity—two hard penalties for old people to swallow. I hope his parents do not read his article, they would be hurt.

So here's my advice to the never-satisfied, when his parents might be helpless and he will have to parent them. I hope they stay far away in Mexico so that he cannot see them get decrepit. He is already impatient with their infirmities. They look at me; sick, frail and translucent, the drag-only wings, flesh loose length their paper arms. "How does he think they will look at half past seventy?" Mr. Taylor claims to love his parents, but he pretends too much. He wants them to be forever, but not cause him too much inconvenience.

*Ada Saks Levy  
Albuquerque, N.M.*

## HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER

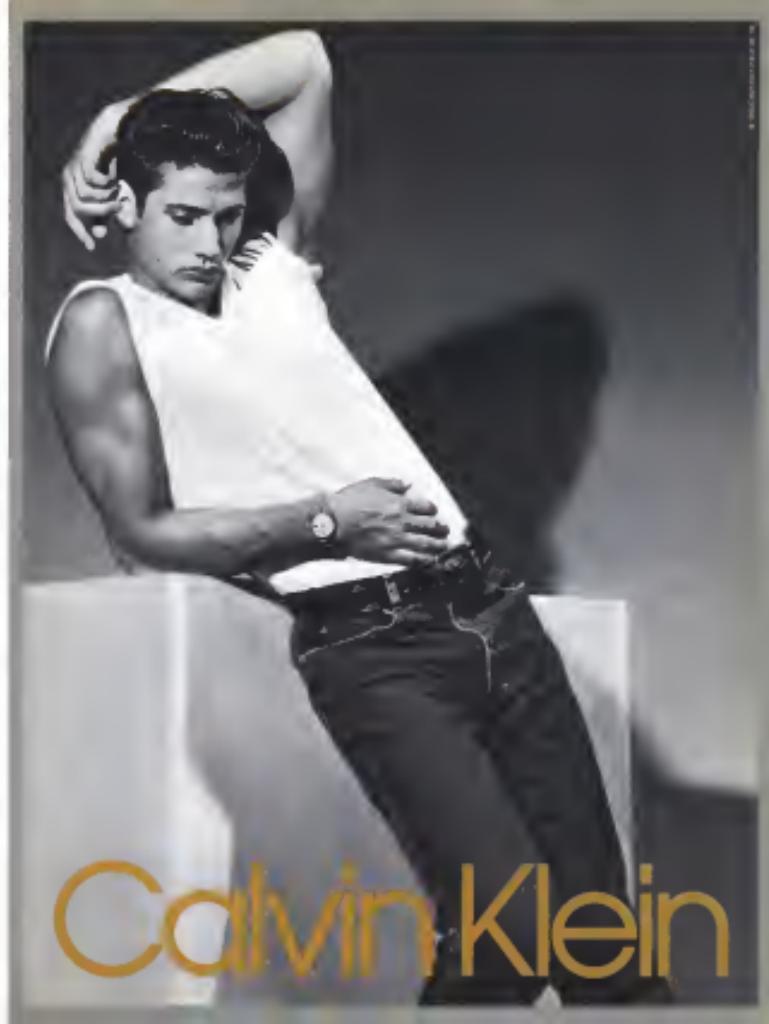
DON SIMPSON ("Gone Hollywood," by Leon Hirshberg, September) may have been referring to "the club" and a stock Parnassus. He may have a household of servants and an American Express Gold Card. But Don Simpson looks one thing money can't buy—clean. It is glaringly apparent every time he speaks his mouth or produces a movie. The future of the industry might seem less bleak if he were "Gone from Hollywood."

*Judith Spencer  
Loring Air Force Base, Maine*

EMERSON ONCE said that Parnassus was philosophy. After wading through the self-written piece "Gone Hollywood," exhaustion and all, I am contritely forced to concur that if you are about as short of definition as Emerson, just say "Don Simpson."

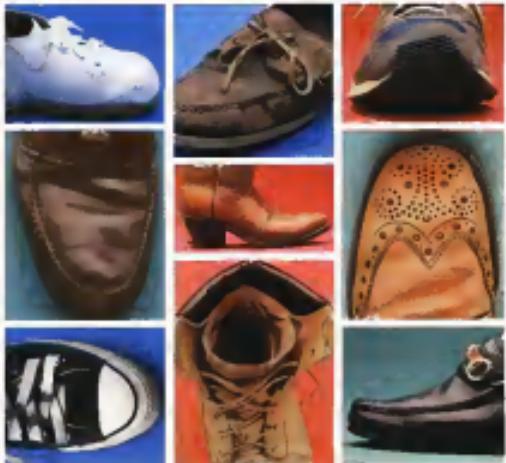
*Moshe A. Tait  
Montgomery, Ind.*

*Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.*



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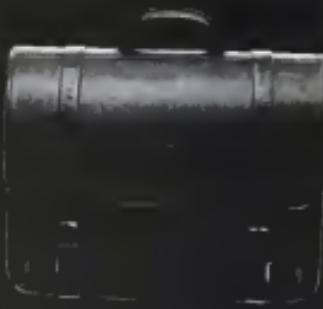
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The Smoker's Set



The Chronograph 02



The Saddle Bag



The Pipe



The Envelope  
Briefcase



The Currency Binder



The Ultra Sport

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## 1985 Register

### THE 1985 BOARD OF ADVISERS

These distinguished men and women give us their generous counsel on a wide range of issues that dominate their fields today. They were of invaluable assistance as we considered the thousands of qualified candidates and made our final selections for the Register. We want to thank them for their time and wisdom.

#### Arts & Letters

**JOSEPH PAPP** Papp is the producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, America's largest theatrical arts institution. As its founder and president emerit, he has revived the classics, helped bring radical new works into the mainstream, provided a model for not-for-profit theaters around the country, and brought live Shakespeare to Central Park.

**MICHAEL GRAVES** The recipient of thirteen Progressive Architecture Design Awards and five National AIA Awards, Graves is Schenck Professor of Architecture at Princeton University, where he has taught since 1963. Among his current projects are the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Cos. Peugeot Whisky in Napa Valley.

**ARTHUR DREYFUS** Director of the Department of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. His books include *The Architecture of Japan: Introduction to Thirteen Century Designs from the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art*, and *Ludwig Mies van der Rohe*.

#### Science & Technology

**JOHNS SALK** In 1955, when Salk's setbacks against three types of polio viruses were made available to the public, the war against this debilitating disease was finally won. He is the founding director of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in San Diego, California, and is the author of *New Understanding: Anatomy of Reality, Merging of Technology and Reason*, and other books.

**MURRAY GELL-MANN** Gell-Mann received the 1969 Nobel Prize in physics for his work on the theory of elementary particles. A member of the California Institute of Technology faculty since 1955, Gell-Mann has served on the President's Science Advisory Committee and is a director of the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation.

**ROBERT SOUTHWICK** Since 1965, Southwick has been director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies, a professor of geology and astronomy at Columbia University. He is the author of *Red-Green and White-Death: The Evolution of Stars*. *Planetary Life* and is also a member of the Council on Foreign Relations.

#### Politics & Law

**ALGERIUM RUSIN** Rusin served for eight years as the first director of the Congressional Budget Office before accepting her current position as director of the Economic Studies Program at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C. She is a prolific writer on the U.S. economy, the budget, and public decision-making.

**HARRY WELLINGTON** Wellington is Sterling Professor of Law at Yale University. For ten years he served as dean of the Yale Law School, stepping down after two five-year terms on July 1, 1985. Born in New Haven, Wellington has been a Ford and Guggenheim fellow and a fellow of the Brookings Institution.

**BARBARA JORDAN** The former congresswoman from Texas first attracted national attention as a law senator when Lyndon Johnson invited her to the White House in 1967 for a private preview of his civil rights package. Jordan now lives in Austin, Texas, where she is a professor at the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs at the University of Texas.

#### Entertainment, Sports & Style

**PETER UMBREIT** Umbreit took office as baseball's tenth commissioner on October 5, 1984. Prior to his election as commissioner, he served five years as president and chief executive officer of the Los Angeles Olympic Committee.

**JACK HANLEY** Hanley currently serves as the American film editor and chairman of the Alliance of Motion Picture & Television Producers and president of the Motion Picture Association of America, both located in Washington, D.C. He is also president of the Motion Picture Export Association, for which he settles film-market place issues with foreign governments.

#### Education & Social Service

**MARY HATWOOD FUTRELL** A classroom teacher in Alexandria, Virginia, Futrell became secretary-treasurer in 1980 of the National Education Association, the nation's largest teachers' organization. She was elected president of the NEA by acclamation on July 2, 1984.

**TERRY SANFORD** Sanford served as governor of North Carolina from 1961 to 1965 and as president of Duke University from 1969 to 1985. An oft-quoted spokesman for higher education in national newspapers and magazines, Sanford is currently president emeritus of Duke.

#### Business & Industry

**JOHN C. WHITEHEAD** Whitehead became United States deputy secretary of State on July 9 of this year, after stepping down from the position of Under Secretary of State. He is the author of *Red-Death and White-Death: The Evolution of Stars*. *Life in Death*, *Planetary Life*. Whitehead joined Goddard Space Flight Center in 1967, becoming senior partner and codirector in 1979.

**ANDREW GROVE** Grove is co-founder, president, and chief executive officer of Intel, one of the world's leading suppliers of semiconductor systems. He is the author of *Physics and Technology of Semiconductor Devices*, a widely cited textbook, and *High-Output Management*.

**FREDERICK ADLER** Adler is managing director of Adler & Company, which manages or advises venture funds and investment funds having aggregate assets in excess of \$300 million. Emphasizing start-up investments, he has founded numerous successful ventures in computers, microbiology, microcomputer software, and other high-tech areas.



for men

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GIORGIO ARMANI

John Huston has packed more into a lifetime than a half dozen men. Writing, painting, prize fighting, acting and directing no less than forty feature films, among them a handful of certified classics—*The Maltese Falcon*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *The African Queen*, *The Asphalt Jungle*.

Moulin Rouge, 1952.

...drove Technicolor crazy. I wanted to get into color the feeling of Loulouise-Lautrec. Color that looked real, not just splashy. It was a new concept and difficult for them to accept."

Moby Dick, 1956. "We made two negatives, one in color, one in black and white. The two were printed together achieving a new tonality. A hard edge. The hard, moral world of Ahab."

On acting. "It's good for the soul of a director, once and awhile, to be on the other side of the camera."

On life. "Life fascinates me, each moment as it comes along. I don't know that I have a philosophy, but I never do anything that doesn't entertain me."

On television. "Well, there's no question about it. really. From now on, we'll be seeing everything on television. It'll keep getting better and better...until the next thing comes along."

The cinematic visions of filmmakers like John Huston challenge the manufacturer to offer video equipment capable of capturing the totality of their art in all its subtlety and nuance. Mitsubishi accepts that challenge.

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# John Huston's Screen Test.



# Mourir de Givenchy

## HAUTE CONCENTRATION



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

## THE SCOUTING REPORT

IF THERE were an Esquire Register to honor those men and women who make outstanding contributions to the Esquire Register, this year's gold class would go to Ben Leonard.

Leonard came to work for the magazine in May 1994 as managing editor of the Esquire Register, and with a daunting enough job description. To keep the Register search going full time, to seek out close to five thousand qualified candidates a year. To design and maintain a database of nominees both past and future.

Then she had no prior appropriate experience in all that didn't faze us. We had other evidence of her value. We extracted a solid reference from Bert's father, George, a regular contributor to our pages dedicated to the man of the year in this issue. "Next the President, or even Future of Society Valley," 2012, 2011. And when she showed up for her first interview, she looked to be in tip-top condition, and equal to the task.

Leonard is a rotation of hours student of ballet. Best of all, she expanded from the very start an answering correspondence to what the Register stands for: the idea that talent, originality, substance, and service deserve to be noticed and celebrated.

So Ben Leonard got the job and went right to work: twelve hours a day, including weekends. She personally reviewed thousands of nomination forms, then went looking for candidates through hundreds of e-mail and professional organizations; she opened dialogues with numerous experts in fields from neurobiology to prison reform, the uninsured masses and compiled extensive fact sheets, and she managed to keep the rest of the editorial staff intact, and on schedule, as we gradually narrowed our selection to the roster of diverse men and women whom you are about to meet.

Fourteen months after she started here, we were able to corner her just long enough to get her to reflect on things



Ben Leonard with a few thousand of her closest friends

Photo: Peter Mauney

"People ask me all the time if I think I've ever run out of qualified people," she said. "And the answer is absolutely not. Until you get to do what I've been doing, you can have no idea of how many groundbreaking there really are out there. What especially pleases me is how I can cover so much, how I can introduce young poets to young scientists. Really, all that work has left me with an incredibly positive feeling about this generation."

And with that, Leonard headed straight back to her computer. The rest of us headed for lunch.

A SPECIAL addition to this issue is the Register's survey of some three thousand men and women who have been honored in the Register during its first two years. Ben Leonard, of course, put in her two-share of hours, managing the names and overseeing editorial efforts. But much of the credit for this understanding goes to associate editor Lisa Graswold, who joined

the staff of the magazine last December.

Graswold, who took these off from her usual editorial duties, is no George Gissing—our dues the way to be, after putting editors hours into writing the questions, then rifling through the approximately five hundred pages of results. Her goal all this was to develop patterns and draw conclusions on myriad things from publication and work habits to relationships and fears.

There are others who deserve more acknowledgment for their work on this survey. For its help in rating the responses, we'd like to thank Michael Probe International. And for his generous gift of time in helping interpret the findings and for bringing his astute, informed opinions to the project, we want to thank Harrison Hickman at Hickman-Moore Research.

We are convinced that all the hard work that went into the creation of "A Century of America's New Leadership Class" was time well spent.

But it is our belief that the inquiry is itself a groundbreaking study of the values and opinions that mark the vanguard of the power generation.

THE WRITERS and photographers who contribute to *Esquire* like this like a unique challenge. They must create vivid images of subjects who are, in the main, unassociated to someone by the press, not who are co-opted to projects and processes that can be baffling to the general public. "To get a century historic and right is a goal worth it," Ben Leonard said. "I think that the men and women who wrote the words and took the pictures for the 1985 Register gave their all, and a lot of time and effort to their subjects, bringing back a historical narrative that captures the personalities but also changes the intricacies of reported profession. I want to thank them for a job well done."

—Lee Eisenberg

# GIVENCHY

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(You could accept the negatives, such as comfort which approximated that of the front seat on a roller coaster.)

You've also driven in a luxury car. Remember the legroom? The storage space? The relaxing seats? The way you felt?

(You could also accept the negatives, such as the fact it drove like the Queen Mary.)

Saab asks you not to accept negatives. Rather, add up the positives of both aspects of the new Saab 9000.

On the sports car side, there's performance in the form of a 16-valve, intercooled, turbocharged engine that takes a car from 0 to 60 in hardly any seconds and maintains speed and fuel efficiency for hours on end.

A suspension with McPherson struts that sits a Saab 9000 on a road as if car and asphalt or car and macadam or car and dirt were one.

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The brakes are large-diameter discs, power-assisted and, with a dual-circuit system, almost "fail-safe."

On the luxury sedan side, there's Automatic Climate Control. You

tell your Saab 9000 what temperature makes you feel the most chipper and it, through microprocessors, keeps you happy.

Size: People in government (the EPA) charged with such things have declared the Saab 9000 a "large" car.

Considering the legroom, the elbowroom, and the carrying space (up to 56.5 cu. ft.) that may even be a mite bit of an understatement.

The touches: Seats and a steering wheel that adjust to even the most extraordinary anatomy.

Instruments within your reach and so well-thought-out that your eyes, so used to being assaulted on the road, will come to appreciate the soothing green illumination.

The exterior? Well, check the pictures on these pages for a few seconds. Then see a new Saab 9000 for yourself at a Saab dealer, where a perfect balance always exceeds the sum of its parts.

*The most intelligent cars ever built.* **SAAB** 



*The new Saab 9000*

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THE WAY TO BE.



'85 OPEN  
The Winter Collection



Hello?

You know.

And you steal all the covers. What time did you leave?

Star-crossed. You looked like a  
toppled Greek statue lying there.  
Only some master had snipped  
your fig leaf. I was tempted to  
undo you again.

I miss you already.

You're going to make something  
else. Have you looked in the  
bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of *Paco Rabanne*  
cologne.

What on earth are you going to do  
with it... give it to a secret lover  
you've got stashed away in  
San Francisco?

I'm going to take some and rub it  
on my body when I go to bed  
tonight. And then I'm going to  
remember every little thing about  
you... and last night.

Do you know what your voice is  
doing to me?

You aren't the only one with  
imagination. I've got to go, they're  
calling my flight. I'll be back  
Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

My *Paco Rabanne*. And a fig leaf.



*Paco Rabanne*  
A cologne for men  
What is remembered is up to you



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See Reader Service Card after page 108



**ABSOLUT GENEROSITY.**

THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL

by Philip Morris

## THE DARK SIDE OF EXCELLENCE

What is it that fails to see in our blind journal of success?

WE WERE sitting in his living room just across the Golden Gate Bridge in Sausalito, a little hill town overlooking San Francisco Bay. It was one of those scenic northern California afternoons—clear and beautiful. The man sitting across from me was looking out at the window at the sunlight racing below like white specks on the quiet water of the bay. It was a scene for contemplation, which was why he lived here. I was here on a search, looking for some perspective—at maybe I just needed a changing book.

He had become increasingly disturbed by what seemed to me the corollaries of excellence, the byproducts of success—the whole concept of “sympathies.” (For instance—and the emerging tendency to measure performance in ever diminishing increments of success.)

He suddenly looked up and said, “You know there has to be a shadow side, a dark side, to all of this media preoccupation with excellence.” He was a professor of a large graduate school of psychology, one of the founders of the Argosy Institute, a former AT&T executive who has a broad background in business and venture-capital activities. One of those men who has read everything and knows everybody but retains a kind of naive idealism.

“What do you mean, a shadow side?” I asked.

“When I first saw the phenomenon—the preoccupation with excellence—I was very excited,” he began. “I felt it represented an effort to bring out the best of human capacity and to do it in the organizational format. But as the subject of excellence became a kind of cult, the subject matter itself became less and less carefully analyzed; people were merely looking back and saying ‘Oh, this is successful; it must be an example of excellence.’”

I tried to hear more. At Esquire we were in the middle of preparing this issue, which celebrates quality and leadership, and I did not want to fall prey to the kind of simplification.

“What bothers me so much,” he said, turning back to the window and the boats,

“is that people seem to be reducing management to short-term, obsessive behavior and then equating management with leadership, so that we are being presented with the short-sighted as well as the short-term.”

He was a plain-spoken humanist, but it is most obvious here because the short market measurements of immediate performance. The net effect of this preoccupation is that a management team can receive reward and recognition at the time it is damaging the organization. In other words, this is an important subject, because how we measure things can make people and companies sick, while there is no evidence that a wholesome green life, for the human lot, has any value in itself for society.”

I told him I understood his dismay.

I have seen in the last fifteen years how devastating a blow has been for many American companies trying to compete with the Japanese.

But he seemed to be referring to something else, some more basic aspect of the workplace, and so I asked him to elaborate.

“To give you two examples,” he continued. “We recently conducted a study of health programs in large companies, and found most companies to be very reluctant to really deal with the health of their employees. Many of these health benefits were for an executive elite, and the general

health programs were not well measured and monitored because, as one composite health official told me, ‘We do not know how well they work, and we do not want to know.’ Missing from the company was a sense of the importance of these responsibilities. Confused this with the Japanese management system, with its total involvement in human issues, and you have an example of the dark side of our management success.”

“Or, as a second example, look at the horrendous rate of middle-executive turnover in the middle and late thirties. Almost all companies have problems with that—people simply lose their enthusiasm, their passion for their work. At the same time, our society, is emphasizing the short-term result, now has a turnover among chief executives in large companies nearly every seven years. How can a leader be concerned about his young talent’s development when he will be gone before he could enjoy the benefit of investment?”

“That is the dark side, my friend.” And he stood up and suggested a walk.

WE LEFT his house and started walking down the hill to the harbor. I told him how I had traveled recently around the country talking with men and women in their thirties and how shocked I was that so many of them seemed disillusioned with their careers. I asked him how he felt about the drive for success attributed to the under-forty crowd. He argued that mainly it is the same motivation that has impelled every generation and that this generation is unfairly blamed for being self-centered. The problem, he told me, is that self-esteem is getting too big as an measurable success. He told me it was important to remember that only a small percentage of the generation was truly narcissistic. Those he characterized as people so overly self-centered as to be really pathological. He described them as very secretive, often chronically secretly obfuscating when they involved in their own self-aggrandizement and whose personal and professional relationships are no



plutocrat. "They are almost impossible to work with in therapy because they exploit the therapy process as well," he said with a quiet smile. "But most people in the under-40 generation tend only to understand their success curve, really their learning curve, which I believe to be the sigmoid curve," he said, now chuckling as we walked along the dock admiring the sunsets.

"What do you know, their sigmoid curve?"

"Studies show that living organisms have learning curves that are S-shaped in learning, at least the individual has a period of slow assimilation followed by rapid assimilation. However, in a corporate culture, the curve begins to tip downward. So if a person in an organization does not change its learning curve—it is, yet, on a new curve—its success life is sharply limited. We've already witnessed numerous examples of this phenomenon in the computer field. Companies that initially enjoyed great success could not assimilate their strategies, and they missed the changing market. Success gives the illusion that the curve only goes up. It requires continuous introspection to know where, and introspection is not high on most people's list of leadership qualities."

BY NOW, we had walked the dock area and the town's little main street. "When we were saying made sense, but I am suspicious of any present theory. I decided to question his sense as we headed up the hill back to his home."

"I think it's important that you stand about the learning curve and how it needs to change for a person or company. But what can we do to tilt into this trap?"

He had anticipated this question and was quick to answer: "Let's go back to the idea of the learning curve and how it pertains to change for a person or company. But what can we do to tilt into this trap?"

"Easy to say," I countered, "but not so difficult to achieve. Who ever does that? How would one do it?"

"It's a matter of retreating in order to reassess, and, yes, that kind of introspection without still often bring in the dark mood of depression, but that is part of the process. Look at our history, those of President Lincoln and his bouts with himself in between his great acts of leadership. He recently recruited Winston Churchill, who wrote simply stepped out, and wrote a beautiful book on peeling before returning as a great leader."

"U you study 'Twister,' T.S. Eliot, Carl Jung, you will discover they understood the concept of retreat and return."

I WAS a bit overcome by all this. By now we had returned to his house, fixed our seats, and were sitting watching the fading light. I knew of so many people who are caught up in the assimilation process right now, questioning the career paths they've chosen and revising the learned taste they have in which to make a major change. The sense of the people seem to me to be the ones who have recognized they cannot achieve every goal, every dream, in a lifetime and have begun deciding what matters most to them.

I began to believe that my career goal might have to wait in an area of short-term and lifelong, and that this time of work, however difficult, must be balanced by a time of self-renewal.

Myself, myself's learning curve, without

observation point, is a helpful metaphor, as I continue to map my life right now. Maybe I asked him about my career, how he had resolved these issues for himself.

He put down his cup and began to relate: "My own experience with that observation point occurred when I was about thirty-seven and really full of myself as an up-and-coming boy of the executive team at AT&T. Ironically, it was the designation of my status, the conferring of the top perk, that was to take the wind out of my sails. In those days, as a certain level of responsibility you were assigned a personal limousine and your own driver. I really thought this was it—no more taking cars, financing for cars, et cetera. But as I spent more and more time in the limo, I began to realize more that my driver was not in the learning process, as we are informed. I would have to make a commitment and immediately he would let it drop. I got really disturbed by this. He laughed as he recalled that time. I did not know where my story was headed, so I wanted for him to go on.

"Finally, one day I just asked him, 'Why don't you talk with me?' He looked me dead in the eye and said, 'Because you are boring. You have a boring life.' I was shocked. I resented it, wanted to mighty dirty it. But you know, he was right. I went on to list, in being drivers, I had missed holding any kind of life within me, not enough time with my family or myself. I realized them. What difference would it make if I tried to be the very top of AT&T? Would it give me a permanent title? I said for that moment, that a learning point, and I packed books and tools and drove. I really drove. And I dropped out. I returned AT&T nearly barefoot, and they helped make it easy by saying, 'Here's some money, take some time and go away and think about it.' Once I dropped out I could not go back. Funny thing, how it took that driver to personally confront me to a problem I already knew about but had never related to him."

"I sat there looking at him. He had done so many interesting things in his life—he was a creative, an entrepreneur, a ven-

ture capitalist, and now an educator. "How does an introvert know he's at his observation point or, rather, one of his observation points?" I asked.

"This is a tough question," he replied. "Look for voice conflicts between you and your work or between you and the organization. Is it affecting your health, your individual integrity? It may not be the organization's fault, it may be your own. But also you have to face up to it and determine: Can you change within the organization or do you have to get out?"

The two had a dinner for two authors for dinner at a local restaurante which I would return to San Francisco. I asked him how America business or any organization should reflect what we had discussed.

He thought for a moment and replied: "If we truly do believe that human initiative is one of the most important aspects of our society, then we have to start addressing the question, What is the ultimate value of the human being in the organization? I think every annual report should have a formal report—and page in length—a balance sheet for the human resources of the business. On one side would be the human assets, and how much the company increased these assets during the year, how well it was able to utilize them. On the other side would be the depreciation of those assets for health reasons, automobile, job dissatisfaction, resignations, et cetera."

ON MY way back to San Francisco and many more since then, I've thought about that conversation, trying to distill it into practical terms for myself as an individual and as a company leader. The dark side of my subject is, by definition, hard to see clearly, and this is true with the subject of excellence. I feel the necessity for change in the work environment, the need to create a richer human experience, and I feel the personal opportunity for me to be a more daring leader. Yet I remain skeptical and cautious—skeptical because human behavior is not very changeable except over a long period of time, and because many ideas for change are really just oddball laws someone wants to impose under the guise of enhancement when in fact they only serve to limit individual initiative. Sensibly, I am cautious because I am a pragmatist, and when I know how limited it makes the work, I am very concerned that people stay focused on their responsibilities. However, in the end, I have come to believe that everyone has to struggle with change, to take risks in the belief that what exists now in the work experience can become much better if we are persistent in our caring. So I struggle on, still not even sure exactly what it is I am searching for."

**JOELLE STROPPA** is an editor in chief and journalist of design.

behind the front wheels and ahead of the rear wheels smooth the airflow dramatically.

Our new four-piston, aluminum alloy disc brakes—derived from our 911 endurance racers—are, of necessity, bigger

and more powerful, prompting the following comment from Road and Track: "Rather than 'excellent,' we'll have to establish a brake rating category called 'exceptional'."

Add to all that a long list of driver amenities—including the luxurious new 928S-like interior, totally

redesigned instrument panel, infinitely adjustable electric driver's seat, electric



windows and outside mirrors, automatic climate control—and you may find the temptation to go right over to your authorized Porsche dealer, get behind the wheel and drive the 944 Turbo difficult to resist.

If not impossible.

**PORSCHE**



# Keeping up with a Porsche 944 has just gone from difficult to impossible.

## Difficult.

When the first Porsche 944 arrived back in 1983, legions of enthusiasts naturally predicted one thing.

Exhilarating performance.

They were not disappointed.

Nor were the magazines they read. One of which placed the 944 among

the ten best cars in America — for the next three years in a row.

During those same years our engineers, undeterred by such praise, remained hard at work on the 944. Rethinking. Refining. Remembering Professor Porsche's obsession with innovation and technological leadership.

Today, with a top speed of 131 mph and a 0 to 60 time of 8.3 seconds, the



944 is as difficult to keep up with as ever.

The 2.5 liter engine is one of the largest, most powerful fours made. Yet it's exceptionally economical to maintain. Thanks, in part, to details like matched alloy pistons and cylinders with only .03mm of tolerance, which allow the engine to go a remarkable 15,000 miles between service intervals.

The near 50-50 weight distribution of our transaxle drive train design contributes to handling so neutral that Car and Driver magazine pronounced the 944 the best-handling production car in America.

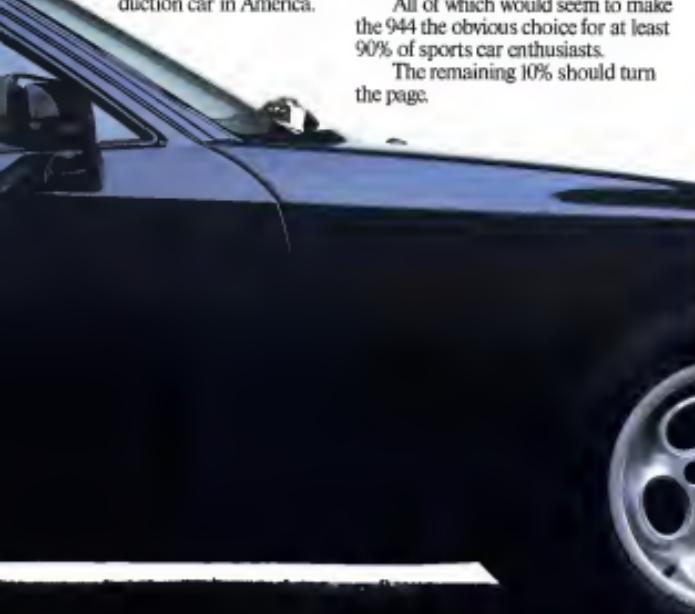
And inside, there's a new 928S-inspired interior and redesigned instrument panel created with one goal in



mind. To keep a very comfortable driver comfortably in control.

All of which would seem to make the 944 the obvious choice for at least 90% of sports car enthusiasts.

The remaining 10% should turn the page.



# Impossible.

Those of you who appreciate the fact that a difference of 1.8 seconds in the quarter-mile is roughly akin to the difference between night and day, will appreciate the car you see here.

The new Porsche 944 Turbo.

Because if the performance of its normally aspirated cousin can be described as exhilarating, the performance of this machine almost defies description.

**turbo**

The result? A 50% increase in horsepower, of course. From 143 to 217.



Early in its development our engineers, true to their philosophy that pursuit of the impossible is what makes life interesting, set themselves a goal: a 50% increase in horsepower from an already powerful 4-cylinder engine, without in any way compromising driveability, reliability or exhaust emissions.

Putting it in the same class as our own 6-cylinder 911 Carrera.

Out on the test track this kind of power translates into such heady figures, versus the non-turbo, as these: Zero to 60 in 6.1 seconds, down from 8.3. A standing quarter-mile of 14.4 seconds, down from 16.2. And a top speed of 152 mph, up from 131.

And all of the above accomplished without sacrificing a single statistic to effective emissions control. In fact, the 944 Turbo is the first car ever made whose catalyst and non-catalyst models produce exactly the same power.

By this time it should be obvious to all of you that the 944 Turbo isn't simply a 944 with a turbine and its

associated plumbing bolted on.

It is, for all intents and purposes, a new car—rethought and reengineered to meet very different criteria for performance and handling. By a company which Car and Driver magazine confirms, "can legitimately lay claim to more turbocharging experience than any other manufacturer in the world."

And how did our engineers manage to extract such a prodigious amount of power from turbo technology that was already state-of-the-art?

By thinking beyond

the mechanics of the turbo unit itself.

Inside the engine, for example, new forged aluminum pistons and hollow stemmed, sodium filled exhaust valves compensate for the increased internal loads brought about by turbocharging. And special ceramic liners in the exhaust ports allow considerably more exhaust energy to reach the turbine.



The destructive effects of heat have plagued turbocharged engines for years. Yet it took Porsche's engineers to see the simple logic of mounting the turbine on the cooler intake side of the engine rather than the hotter exhaust side. And to recognize the advantage of incorporating two separate water cooling systems to dissipate heat from the turbine bearings, even after the engine is turned off.

To maintain the crucial balance between performance and handling,



important changes were made in the rest of the car as well.

Aerodynamically, the 944 Turbo is significantly different from the 944. (If you look closely, you can see the difference.)

The sleek new nose design up front, plus a unique underbody spoiler in the rear, meet the Turbo's more pressing need to control lift and drag. The flush-mounted front bumper and windshield further reduce wind resistance, while contoured body panels



# Great Performances

A ROUNDUP OF RECENT TRIUMPHS, SINGULAR ACHIEVEMENTS, AND OTHER BREAKTHROUGHS

## ARTS & LETTERS

### Prima Ballerina:

*As Juliet or the American Ballerina* The 19-year-old dancer, whom *Time* names as *Juliet*, twenty-year-old *Prima Ballerina* of New York emerged as a major talent in the world of dance. Acroscopic results of the NYCB, Moore gave a performance that led a *New York Times* critic to write, "As the youngest Juliet or all the Romeo and Juliet, she is completely at ease, far above the crowd."



### Road Show of the Year:

Cynthia Nixon deserved to give impressive performances in *Death of a Salesman* and *Juliet*, but she shone in *As Juliet*, her freshman year of college. By year's end, back from the cast of *Juliet*, between *Death of a Salesman*, Nixon played both *Death of a Salesman* and *Juliet* in Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*, and she never seemed a curtain call.



### Straight Time:

Charles Dutton, thirty-four, gave one of the year's best performances as a straight man in an angry, tormented trumpet player in Stephen Sondheim's acclaimed Broadway musical, *Mia Wallace's Balalaika*. But the actor's life is itself the stuff of drama. After filling a room in a hotel when he was seventeen, Dutton went to jail, where he

### The Not-So-Odd Couple:

Comedies *The Merchant of Four Hundred*, *Willy-Willy*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, have been a happy draw. *From Russia, With Love* is a police procedural in *Death of a Salesman*, and *It's a Wonderful Life*, plays that suggest that Broadway's love of comedy has more depth in a writer than previously assumed. Broadway returned the favor with performances that deeply balanced the sardonic and dramatic intentions of Sondheim's latest, greatest work.

was stabbed and almost died. The experience changed his life. He gained nearly release from prison, attended Towson State University and taught Shakespeare to troubled children. Eventually he was accepted into the prestigious Yale School of Drama.

### On the Cutting Edge:

A team of five young executives, along with John Hancock, head of the Whitney Museum of American Art's film and video department, organized the New York museum's 1985 Biennial. Exhibitors: Richard Marshall, thirty-eight, Peterman Smith, thirty-eight, Lisa Phillips, thirty-one, Joe and Barbara Marshall, thirty-one, selected the fifty-five invited artists for the one-of-a-kind mixed-media event.



From the *Times*: *Death of a Salesman* (left); *Juliet* (right); *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (bottom).

By DAVID MCKEE  
Photographs by  
Stephen D. Johnson

## The Register Bookshelf: Notable recent novels and collections by writers under forty

Author	Title	Editor	Comments
Jeff McEwan	<i>Bright Light, Big City</i>	John Updike	McEwan's first novel is a satiric look at the New York art world.
Jon McMurtry	<i>The House of Egypt</i>	John Updike	McMurtry's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Caroline Glick	<i>Family</i>	John Updike	Glick's first novel is a family drama.
Patrick Prend	<i>Practicing</i>	John Updike	Prend's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Amy Hempel	<i>Love</i>	John Updike	Hempel's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Bob Novak	<i>Love</i>	John Updike	Novak's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Mandy Lennox	<i>Love of the Senses</i>	John Updike	Lennox's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Laurie Moore	<i>Solo Melody</i>	John Updike	Moore's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Andrea Levy	<i>Family Dining</i>	John Updike	Levy's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
David Leavitt	<i>Moscow Pictures</i>	John Updike	Leavitt's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Kathleen Tolson	<i>Sleepwalking</i>	John Updike	Tolson's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
Meg Wolitzer	<i>Crucify Love</i>	John Updike	Wolitzer's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.
T. Coraghessan Boyle	<i>Other Stories</i>	John Updike	Boyle's first novel is a dark, lyrical tale of a man who becomes a pharaoh.



## SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

**Silicon Man:** A scientist at MIT has developed a device that is pliable enough that it can be easily made a good fit for neurons to attach the components of their brains to computer key boards that would allow them to type. Dr. David Edell, thirty-seven, has created a chip that type directly into the nervous system and picks up electrical currents that rise from the brain.



By DAVID MCKEE

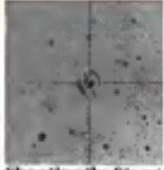
down nerve fibers in their way to the moving muscles. It is hoped that Edsall's silicon chip, now years in the making, will help in the treatment of syndromes that grow, move, faze, and even sense temperature and texture.

**Talking Bambi:** Kanzi, a four-year-old captive chimpanzee at the Language Research Center near Atlanta, was claimed by researchers to be the first ape to show, in rigorous scientific tests, an extensive comprehension of spoken English words. The apes understand 100 words, using some of them to request specific words. The work with Kanzi, led by Dr. Sue Savage-Rumbaugh, thirty-six, is expected to help scientists understand how children learn to talk, as well as how human language originally developed.



#### Man's Best Friend:

After years of research at the University of Arizona, led by James Malaia, thirty-nine, made a huge breakthrough last year in their search for an ideal dog for assistance. The project, however, requires a dog that is not prone to snapping because of its temperament, while their artificial counterparts—such as canines bred for racing—aren't suitable.



A new harness? Before Tavaris' photographic evidence, it's possible we'd have

seen

it.

#### Shooting the Stars:

Last year, Robert Tavaris, a thirty-nine-year-old entrepreneur with NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, photographed evidence of a possible solar system around Beta Picoris, a star one thousand light years from Earth. Tavaris' findings caused some of our solar system's know-it-alls and ushers to wonder if the process is common throughout the universe.



#### Postnatal Mimicry:

David Andrew Melton, thirty-four, announced otherwise, it was believed that infants were not able to imitate facial gestures until they were about one year old. Melton and his colleagues at the University of Washington discovered that some babies are capable of imitating various facial positions as early as four to five months after birth. His findings may prompt about fifteen percent of parents to question their parenting qualifications.

Among life's  
few it's worth  
discovering if  
temperature



**Anti-Antibiotics:** In 1986, Michael Gottschall, thirty-two, of the Minnesota Department of Health in Minneapolis, created an informational booklet with a study titled "Linking high-antibiotic use with toxic shock syndrome, a northern United States disease." This past year Gottschall returned to the spotlight with controversial research that establishes a strong link between the use of antibiotics in animal feed and increased human disease. It's been estimated that half of the 500 million antibiotics sold each year in the United States are given to animals to make them gain weight faster. While the drug companies that produce these antibiotics dispute Gottschall's findings, his research has led the Food and Drug Administration to study the issue. Gottschall says, "I somehow have a way of upsetting companies."



#### Curbing Deadly

Force: In the case of Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in its constitutional Tennenbaum ruling allowing police to shoot unarmed, non-threatening suspects who bear the name of a certain Steven Wintor, a thirty-two-year-old assistant counsel for the NAACP. Legal Defense Fund in New York, argued the case on behalf of the defendant, Robert Garner, a thirty-year-old man who was shot and killed as he ran from a neighbor's home after shooting ten children from a garage party.

#### POLITICS & LAW

# DANNY SULLIVAN DRIVES HIS HAIR CRAZY

"Got any idea what 500 miles of racing can do to a guy's hair? Leave it dry and unmanageable. So, to bring it back to life, I use just a touch of *VOS* Conditioning Hairspray. It makes my hair look neat and heading in just seconds."

To make my hair look great at the victory party, I use *VOS* Hair Grooming Mousse for Men. Just foam it out, massage it into damp hair and natural—not stiff or sticky! For me, it sure looks humpay!"

**THE NATURAL WINNER.**

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For THREE SAMPLES, send name  
and address and a self-addressed  
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See Footer-Glossary-Advertiser page 228

DANNY SULLIVAN  
WINNER OF THE  
TEN-PIPPY



**Dirty Laundry:** Bono was shocked to learn the year that the venerable Bank of Boston was guilty not only of telling its import cash transactions with Swiss customers but also of giving a similar privileged status to members of the August family, reputed to be the leading mobsters in the vicinity of Boston during the 1920s. Michael Berman, attorney for the Justice Department, played a central role in the prosecution of this money-laundering case.



**Fighting the Good Fight:** In a decision that realized the constitutional principle of government neutrality toward religion, the U.S. Supreme Court last summer invalidated a Connecticut law that gave employees an unqualified right not to work on their day of rest. Paul Gutterman, then a eight-year-old Yale Law School professor, successfully argued the case, which began in a dispute between the California pentecostal-state church and a devout employee.



**Art Sleuths:** When a painting worth \$500,000 was reported stolen by New York's Wally Findlay Gallery in February, Detective Thomas Maccarelli, forty-nine, the only city policeman who works full-time cracking art cases, was called in. Maccarelli, who once was a firefighter, Detective Maccarelli posed as an art dealer interested in buying the stolen work. After several meetings to discuss the sale, Maccarelli served two suspects in a SoHo gallery an arrest on the theft of the painting. In his first year on the art beat, Maccarelli has recovered more than \$1 million worth of stolen paintings and sculptures.



#### Fighting Apartheid in the Courts

**Filmmaker with a Future:** Though Steven Spielberg got an Oscar for portions of the credits, it was his prestige *Rob Zombie*, thirty-four, who directed *Back to the Future*, the hit comedy that charmed America this summer with its R. G. Mello—cast Sigourney Weaver and Michael J. Fox. *Back to the Future* represents the best sort of mainstream filmmaking.



**The Verdict:** Last year Barbara Christie, a thirty-eight-year-old assistant D.A. in Philadelphia, successfully prosecuted Albert Anastasia and Raymond Martorano in one of the longest jury trials in the history of that city. The controversial case, which involved a gruesome peasant murder, resulted in life sentences for both defendants.



#### ENTERTAINMENT, SPORTS & STYLE

Ho Ho Ho



Bring our family home for the holidays.

Celebrate the season with your family and ours.  
Serve Michelob®; Michelob Light®; and Michelob Classic Dark®.  
Very special beers for a very special time.

# TORONADO

The category of personal luxury cars is again a category of one. The car that has defined personal luxury for a generation now redefines the category.

The Toronado offers an outstanding ride, with a choice of three suspensions. A revolutionary "body" computer regulates 58 vital functions, from digital instruments to diagnostic checks.

Toronado has been riding the leading edge of automotive technology for 20 years. Inspired aesthetics and engineering is what you have come to expect. This car obeys but one basic rule, never, never be conventional.

There is a special feel in an **Oldsmobile** 



Unify. Together. Build up.



## Most video systems treat you as if you were deaf.

by Ray Charles

"Did you ever close your eyes and listen to most video systems? I've got to tell you: it's sad. What they do for your eyes they undo for your ears.

Then the Pioneer folks ask me to listen to their videodisc system called LaserDisc.

I'm a little skeptical, but I put my ear to it. And, I've got to tell you, I'm amazed. The

sound is as good as anything I ever heard on my stereo. Maybe better. I say 'That's heaven for me, but what's the picture look like for the rest of the folks?'

And the experts tell me the picture blows every other video system away. And that since the discs are played back by a laser beam, they can't wear out the way records and tapes do.

Now I bet you're thinking, 'But I already own a stereo' or 'I already own a VCR.' Well, whether you're watching music or movies, you still need a Pioneer LaserDisc. Because LaserDisc does what no other system can do. It brings the best picture and best sound together.

And that, my friend, sounds pretty good to me."



**PIONEER**  
Video for those  
who really care about audio.

The model shown is the Pioneer LD-701 LaserDisc front-loading player. LaserDisc™ is a trademark of Philips Electronics North America Corp. © 1985 Pioneer Electronics. All rights reserved.

**Box score:** Cations for outstanding athletic performance in...

**AUTOMOBILE:** (With a 260-degree spin, Janine New York) Debra Bello, thirty, has ridden to overtake Maria Andretti and win the 1985 Indianapolis 500.

**BASKETBALL:** Chicago Bulls phenom Michael Jordan, twenty-one, scored a record-breaking 2,855 points last season, averaging 38.2 points per game.

**BASEBALL:** New York Mets ace Dwight Gooden, twenty, emerged as the dominant pitcher in the major leagues.

**HOCKEY:** Washington Capitals star center Bob Carpenter scored fifty-three goals during the 1984-85 season. His record for 1985-86 was one of the best ever; he compiled 279 points and 432 assists (184.6 percent) for 3,630 yards and twenty-eight touchdowns.



**WEIGHT LIFTING:** Late last year, Raye Taylor, twenty-nine, set a new world record for women when she lifted 389 pounds.

**HORSE RACING:** Last summer jockey Steve Cauthen, twenty, became the first American to win England's Grand National Derby and the first jockey ever to win both the Epsom and the Kentucky derbies.

**FOOTBALL:** Chicago Bears quarterback Jim McMahon, twenty-four, has had a solid career with durability, outstanding endurance, reports on people who died while in police custody, and excellent, state, and city investigations. He is a member of the executive office, Illinois, Illinois, "Long before Watergate, I wanted to be a reporter. Journalism struck me as the best sort of liberal education."

## EDUCATION & SOCIAL SERVICE

### Rewriting Medical History

With laser-optic technology, up-to-date medical knowledge, and a new generation of medical students, the University of Illinois may capture all the headlines year after year.

Its brother, Eric, twenty-three, an economics major who left the University of Chicago during his final semester, Christopher Stachin, twenty, and John Hopkins, twenty, who was studying electrical engineering, and Steven Thaler, twenty-six, a CPA who graduated from the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. National and international use of the LifeCard is expected within the next few years.

### LifeCard

**Child Support:** Psychologists have been trying to understand the influence of child support on parents' and children's behavior. Dr. Russell Dodge, thirty-nine, of the University of Illinois, has received a National Research Center with an early-career award for "innovative research relating children's social-emotional processing, skills to their social status, parent interaction patterns, emotional behavior, and the risk of future deviance... The work's importance is enhanced by its promising implications for early identification and prevention."



**Opie as Autocrat:** Eric Larson, Bartholomew, forty-six, has consolidated his reputation as one of the most talented young directors. With a Captain's commission of set and sound, Larson led an ensemble featuring such distinguished but unfamiliar actors as Dan Aykroyd, Helen Crumley, and Jessica Tandy through one of the few bright spots of a generally disappointing summer film season.

Howard gross of the Academy Award-winning film *Ordinary People* has directed the movie for eight years on The Andy Griffith Show and *Richie Cunningham* for seven years on *Happy Days*. Larson has now been approached by two major studios in a row, having directed *Switch* the first time around.





**Grim Realities:** *Boys* Globe director of photography Stan Grossfeld, thirty-four, won his second Pulitzer Prize in two years for his work capturing the devastating images of famine-wracked Ethiopia. Grossfeld was the first American photojournalist to gain entrance to rebel-held territories of Ethiopia since the famine there attracted world attention.

## BUSINESS & INDUSTRY

**Rare Commodity:** When Rosemary McFadden, thirty-seven, was named president of the New York Mercantile Exchange, she became the first woman to head a major stock, commodity, or securities exchange in the United States.

**A Yank at the Tops** in April the London-based *Evening Standard*—publisher of the influential weekly *The Economist*—ended a year-long search for a president of its American subsidiary when it named *Sherman & Kaegi* Scoville, thirty-eight, to that post. Scoville and her husband, who won the Pulitzer Prize last year for editorial writing, together founded the *Georgetown Gazette*.



**A Big Deal?** Big business doesn't get much bigger than last summer's \$1-billion sale of Hughes Aircraft to General Motors, and the man who coordinated that transaction was Ernest Hedges, thirty-one, of New York, a managing director of Meier. Sandler's mergers-and-acquisitions department.

**On the Right Track!**  
For four years, Tampa bus engineer John Park Wright IV, thirty-seven, has been working to build Florida's high-speed passenger train system. Wright finally saw his idea get off the ground when, late last year, Gov-

Since Bob Gishick apposed a commission to oversee the building of such a system, linking Tampa, Orlando, and Miami.

### **Low Budget**

**Luxury:** Some of the folks who brought you People Express are trying to fly just in high with Presidential Airways, an attempt to combine discount fares with full-service features. The spry former People president Harold Pooya, thirty-seven, and five other sharem started laying the groundwork for Presidential, which will be based in Washington, D.C.



### Plastic Fantastic

Last fall Palomino Research, Inc. by Matthew Holtzberg, forty-eight, of Far Hills, New Jersey, launched a plastic automobile prototype that weighs 150 pounds less than the standard metal car. Holtzberg has already won success in selling his product to almost every major auto manufacturer in the United States and abroad. Ford design engineer Robert Nelson calls Holtzberg's invention as "the wave of the future."



**Airborne:** When the first Air Atlanta flight took off in February of last year, it was more than the beginning of another air travel service. With Air Atlanta, founder, chairman, and chief executive officer Michael Holden, thirty-two, has established the



Microplus and Blamey.



**Taking Stock:** As chairman of the Boston Stock Exchange, Charles Mahr, thirty-eight, has successfully turned a low-profile organization that lost as much as \$100,000 in a single month into a profitable and growing concern. *BERNIE COHEN*



**He Is the Egg Man!** In thirty-seven, a state-of-the-art, 150,000-lb. egg processing plant in New Jersey, that houses 1.2 million hens, will provide the northeast with 100 percent of the freshest eggs it has ever seen. Supermarkets within forty-eight hours of the plant's opening will be able to buy eggs within weeks if normally taken.

**Paperback Heros**  
Last fall, Gigi Falanga, a then one-year-old editor at Bantam Books, founded Vintage Contemporaries—a new paperback line dedicated to presenting broad and balanced selections that beat in contemporary fiction. "The series has thus far lived up to that ideal, with works by Raymond Carver, Tom McGuane, Peter Matthiessen, and Jay McInerney."



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CHRISTOPHER WALKER

# A Census of America's New Leadership Class

In their jobs, their home lives, and the strength of their beliefs, our Register nominees are shaping their success instead of letting it shape them

On an otherwise bleak, fogbound afternoon a year ago November, twenty or so men and women gathered in a dimly lit government office at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. They were an odd lot. There was a very, street-smart black man who ran a counseling program in the city's slums. There

was a tall, stoic, iron-gray-haired man who had accompanied his wife and children—by his wife's side—of picked-over family you see in commercials. There was an amenable, benevolent woman, a former teacher who'd started a multi-million-dollar toy company. There was a short, black-spied Harvardian, a rock-hired handbagger, an investigative reporter who appeared on local television.

And there was a wild-eyed, emerald-soft-of-the-earth kind of guy who sold fish—fresh snatched daily to many of the Bay Area's poshest restaurants. By all appearances, the people to the round-table discussion were young, urban, and mostly professional, yet they bore no resemblance to the media stereotype that purports to represent them. Some were worth millions, others scraped by. Some talked of

their work, others of their families. Some were designer originals, others were joins. Some were gregarious, others reserved. You would never have expected to see them at the same party.

And yet, at least after a while, they came together. An engineer

talked music with a computer. An entrepreneur debated politics with a journalist. A museum curator explained the art world to a scientist. What had begun as a gathering of strangers ended with an exchange of business cards, knowing phone numbers, and pledges to meet again.

The reception had been commanded by the publication of last year's *Esquire Register*. The people in the room had all been honored in the issue. All of

them had achieved a measure of success that had brought them to the top of their professions. But when the reception ended, when the conviviality had finally given way to silence, a quieting hung in the air of the empty hall. What, if anything, did these people really have in common?

Early this year we decided to find out. We undertook a survey

**SEX:** 75% men, 25% women  
**AGE:** 46; thirty-two

**RELATIONSHIP STATUS:** 58% married, 23% single, 12% divorced or separated, 7% living with someone

**PROFESSIONAL FIELD:** 25% Science & Technology; 19%

Business & Industry; 18% Politics

& Law; 16% Education & Social Service; 14% Arts & Letters; 8% Entertainment, Sports & Style

**WHERE THEY LIVE:** 37% Northeast, 20% Southwest, 18%

Midwest, 11% Southeast, 9% Northwest

**RELIGION:** 32% Protestant, 19% Catholic, 19% Jewish,

13% "other," 11% agnostic, 4% atheist

of men and women who had been nominated for last year's Illegator and the one you are now reading. Some nominees were discovered by random monitors assigned by *Esquire*, others by *Esquire* staff research, by direct-mail solicitations to opinion leaders, and by numerous advertisements we run in national publications. But whenever they came into play, they were always top-shelf—individuals under forty who had demonstrated unusual degrees of creativity, drive, originality, thought. And whatever fields they represented, they made as curious. What forces had shaped these achievers? What values and attitudes did they hold? How did they live their personal lives? What did they hope for, and what did they do? —in their offices, for the society as a whole? What, if anything, had they given up in order to achieve their success?

A ten-page, one-hundred-question survey was eventually developed by *Esquire*'s editors, a document that goes as far as can for accuracy. One hundred questions we were eager to have answered, we felt that it was too elaborate, too time-consuming to be completed by such presumably busy people. Still, we were stumped with it, sending the document to some three thousand executives randomly selected from our total pool of more than one thousand. We enclosed a letter that explained our intent and guaranteed anonymity. We also enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope but, owing to expense, created the one-dollar bill that professional pollsters and market researchers so often rely on for high return.

This came the nearly uniformf response. Well over half (56 percent) of the surveys were returned, a rate that signifies a virtual census, at least five times greater than what is considered "good" by harassed pollsters.

Our numbers, of course, do not constitute a "scientific" polling sample of the United States population. But sampling the population was not our intention. What we wanted was an

up-close look at the leadership class of the new generation.

We started with an assumption that success cuts two ways. On the one hand, if you work hard, a better life will be yours. On the other hand, if you succeed, you may find that confidence breeds arrogance, that goals become obsessions. With success, there are always trade-offs: selling out, letting one's vanity, angling for one's children, losing one's way.

But what we learned from the census is that, to a startling degree, our nominees have no fear of failure to pay the price for their achievements. They seem determined not only to win a dollar but to keep it all: their families over their jobs, their health and their love nights at the office, their altruism and their self-interest.

Taking a first, cursory look at the results, we perceived the typical respondent as an independent sort who attributes his success to talent. A person who describes his professional personality as "determined," "cautious," and "aggressive"—in that order. Someone who, by his/herself, has allowed what many Americans might think self-cast for a lifetime. Married and with a family. Living comfortably in or near a major city. Owner of a house, a car, a personal computer. Someone who makes good money, yet finds wealth in the fourth component of his definition of success—after "being happy," "being creative," and "helping people."

Our typical respondent works hard and usually takes his work with him on vacation, but doesn't consider himself a "workaholic." He makes time to read books, see films, exercise, and get a good night's sleep. Though he is concerned about his health, he is not preoccupied by that concern. In his belief in his life-style, he shows great diversity. He tends to believe in God, but doesn't let his faith dictate his political views. He tends to think black/white, too little power and authority handed to a liberal. Still, he thinks the great and labor unions have too much power. He tends to be more conservative in his feelings than his domestic outlook.

## The Professions

Who does what for a living?

	All	All	BSB	BSB	PR
Age when they decided on their careers	22	19	19	20	23
Future who most inspired their professional ambition	father (39%)	teacher (39%)	teacher (39%)	teacher (21%)	teacher (28%)
Most important measure of success	being happy (32%)	being creative (30%)	being happy (27%)	being happy (26%)	being happy (25%)
Feel they've sacrificed money for career	7%	12%	24%	11%	25%
Want to be in the same profession 10 years from now	48%	65%	71%	62%	54%
Average annual income	\$145,776	\$72,460	\$84,900	\$120,000	\$164,600
Are married	58%	70%	48%	44%	58%
Have had an extramarital affair	26%	59%	32%	38%	26%

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but he is strongly against U.S. intervention in Central America. Despite the seeming comfort of his overall situation, our typical respondent retains certain fears and self-doubts. We think it's likely that nuclear weapons will be most fearsome. He thinks it's likely that nuclear weapons will be used in his lifetime. He is more afraid of failure than of death.

## WORKING

In their professional lives, our survey respondents showed remarkable consistency. Most otherwise tend to be doing no more than now what they're doing now. They seem to have sensed what they wanted to do even before high school. We suspect that most of the ambitions had been born then and found a remarkable correlation with their current fields. 35 percent had started a career in Science & Technology, 25 percent wound up there; 12 percent had wanted to be in Entertainment, Sports & Style, and 8 percent now are. 11 percent aspired to the field of Arts & Letters, 14 percent now consider living that way.

More than half our respondents decided on their careers before they turned twenty, and the average age was twenty and a half. People at Business & Industry generally decided the latest, at twenty-two, and these in Arts & Letters the earliest, at nineteen.

We wanted to know what had caused them to take up their trades—where their aspirations had come from. Overall, the causes were most influential, particularly for respondents in Business & Industry and Politics & Law. Teachers were the most important for those in Science & Technology, Arts & Letters, and Education & Social Service. Mothers were number one for people in Entertainment, Sports & Style.

As for public figures, John F. Kennedy was listed by a dozen people in the greatest proportion, Robert Kennedy by four, and Martin Luther King by four. Written-in responses included Leonard Bernstein, Napoleon Bonaparte, Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Einstein, Werner Heisenberg, Kurt Vonnegut, Barbara Hephren, Ralph Lauren, Norman Mailer, Margaret Mead, Edward R. Murrow, and J.D. Salinger. Other nominations and those of greatest importation had come from a visit to a natural history museum, from an introductory psychology course, an advanced violinist, and from the Ed Sullivan Show. Forty-eight nominees were inspired by fictional characters, including James Bond, Dr. Dolittle, Dr. Kildare, Indiana, Tom Selleck, and the Little Prince.

By their twenties, more than three-quarters of our respondents had earned a bachelor's degree, and 43 percent went on to receive a master's; another 27 percent earned Ph.D.s; 46 percent have J.D.s and 5 percent have M.D.s. On average, those in the survey

have moved three times since college, and three-quarters of them no longer live in the same community as their parents.

One of the most revealing questions in the survey was "One or two adjectives to describe your professional personality." There were, of course, nearly as many adjectives as there were respondents, but a few groups of respondents and near-groups presented themselves. Of these groups, the one composed of most skilled, dedicated, determined, driven, efficient, serious, and persistent came out with the highest frequency rating. But the most frequently used was a single word adjective, at 15 percent, followed by agreeable, amiable. Then came this group: caring, compassionate, responsible, optimistic, and considerate (13 percent). Other adjectives verified in by individuals included: creative, dynamic, energetic, joyful, successful, and just plain "cool."

We asked our respondents to reflect on their greatest professional shortcomings. Number one, in all categories, was "lack of patience." Seventeen percent gave that answer; a pretty remarkable consensus considering the fact that the answer was a filter-in-the-blank, not a multiple-choice. Other answers included: "short temper," "being inconsistent," "rude," "nervous," "having an ego," "being a visionary," "arrogant," "trying to impress everyone," "lacking stamina of spirit," "lacking knowledge," "being too outspoken," "being indecisive," and "taking myself too seriously."

While on average 940 respondents work just over fifty-seven hours a week, the men in the survey work about two and a half hours more than the women. People in Politics & Law work about three and a half hours more than people in Arts & Letters. Less than a third of our nominees said they worked more than they wanted to, and just about a third considered themselves "watchhounds"—women more than men; entertainers and athletes more than other professionals. Republicans were less Democratic. More than half the total said they had taken work with them on vacation in the last two years.

Less than a third of our nominees (29 percent) said they had sacrificed family life for their career, and even smaller percentages said they felt they had given up money (16 percent), social life (12 percent), privacy (7 percent), contentment (3 percent), idealism (2 percent), and acceptance (1 percent). Tied for second place in the question about what our nominees had given up was "I don't feel I have made any sacrifices."

## HOW THEY LIVE

In their personal lives, our respondents show energy, casuality, and a great deal of stability: 58 percent are married, 28 percent

## Men Versus Women

How equal are they?

	Men	Women
Do not have children	46%	62%
Feel they've sacrificed family life for career	28%	31%
Feel they've sacrificed money for career	18%	12%
Average annual income	\$96,230	\$72,640
Measure success by "being happy"	27%	31%
Measure success by "being creative"	23%	17%
Consider themselves overweight	36%	41%
Do not eat red meat	11%	22%
Fear cancer most of all illnesses	49%	57%
Fear heart attack most of all illnesses	29%	11%
Thank it's "somewhat" or "very" likely that nuclear weapons will be used in their lifetime	65%	73%

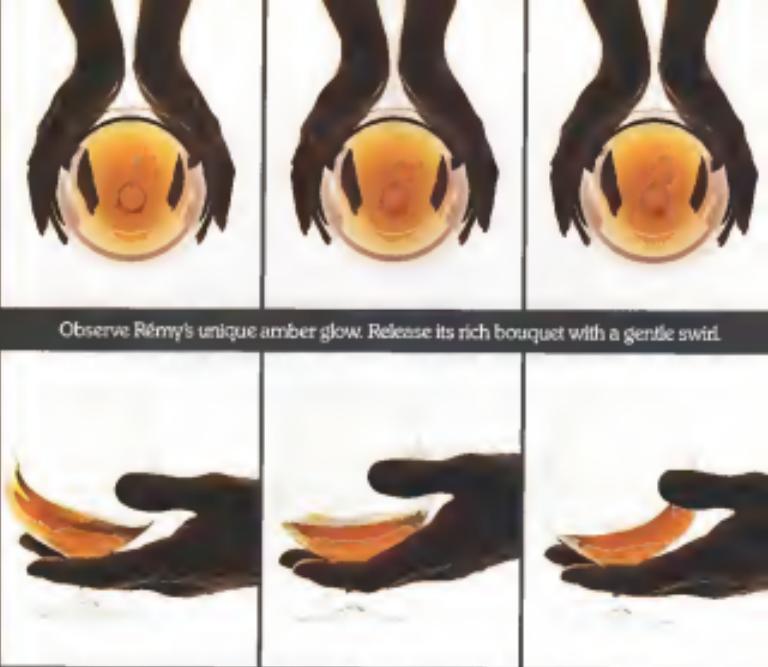


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single, 13 percent divorced, and 7 percent living with someone. Five are widowed. Significantly more men than women are married, and significantly more women than men are divorced.

Of their married, two thirds say that they have never had an extramarital affair. On average, our nominees have one child each. Of those who don't have children, 81 percent say they would like to someday. Of our respondents who are not married, the number-one reason was "I haven't met the right person yet" (37 percent). Next came "career priority" (15 percent), "sexual prowess" (8 percent), and "lack of commitment" (6 percent). A few other reasons written in: "Nobody's asked me," "lives," "not divorced yet," "unattractive," "stamped on my heart," "I don't believe in it," "had someone else," and "Are there still men?"

With some trepidation, we asked our nominees how many sexual partners they have had. The average was sixteen. Men, on average, had seventeen women and twelve men. People in Entertainment, Sports & Style average twenty partners; those in Science & Technology average eleven. Overall, Republicans reported about one more sex partner than Democrats; city dwellers had more than people in suburb, town, or rural areas; and people who exercise twenty-one or more hours a week, seven more than people who exercise five hours or less.

Not surprisingly, our nominees exhibit a great amount of atheism. Almost half of them read two to five books a month (between slightly more than men, and people over forty slightly more than people under thirty). Respondents in Entertainment, Sports & Style use the most movies (a month), and those in Science & Technology the least. Jews (no sheep) are gone more than a month than Protestants. The average number of movies per month for the whole group is about five and a half—and that includes movies seen on TV and VCRs.

On average, our nominees sleep seven to eight a week, a lot less television every week (about eight and a half hours) than many Americans; those with every day. Married people watch, on average, about six hours a week than people just living with someone, and people in Entertainment, Sports & Style about two hours more than people in Arts & Letters.

To what magazines and newspapers do they subscribe? They come in first (24 percent subscribe), followed by *Newsweek* (12 percent), *The New York Times* (10 percent), *The Wall*

*Street Journal* (14 percent), *National Geographic* (12 percent), and *The New Yorker* (10 percent). Not one of them listed *The Reader's Digest* or *TV Guide*, which are the most-read magazines in the country.

Considering all their other responsibilities and interests, our respondents seem to be in pretty good shape. For one thing, they are reasonably straight; they smoke very little, drink very little, and have not sampled a lot of drugs. For another, they find time to exercise about seven hours a week, with half exercising five hours or less and half exercising five or more. Democrats exercise slightly less than Republicans, women slightly less than men, and people in Science & Technology less than those in other professions. In addition, Republicans exercise more than single people, married people, or people just living with someone.

As a consequence of all this activity, just over a third of our nominees feel that they're overweight—41 percent of the women versus 36 percent of the men; 44 percent of the people in Politics & Law versus 35 percent of the people in Science & Technology; 40 percent of the Democrats versus 36 percent of the Republicans.

Contrary to the popular image, stress doesn't seem to be getting to our nominees. Only 4 percent of them have high blood pressure; only 4 percent are currently seeing a therapist regularly (another 4 percent see one occasionally). Less than a third of all our respondents have ever sought counseling. Only one in ten reports having ever seriously contemplated suicide.

Our nominees sleep an average of 8.7 hours a night (despite the fact that they drink about three cups of coffee per day). Those who sleep more than seven hours fall into three subgroups: only people who live in small towns, people who are a therapist regularly, and people who are living with—but not married to—someone.

We asked our nominees to tell us what illnesses they most fear. Nearly half of them (48 percent) put cancer first (women more than men), followed by heart attack (more than women). Stroke, cerebral hemorrhage, and other diseases associated with aging are way down on the list (less than 1 percent each). AIDS, with more than 8 percent listing it, comes in as the third-most-feared disease. Yet 54 percent of the nominees said that they had no fears of illness at all, and one man wrote in: "If you think about that, you won't be able to get anything done."

## Democrats Versus Republicans

Are they as different as they look?

	DEMOCRATS	REPUBLICANS
Figures who most inspired their professional ambitions	(250/3)	(250/3)
Have earned a PhD	30%	27%
Average annual income	\$38,148	\$317,518
Feel religion is "very important" in professional life	17%	26%
Have ever served in the military	12%	22%
Demonstrated against Vietnam	60%	34%
Have ever seen a psychologist or psychiatrist	32%	29%

## Under Thirty Versus Over Thirty

Who says that the young are more rebellious?

	UNDER 30	30 AND OVER
Republicans	32%	27%
Democrats	32%	46%
Voted for Jimmy Carter in 1980	39%	47%
Voted for Ronald Reagan in 1980	34%	27%
Would "very likely" have voted for Gary Hart	23%	46%
Think it's "somewhat" or "very" likely that nuclear weapons will be used in their lifetime	29%	36%
Average annual income	\$46,600	\$39,278
Do not want to have children	8%	16%

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## WHAT THEY BELIEVE IN

A great deal has been written about the politics, values, and self-image of the new generation. When Special Report was first tested a year ago, the news told us that he had managed to gather the views of the young Hart supporters, and that those views represented a new conservative trend. That may well have been the case, but not among the respondents in our survey. An astonishing 52 percent of them voted for Walter Mondale (44 percent for Reagan, 10 percent didn't vote). In fact, individual analysis of the survey's fifty-one subgroups found for Reagan 56 percent of the people in Business & Industry, 53 percent of the people making more than \$25,000 a year, and, naturally, 85 percent of the Republicans.

Though our survey did find slightly higher percentages of Republicans and conservatives under thirty than over thirty, the overall party breakdown was as follows:

Democrats 44 percent  
Independents 32 percent  
Republicans 25 percent

In professional categories, the one exception to the Democratic majority was in Business & Industry, where 48 percent were Republicans (99 percent Independents); 27 percent Democratic. Only nine of the 111 blacks in our survey and only thirty-six of the 311 Jews were Republicans.

Given the party breakdown, it's not surprising that more than half of the total under thirty general political outlooks to be "conservative" or "very" liberal, another 20 percent call themselves "middle-of-the-road," and 27 percent checked off "somewhat" or "very" conservative.

We found enormous agreement on the main questions we asked. Nearly two thirds of the total said keeping out of Central America was more important than preventing consumer inflation there—the single exception to the majority view being the Republicans (contingent, 63 percent of whom voted for containing inflation). Two questions provoked majority responses among all the survey's subgroups. The predominant view on school prayer was that the government should do nothing to encourage it; about two thirds in all but one subgroup (Republicans) checked off this answer. Likewise, there was no exception among subgroups to the prevailing view on abortion (pro-choice), even 68 percent of the Catholics in our survey said that the decision should be left to the woman.

Just under two thirds of our respondents and they thought it was "somewhat" or "very" likely that nuclear weapons would be used in their lifetime.

People & Arts & Letters: people making less than \$20,000 a year, people under thirty. Between 1978, people who had dropped out, people involved in the arts, and people who had a personal experience with a death tend to think, on the whole, that it's more likely.

We asked our nominees whom they wanted to see as President in 1988—and found a striking lack of agreement. Howard Baker came as standfirst, with 25 percent of the vote. Behind him by a few percentage points were Mario Cuomo (10 percent) and Lee Iacocca (9 percent). We also asked our nominees who they thought should be elected President next: 30 percent said George Bush, 23 percent Howard Baker, and 19 percent Mario Cuomo. What was most clear was that this group—whether randomly

Republican or die-hard Democrat—had not yet found its man. And there was a bigger surprise: While 63 percent of the total said it was "somewhat" or "very" likely that they would have voted for Gary Hart last year, only 4 percent said that they would like to see him elected President now.

We also wanted to know what role faith had played in the lives of our nominees. About 4/5 of them said that religion was "not at all important" in their professional lives, yet 70 percent said they believed in God either "completely" or "sometimes." Another 13 percent said "not at all," and 20 percent said they didn't know. Only 10 percent of the total attend worship services monthly, only 15 percent once every few weeks, 18 percent weekly, 3 percent daily. One fourth go a few times a year, and another fourth don't go at all. Then there was this: nearly 30 percent of the respondents said that their lives had been changed by "a personal experience with a deity."

Wanting to know how our nominees perceived themselves, we asked them what percent of their success they attributed to various factors. After "talent," which came at first at 36 percent, came "education" at 25 percent, then "luck" (17 percent) and "consistency" (23 percent). More men than women, more businesspeople than non-businesspeople, and more men than suburbanites attributed their success to luck.

Finally, we asked them what they most feared; a question that proved to be among the most moving in the survey because it provoked numerous personal responses. The number-one fear was "failure" or "not accomplishing my goals," with 17 percent giving that response. The second-most-common fear (16 percent) was "death," "including 'dying early,'" "dying before I achieve my goals," "dying of cancer," and "dying painful." Another 10 percent said their greatest fear was that a family member would die. Other noted fears were bankruptcy (1 percent), disability (5 percent), and loneliness (3 percent). Others still were afraid of "being," "nothing," "communicative expansion," "diseases," "electricity," "fire," "the IRS," "loss of memory," and "yesterday's mistakes." One woman feared "that my daughter won't accept Christ." One man found "that the fish won't bite."

After the five-hundred-page book of numbers had been put away and the supera had been consulted, we were left with some impressions about the style and substance of the leadership class.

In nearly every category we found our preconceptions confirmed. Long-standing political and social cleavages have lost their accepted meanings. Democrats and Republicans (and liberal and conservative) no longer serve as easy opposites. Traditionally antithetical viewpoints seem to coexist. What the "new" represents the "old" below it, the concept of "weak-oriented" versus "family-oriented," "square" and "solo"—all these are not what they used to be. Politics and social activities take heed.

What is truly remarkable about the leadership class is its diversity. In this survey, when 30 percent of our men and women agreed on anything, it was about as close as they got to a consensus. We were left with a picture of how individualistic these individuals really are—different not just from their peers but from one another. If that means they are standing true to their own convictions, it would seem to be a very good sign indeed.

—Lee Eisenberg and Lisa Grunwald



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# Arts & Letters

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## 1985 Register

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**Denis Johnson** A master of poetic prose  
**Yo-Yo Ma** A virtuoso with soul  
**Mark Morris** Taking dance one step further  
**Jayne Anne Phillips** Fiction's dark visionary  
**Max Protetch** The art of the blueprint  
**John Raimondi** The abstract art of heroic sculpture  
**Frank Rich** Keeping Broadway on its toes  
**Peter Serkin** Evolution of a prodigy  
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### HONOREES Arts & Letters

#### Richard Andrews

Arts administrator  
Washington, D.C.  
Born November 8, 1949



The arts of our cities is not a tale of mounting decline and despair. In America's most distinguished metropolitan areas, signs of life, or its resounding, often bizarre, form, art have lately appeared. American sculptors and painters are displaying a fascination for what's become known as the art of public spaces. And no city has been more successful with the concept than Seattle, where, under the guidance of artist-turned-administrator

Richard Andrews, events have become a vital part of virtually every civic improvement project. "What I've done," says Andrews, "is to effect what helped earn Seattle's moniker, 'Insulite'—meaning to get the artists involved in the planning, to get the elected officials and architects to work with them." During his six-year tenure in Seattle, Andrews oversaw such projects as George Trakas's stark wood-and-steel pier at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's Lake Washington headquarters and Jack MacKie's balloon-dance stage—former hotspots embedded along Broadway on Capitol Hill. Now, as the director of visual-arts pro-



grams for the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, D.C., Andrews plans to bring his expertise from his new job, as he sees it, in to provide more trees for cities around the country to experiment with public-works art—in other words, to make all of America a little more livable.

Calling the world's attention to art in public places

#### The Colorado String Quartet

Chamber ensemble  
Boulder, Colorado



With their fresh faces and frilly white blouses, they certainly look innocent enough—and in fact the Colorado String Quartet can execute a music work such as Debussy's *Clair de lune* or Beethoven's *Quartet in A*, op. 59, no. 3, with the grace and light touch traditionally associated with such forms of chamber music. But to hear their own, deeply refined interpretation of Brahms's *Quartet in G*, op. 59, or the sense of mounting urgency they

invests in a composition by Debussy, is to understand that myth about women musicians can't survive an evening with Julie Rousal, born October 3, 1954, Deborah Redding, born July 2, 1954, Francesca Mason, born June 14, 1956, and Shann Prater, born March 26, 1956. Bold, witty, and leavened with irreverent words that crop up regularly in their concertos, these might be used for the CSQ's repertoire, which ranges from classics to some controversial contemporary works. Their self-contained approach is entirely appropriate for four women performed at a concert with male symphonies, led Rousal, the quartet's most veteran player, has

**A brilliant ensemble with uncommon communication**

#### Behold the future of the American theater

**Chris Hardman**  
Performance artist  
Sausalito, California  
Born June 3, 1950



Not content with merely shrinking the distance between audience and stage, Chris Hardman has eliminated it entirely. The thirty-five-year-old founder and director of Ani-lein Theater demands that his audience become actors and even playwrights. His pieces called *Arrows*, *Karamay*, members of the audience make their way through a maze of seventeen rooms, acting out three-minute episodes in voices tone

instructives and make comments over a Walkman. In another, called *High School*, a Walkman-equipped audience is led through an actual high school. Discreetness is Hardman's stock-in-trade—he is a slight and low-profile type, his group across an undulating, often meandering landscape.

It's a role for which Hardman has unique qualifications. He grew up in Sherman Oaks, California, then attended Geoffrey Collier College in Vermont, where the experimental Bread and Puppet Theater refined his notions of the theatrical experience. After his second year of college, he began working on the beachfront at Coney Island, where, in addition to fire-eating, pegging, and staging puppet shows, he renovated a dilapidated beach house. In the mid-Seventies he quit the beach and headed back to California, where he founded Smite, a theatrical troupe from which Ani-lein split in 1980. Five major productions quickly followed, two of them winning Bay Area Theater Critics Circle Awards. The prolific Hardman presently presents *Azucar*, a relatively traditional play about international jazz and nuclear war, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last month; next fall he will produce a play in conjunction with MIT. Also this year: a new production, *Zodiac in the Basement*.

**Steven Holl**

Architect

New York, New York

Born December 9, 1947



As a prominent member of the new breed of designers, Steven Holl doesn't consider himself exactly an architect; he's an architect-photographer. A man who loves to live in New York, Holl doesn't simply build buildings; he makes what he calls organic architecture as question and answer.

Holl relishes to trust any assignment as just another job. And it's in his beautifully

stark and elegant private homes that he excels—"A clear architectural idea, frankly stated"—is best manifested. Take, for instance, an apartment he designed for another architect. Holl set out to evoke the sense of Siegiel's sleek Vienna by reviving the working methods of the famed Vienna workshop, and, determined, with his crew, to ignore the modern conventions that would have driven them away. There is no longer, of his financial resources, in the small projects he favors, but Holl, who supports himself by teaching at Columbia, doesn't care. "The not so little money," he says, "but rather to advance the frontiers of modern design, and perhaps even



© 1993 Steven Holl

achieve immortality on a modest scale. "There has been a tendency in architecture to be overinflated," he says. "But it's better not to jump on the bandwagon. A building is made to stand a long time."

**Denis Johnson**

Novelist/Poet

Wellfleet, Massachusetts

Born July 1, 1949



He is a writer who slips smoothly from poetry to the novel and back again, a dealer in dark images who nevertheless manages to entertain. But ultimately what distinguishes

Denis Johnson—the author most recently of the haunting post-nuclear war novel *Pitmeadow*—is not his success that employs affinities known as too much power too soon. A deformed son who was born in Missouri and raised mostly in Oregon

and the Philippines, Johnson published his first collection of poetry at the age of seventeen. Prints and praise poured in after *The Max Among the Seeds*, suffocating the bright young hothead for so it now seems.

During the next ten years he taught and studied a lot, short writing but aside from a chapbook of poems and the opening chapter of a novel called *Angels*, produced little. Drinking and drugs became a serious problem as he traveled around the country, living on his reputation and the few dollars he could scrounge together as a Sally Carr type. Then five years ago, with his first marriage over, Johnson hit bottom, walked into a rehabilitation program, and began

the tough but exhilarating climb back. The *Deseret Lounge*, his third book of poetry, was published by Random House in 1982. This time when the praise came, it only seemed to open him on. *Angels* was completed in 1983—at was the Sam Kacman Prize for Best Fiction and a citation from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. *Pitmeadow*, published last summer, is an explosion of the themes of survival. Set in a richly imagined Key West circa a. 2000, the novel is a pastiche of varieties about a speechless one-hundred-year-old man, a middle-aged matress, and an adolescent boy who struggle along in a postapocalyptic state.

**Yo-Yo Ma**

Cellist

Winchester, Massachusetts

Born October 7, 1955



Yo-Yo Ma has called him the greatest cellist alive, but in classical music, fans who've followed Yo-Yo Ma's career, such superlatives are old news. The thirty-year-old musician was playing Bach suites at the age of four, using a one-thousand-dollar cello and sitting on top of three telephone books. He gave his first public recital a year later in Paris, where he was born. The son of a Chinese music teacher,

**Astonishing technique and emotional range make him the virtuoso of the cello**

The rest is the stuff of which Carnegie Hall program notes are made. Ma began studying with the legendary Leonard Rose at age seven, appeared on *The Tonight Show* at age nine, and spent his teenage years at the Juilliard School of Music. He is not your typical "talented wiz," however, but an extremely well rounded thinker and conversationalist, who made the present decision to attend Harvard as a liberal arts major. It was there, he says, that he "began to evolve from being just a cellist to being a musician interested in communicating and sharing with people."

That same year, Yo-Yo Ma was playing to

day, he it with the Berlin Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, or an all-star chamber ensemble. To be sure, Ma spends the obligatory "endless hours" with his instrument (a Montagnana, made in Venice in 1733). He also takes the time, though, for reading, friends, and family (he and his wife, Jill, who live in Winchester, Massachusetts, have a son, Nicholas, age three). The idea, says Ma, is to stay as natural and "well rounded" as possible while pursuing a career that takes him around the world to head-spinning acclaim. "It's the projection of ideas that makes a fine musician," he says, "and not just proficiency with the instrument."

**IN THE AMERICAN SPIRIT  
FOR WOMEN AND MEN**

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**Max Protetch**

Gallery owner  
New York, New York  
Born September 10, 1946

 At one time, almost all architectural drawings, no matter how beautiful, shared a similar fate: once a commission was completed, they were shipped off to some archive and, after never to be recognized but along came Max Protetch, a young gallery owner who saw nothing but art, he says, "then 'bunting down barriers and clearing directions.' In 1976, Protetch began showing the drawings of cement archi-

**John Raimondi**

Sculptor  
Winthrop, Massachusetts  
Born May 29, 1918

 It is difficult to break the rules of something as amorphous as abstract art, yet John Raimondi has managed to do it. A sculptor from whom has been called the grand heroic school, Raimondi constructs gigantic public-display pieces that challenge the viewer by being at once representative and detached from anything real. His forty-foot-high sculpture *Lotus*, on the plain of the new Lotus building in Cambridge, Massa-

ctics, is a stunning case in point. When the Goettse steel structure was unrolled this June, Raimondi described it as an image of a wolf howling at the moon—and from most angles *Lotus* does indeed seem to suggest an animal. But moving around the piece, one sees the affirmative of a woman—and even several Jules Verne-esque "time machines." Then there is Raimondi's most famous work, *Elvira's Dyson*, a fifty-five-foot-long, twenty-eight-ton collection of steel posts and pyramids constructed by the state of Nebraska during the Depression. The terrible part of that project, he says, was convincing the local citizens that

work was "understanding." In the wake of that drawing fad and similar shows featuring the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, Robert Venturi, and Aldo Rossi, Protetch has been proclaimed "The Rilke-writer of architects," a reference to the legendary dealer who championed Picasso and the cubists. But now, Raimondi, explains how he began to conceive of these drawings as aesthetically pleasing pictures that will stand on their own merits—a revolutionary development. Nor that Protetch is particularly surprised. "The best artists have taught us to see," he says. "It seems logical that the best dealers could lead the public to that art."

**Private visions for public places**

 what Raimondi calls "a man's monument to my mother" should reflect, rise out of the confounds in the mind, though he sold the idea in a series of impromptu speeches. "That controversy was the best thing that ever happened to me," says the artist.

**A standard of excellence for the American stage**

**Frank Rich**  
Theater critic  
New York, New York  
Born June 2, 1949

 It is the most powerful point in *Endgame*—19 years after, and the magnum. But it wasn't until Frank Rich took over as *the* theater critic for The New York Times in 1986 that the play got truly intense. From the start, the Broadway crowd was slightly suspicious of Rich, a thirty-one-year-old upstart not likely to have steeply overproduced musicals. Moreover, Rich was known as a film commentator or who had not concentrated on

the stage since his undergraduate days in a winter in The Harvard Crimson. Those small feelings of mistrust quickly hardened into harsh accusations when, early in the Rich era, Broadway string together a series of disastrous seasons. Word was that Rich was using his writing power to fire it will, inflicting irreparable damage upon the American theater.

The only problem with this argument was that it contradicted the facts. Rich had shown a knack for unearthing even his most negative manuscripts with a well-placed line word. Even when he can't find anything to recommend in a production, Rich, who may be the best movie stylist the

Times has ever assigned to the job, doesn't lose his enthusiasm or sense of humor. Wringing this year's *La Rondine* of the Park a show clearly not up to Broadway standards, Rich said, "This show does lead the pack in such key areas as incoherence (both), vulgarly boastful, and decided level (incompetence), with piercing electronic feedback." If Rich failed that show, he did it slowly. *Leslie Caron*, for 100 performances. Nor that its relative success, or the critics' Rich himself, could endorse it firmly, would ever tempt him to second-guess himself. "Presumably," he says, "The Times gave me this job because it respects the integrity of my opinions."

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Eric Mottram (Review Continues page 122)



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## HONOREES Arts & Letters

**Molly Smith**  
Theater director  
Douglas, Alaska  
Born March 14, 1952



She had much success when Molly Smith left Alaska in 1981 and headed to New York to learn the director's trade. But when she came back seven years later with master's degree from American University and fifty new plays to take notes in fact, her Perseverance Theater, opened in 1989 in Douglas, a small town in the Gulf of Alaska Channel between Juneau and Ketchikan, was an instant success. Smith relies solely on local talent to write and present plays with a distinctly Alaskan flavor. Her company is best known for its all-Exiles adaptation of *Antigone* that toured the state and then visited New York and Europe last year, earning rave reviews.

Despite her success, Smith doesn't want to branch out. She plans to continue searching "the Alaskan experience" for writers, actors, technicians, themes and theaters. In addition to commissioning and producing plays for her own theater, Smith also runs a comprehensive training program in the theater arts, sponsors an annual writing festival called the Great Alaska

**A theater with a spirit that is uniquely Alaskan**

Playhouse, and operates a touring company that visits isolated towns and fishing camps, staging contemporary and classical drama and conducting workshops. "We want to keep our theater to our region," she says, "to write with the spirit that is uniquely Alaskan and define our own form."



**Scott Walker**  
Publisher  
St. Paul, Minnesota  
Born June 17, 1950



Most publishers regard Scott Walker as the wacky, eccentric, and somewhat crazy publisher. That is, they look at Walker, or more precisely at his St. Paul-based Graywolf Press, and say, "No way that dung can fly." And yet Walker has successfully ignored the conventional wisdom that says there is not much of a market for contemporary literature. Having worked sixteen hours a day for the last ten years, he has transformed Graywolf from a lone min-

imal publisher into the most influential indie-bookstore house in the U.S. Edie O'Brien and Meagan Goffman are among his authors, as are H. E. Bates, William Styron, Vassa Shulikov, and Walker Kess. These Pulitzer and National Book Award winners came shamed not because Walker offers some money (often he offers much less), but because Graywolf wants better papers, finer bindings, and the assurances that no pay-off blockbuster would clean them out of profit.

Graywolf may look sound like a practical venture, but then, practicality has never been Walker's strong point. After leaving school in 1973, he landed around the West,

editing literary magazines and working as a book, until he settled in Port Townsend, Washington. This is where Graywolf was born and where it remained until last summer. Moving to St. Paul, Walker says, was "a big decision, and perhaps the first sign that I'm finally getting more pragmatic. I want to hire some experts—people who don't need to get as deeply involved in everybody else's job." Still, he borrows no assurances about writing back and watching the money roll in. "I'll have to settle for what the Buddhists call right livelihood," he says, "the sense that I'm making a contribution in society. That's not everything, but that's enough."

**M. Jane Weaver**  
Opera company manager  
Houston, Texas  
Born June 4, 1947



Working to break down opera's middlebrow image, Jane Weaver and her Texas Opera Theater will deliver more than three hundred performances in sixty small-to-medium-size southern towns this season. And if its eleven-year history is any indication, the TOT will gather studio-gorgeous and critical raves from the Dallas suburbs to Brevard. As general manager and chief executive officer, not only is Weaver

the brains behind the barnstorming, she also dresses up and entertains the TOT budget, determines the repertoire, selects the singers, directs, and conducts, negotiates the union contract, and raises the funds. "It's a never-ending challenge," says Weaver, "because every city is like our hometown. We have to develop each one culturally—to tell stories. What is good this year for *Aida*?"

Lately Weaver has also been faced with the question of what is good for the future of opera. "We need ways to get the next generation of music and theater people to at least try this kind of thing," she says

**Bringing Wagner and Verdi to the small towns and backwoods of Texas**

She has implemented a possible solution in the One Act Opera Project, a workshop in which composers and librarians each produce and present a fifteen-minute "musical statement," that needn't be in opera form (just, blues, and ragtime were among the alternatives) as long as it has a beginning, middle, and end. The project, funded by \$100,000 that Weaver raised from various corporations, was so successful in 1985, its second year, that TOT will sponsor another in 1986. "If it's a way of people getting along with the form," Weaver says. "And it's also a way for us to find the next Puccini, Bernstein, and Sondheim."



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Carrying on a family tradition of great musicianship, Peter Serkin brings dazzling technique and a commitment to modern music

Artist & Letters

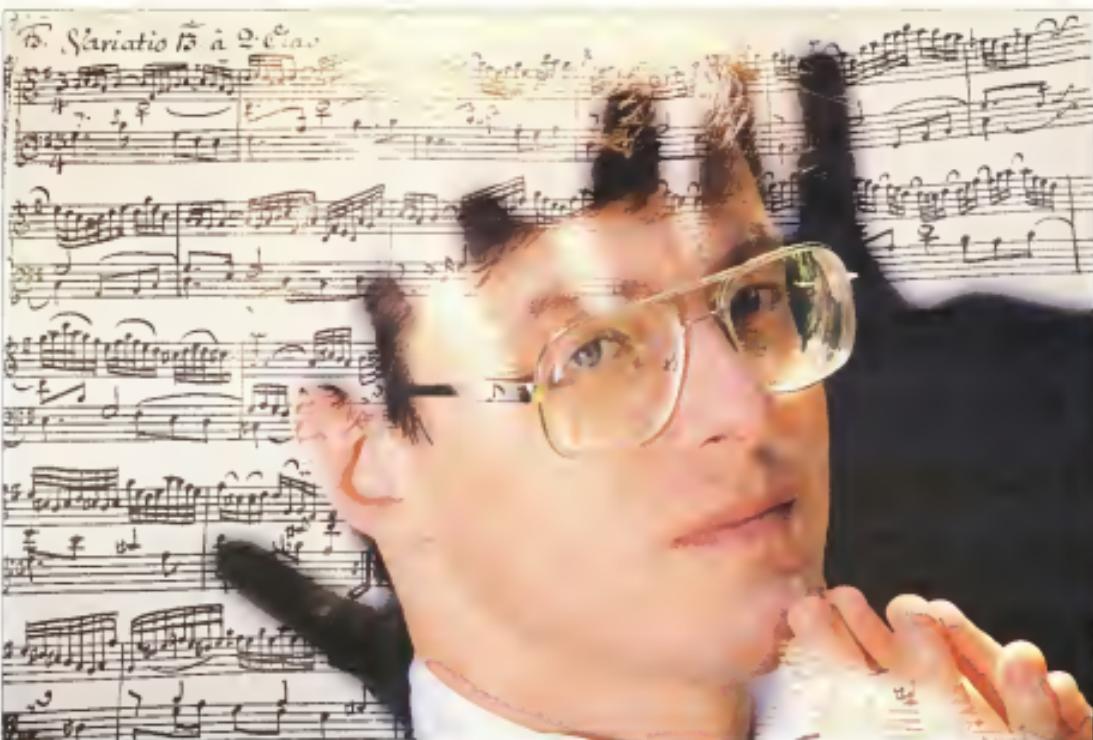
# The Serkin Touch

"Very educated in technique," Peter Serkin says as he goes to the piano. His taste of voice conveys a certain quiet elation, as if to say that interpretation is paramount, but the immediate, practical, physical question of technique we must be left about. "I like to keep my hands right on the piano, the fingers touching the keys all the time—or as close to it as the music allows—and you don't have to sacrifice dynamics." To convince me, he rests his fingers on the keys, plays a very loud chord, releases the keys without breaking contact, and then plays the same chord softly. He laments, "They say Chopin had ten thousand signature degrees of pianism," he says, with a quizzical glance. Serkin's control of pianissimo is one of the first things a listener notices in his recordings.

His hands are ordinary-looking hands, the fingers a bit thick, the fingers being a very good chord with a little resonance. "I like to use the fingers when they are thick because the tone is stronger. They should have to be exceptionally strong to do what he does with him. 'Now, you can keep finger contact with the keys. There's even a thing you can do—"he hesitates—"when you sound the chord, you can make it a little louder and longer."

"What?" This would be magic.

Photo Courtesy of Collection of Steinway & Sons. Magazine published in September by E.P. Dutton/Syndicate, Lawrence



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FALCON

**PRECISE,  
PASSIONATE,**  
and technically  
brilliant

Indicates his piano reaches  
the heart of the music

Magic. A trick passed down the line of great teachers, a trick that only a great player could possibly execute, given the exquisite degree of finger control needed to bring it off.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A GREAT PIANIST IS MUCH more complicated now than fifty or sixty years ago, when everyone knew the eight or ten players who had the full repertory, the technique to play the repertory, and the emotional depth to interpret it. Fifty or sixty years ago, there were simply fewer brilliant players, most particularly in terms of tech-

by FRANK CONROY

image. If the eighty-eight keys of the piano can be thought of as a filter, not many people get through in those days. In 1965 there are hundreds upon hundreds of technically dazzling pianists, and to find the best, one must go past the body of the music to the more difficult questions of the soul of the music. And it is there that we find Peter Serkin.

"Many pianists just play," one professorial pianist said. "A man who attends four or five piano events every week during the summer (and who must know something). In fact, a surprising number of them just play. Serkin always has a point of view of his own. He has an interpretation that reflects his character. When I hear him—no matter how familiar the piece—my emotions have been stirred. I don't know how to explain it. You believe him. He's really there. It's like when Earth, Put simply, a song about some bimbo beating her up and throwing her out in the alley, you believe it because she really knows about these emotions. If a Judy Collins sang it, it's empty. Many pianists working today are empty. It's like they never grew up, never had anything happen to them."

Serkin was three years old when he became aware of the power of music. At that time, one snapshot he received that music—which had surrounded him always—was separate from him, other than his mother's voice. Living in Vienna at a friend's house, he heard the music of the piano. His mother played. His father, Rudolf Serkin, one of the greatest pianists of his generation, was always a good dad, but when he was at home he played Goethe, visitors, and his parents' friends played. Peter's memory and young childhood were so infused with music that it must have come as a shock for him to discover that, unlike sunshine, air, or his bucolic surroundings, music was not elemental. It had to be made. One memory has thinking, before the age of three, that the music was played the grown-ups. When he discovered that was not so, he wanted leaves.

"Nobody passed me—not there, and not later," Serkin says, sitting in the living room of the small apartment he shares with his second wife, a photographer, on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. This seems to be an important point for him. He was a child prodigy, but he wants to point out that the changes were gradual. His own changes. Nobody forced him. At thirty-eight, Serkin is a full, pale man with a hard-look face that clearly conveys apprehension. A cool face. When it does change, the changes are subtle. His eyes are firmly fixed and cockily steady. He seems a careful, measured, thoughtful, perhaps even cautious. There is a sense of controlled emotion, of watchfulness.

He caught himself to read music, and he learned rapidly, becoming a first-rate eight-



man while still a young child. (Sight-reading—the ability to play anything put in front of you at night—was a special skill, which need not necessarily be connected to other talents. There are plenty of sight readers who play the piano as if working at a typewriter, without emotional involvement.) For Serkin, sight-reading was a way in, a means to discover and get closer to the music of one composer after another. He played everything he could get his hands on in a house that didn't have one

turned most of the piano literature in print, and thousands of other scores. And if he already sensed the power of music, now, through his continuous active sampling of the masters, he began to perceive something of his own.

His childhood was a bit lonely, he says. Vienna was replete in those days, and the very wide spread of open among his siblings, with Peter somewhere in the middle, was another factor. And at school, he remembers, "everybody would run out

## THOUGH SERKIN

is a superb command of the classics, but he is also a champion of modern music.

side at recess, and sometimes I'd stay and fool with the piano—listen to the sounds—and the other kids thought that was weird."

Serkin was two when his family moved to Philadelphia. His father had been going back and forth from Philadelphia to Vienna for years, but his career was in ferment with the Curtis School of Music, and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. Serkin missed the show. Total kept no night-classes. "My parents would hear me playing all sorts of stuff. They'd say, 'You should be doing scales,'" he smiles. It is clear he is fond of his parents.

At the remarkably tender age of eleven, Serkin entered Curtis, which was to provide his general education and his broad musical education. He begins playing professional concerts and recitals at the age of twelve. At fourteen, he begins to study piano with his father.

"I was terrified of concerts," he says, taking off his glasses and raising his eyes. He replaces his glasses and looks forward. "I used to throw up before concerts." From outside come the shouts and relief of children playing at the school yard, shrill sounds of controlled hysteria. "It was a very isolating sort, I think."

Yes, particularly so. The piano and time to be fast, before, during, and after performances were probably more arduous than even he can explain. He was also the son of a human father who was also one of his teachers. Because he was a prodigy, he was somewhat isolated within his own generation. He describes himself as having been very serious, a little old man, and what impresses竈pect is that he may have expected too much of himself. At seventeen he was making enough money to support himself, and after graduation he moved to his own apartment. A year or so later he got married, then had a child. Soon after that he gave up music.

THE DECISION TO STOP PLAYING—AND AT Serkin's level that's what it had to be, play or don't play, with nothing in between—must have involved a great deal of pain, to any the least. He was a piano representative of his entire life. Serkin does not talk about the decision to stop, except in a bit of hyperbole. He maintains, however, that he had constant consciousness about what was going on at the time he had his "life-tranquill" civil strife, and so on—or if to help explain the constant traveling that he began doing in 1968. The central reason, however, must have been because he wasn't going to play anymore and he needed to retreat to some distant, private place in order to get himself back together again as a new, non-playing person. In the winter of 1971 Serkin moved to Mexico. With his wife and baby he lived a simple life in a bower almost entirely devoid of the accoutrements of culture. Eight months went by.

"One Sunday morning," he says, "the



From birth, Serkin was surrounded by music.



Serkin entered a conservatory at age eleven and began giving concerts a year later.



Passing along a musical tradition: Rudolf Serkin giving a piano lesson to his teenage son.



Serkin as a young father in 1974, with his daughter (age three) at their first piano lesson.



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with all the body and  
shine I expect from a  
great shampoo."



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NORMAL TO DRY FORMULA



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW SELIGER

radio was on in the house across the way. It was Bach, and as I listened it became clear to me that I should play. The whole question was simplified somehow." Serkin states in the middle sentence for a moment. "I wanted to give it up in order to discover a 'life to live,' and suddenly I get the feeling it is wonderful if I can understand. I also get the feeling no decent career that much—like has sold me the truth, in the simplest possible form, and the rest is up to me. Despite his reverence, I find myself thinking of the event in Mexico as the central one of his life, with all that came before leading up to it and all that followed flowing from it. He does not describe listening to the Mexican radio Bach as a revelatory experience—characteristically, he does not analyze, he simply states—but it is hard to avoid thinking of it that way.

EARLY IN THE TWENTIES, EDWARD PARK started off over again. "I did scales," he says, "and everyone I didn't know what to expect after all that time not playing, but it was fine." As he began studying with various people his development as a mature artist commenced, and his professional life recommenced. He made records, appeared as guest with great orchestras, and played solo recitals. By the late Seventies he was generally ranked as one of the top two or three pianists in America, and one of the top ten in the world. Many

of the new generation of musicians rated him higher. Indeed, Serkin had reached a level of excellence—both in playing and interpretation—where parking becomes difficult, if not impossible.

Significant in Serkin's rise was his avoidance of competition. (One who has now acted as judge 150 times might say it was easy for him to stay out because he was so well prepared already, but that doesn't really much.) All the while though he seems to have made his choices for aesthetic rather than practical reasons. Competitions, he would say, are relevant in athletics but not in art.

Chamber music began to interest him

during that period, not only aesthetically

but also because playing it was less lonely

than solo work. In 1972 he formed the

chamber ensemble Trío (trio for "good fortune"), which had slightly un-

usual instrumentation and a collective in-

terest in contemporary music. Indeed, his

championing of some modern composers

of whom he is particularly fond—Men-

non, Toru Takemitsu, Peter Lieberson,

Stephen Walsh, and others—is in itself set

apart from his peers, and has required

tough-mindedness and a certain amount of risk.

Concert producers in general like to

analyze music, but Serkin has continued

to program new music into his solo and

chamber recitals, and over the years re-

portedly record producers who got too in-

olved in what he should play and how he

## SERKIN'S APARTMENT

in New York is simple furnished, with the two baby grandos as the focus

should play it have watched him go to small blocks that leave him alone.

The American composer Neil Borenson says of Serkin: "He unapologetically is, I hear it, in a friendly rather than an overwrought approach to the classics, which he nonetheless plays with the care and bro-  
th as in the *Family* Blood, and he's not afraid to be ugly. He approaches contempor-  
ary music with the same depth as he does the classics, and he is unique among the suggestions in that he approaches it at all. He is the polyglot name of his age to feel a duty toward the music of his time."

Serkin doesn't like to talk about his career—a word he dislikes—but sever-  
ely generally in here been thinking all the  
while about music, with the assumption  
that his career would take care of itself, as  
indeed it has. Money doesn't interest him.  
"I just never paid much attention to it."

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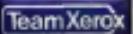
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See Reader Service Catalogue page 208.

ays. Beyond meeting his responsibilities to his extended family, he doesn't think about it. His most-controlled aspiration is "Finished simply, with two Steinway baby grand's, a soft bell of music, and a nice lady who gave him to replace the anticipated little trap he'd had since his student days. He has the slightly embarrassed air of a man who did not so much need matrimony to find notice it in the first place.

Serkin plays all the time in the house. He calls it playing, not practicing, not to enjoy it. He will also be working on whatever project in progress, because that is his method. To take no Mozart concertos and completely immerse himself, for example. Or the Goldberg Variations, or whatever. This intense work has to do with locating the issue he will eventually play for the public—giving over a piece in the most penetrating mood, taking it apart and putting it back together. The way of doing this is not set, but rather seems a direct move to justice. "In the old days I was a movement-oriented conductor. I'd move my left hand, for instance, and work that about. That's the right hand alone. Then top the other. Now I'm more or less free. I listen. I try to let my response to what I sense be the intentions of the composer." It is this generation of the score that constitutes Serkin's real work. Nothing is taken for granted, neither his favorite piece. (Indeed, the more familiar the piece, the more pressing the need to continue it.) "When I prepare a piece, I go back to square one," he says. "I'll do all sorts of things. If the score indicates accents on the second and fourth beat of the bar, I'll try putting them on the first and third. I may work on a bar or two for an hour. If I feel there's a staff there, I'll vary the tempo. I'll even change the time signature—but how it sounds is a waste." He avoids the mouse, as other words, and looks at it from different angles. Presumably that accuracy helps Serkin avoid his predilection for other people. (More on that later.) Schubert, or Beethoven, for that matter, would not have let him play to play. It is this work that his interpretation springs—and when the critics describe him as polished, or deep, or other words to that effect, it is the end result of this kind of work they are describing.

Serkin thinks of himself as an American pianist, and although he is very much a modern player, to whom the nineteenth-century idiosyncrasies of the previous European-trained generation seem a bit frosty, he is aware of himself as part of a tradition. "I studied with Horowitz," he points out, "whose teacher was Leschetizky, who studied with Czerny, whose teacher"—the boyish pause kit of euphemisms—"was Beethoven." He speaks of his teachers with great affection—particularly Horowitz, who is now over ninety—even if he did not always agree with them. "Czerny was a wonderful player, of

course, but some of his teaching was positively crude. The idea that if a man of 100 goes to you would play longer than you do is 40, and induces you to do less. I don't see why that should be true." Then an unexpected liaison can begin: what Beethoven has been able to do through his rejection of this old, popular idea. When he plays long single-note runs, they do not sound, as they usually do with the older players, to be aimed at the last note. They do not lean forward and hence the shape seems clearer somehow, and they never seem muted. Many great players have used a sort of quasi-biographical vocabulary, words such as breathing, pulse, tension, and salvo, to describe what they do, to describe the mode within which their interpretation will occur. Serkin goes at playing differently, and one senses that the doesn't want a mode of any kind unless it emerges from his analysis of that particular piece. It might be breathing, and then again it might not. He has a stoicborn independence about these matters that must sometimes have tested the patience of, say, Casals, but of course he has prevailed, and he is very free indeed.

Serkin's style is self-effacing. Serve the composer, his motto. He dislikes self-dramatism in a performer—dramatic body movements at the piano, finger pointing in the air, and so on, aside his own dramatic. "Some of them talk about cutting through the orchestra. I don't want to cut through them. I want to play with them." The when bravura style, the attempt to dominate the house, is not what he is after. He wants to release the music. "It all depends on the piece. Sometimes you can tell [the composer] wants to make a splash, wants to shock, even, and so you play it that way." He is also disappointed in what might be called the hypermodern style—a bland, effacent kind of approach. "A lot of what you hear on the radio," he says, "turning to the left, 'so-and-so' projection on without a whole lot of effecting or playing."

HAVING EXTENDED HIS CONTROL OVER THE piano to the point where the question of whether the pianist he plays on is outside him or inside him no longer a relevant one, Serkin now gives more attention to the practical details of his professional life. "I'm managing myself," he says. "I really enjoy concert work now, but I was doing too much. You fly in, play with string-up cars, fly out, play again. City to city. I'm going to piece it better. I think I'll play better."

As much as he has already accomplished, a great deal of music lies ahead of Peter Serkin. How might he play Debussy, for instance? Which contemporary composers emerging now will catch his ear? The direction his future development takes will be both exciting and fascinating, wherever he goes. Whatever details he may once have had, he is in love of them. ©

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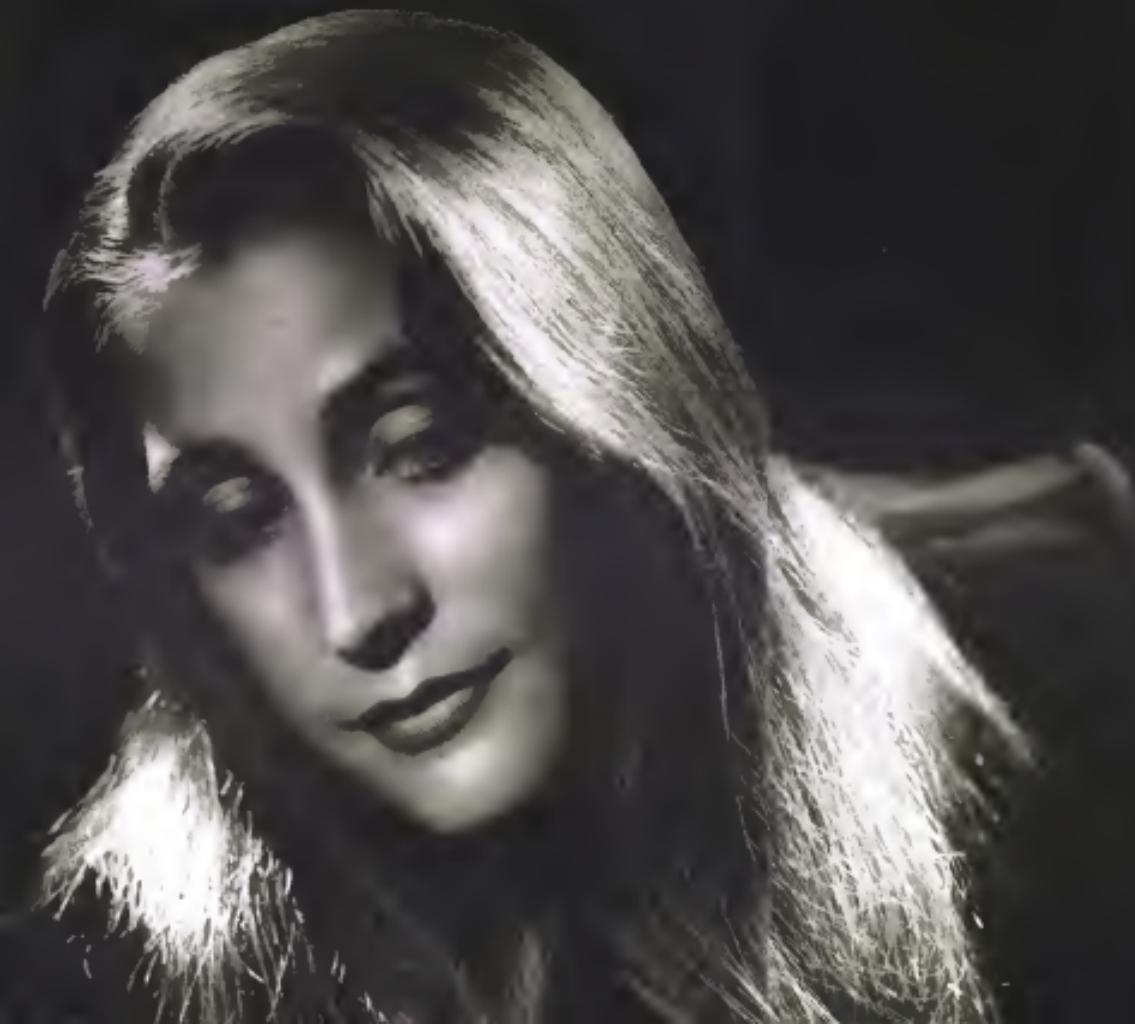
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**She transforms isolation and dark obsession into exquisite prose**

Arts & Letters

# The Short Story of Jayne Anne Phillips

**E**udora Welty, Tillie Olsen, Katherine Anne Porter, William Faulkner, and James Agee." Jayne Anne Phillips pronounces them

evenly. "The great writers have a journeyman's wisdom. They have been somewhere before and come back. That's not to say that what they are writing about, but you can feel that, in the work." You not only feel it in Phillips's work, but she's writing about it, and she's living it, and part of what's living

DAVID KORNBLUTH (2), film critic for the *Wall Street Journal*

by David Edelstein

Snow leopards in the Himalaya. Tigers in the wilds of India. Mountain gorillas and lions in Africa. Jaguars in the swamps of Brazil.

George Schaller, pictured here with a snow leopard, has spent years in remote and rugged places studying the natural history of rare animals—and fighting for their survival.

He sees these animals as symbols of the habitats in which they live. Preserve their habitats and thousands of other plants and animals will be assured of a home.

As director of Wildlife Conservation International, a division of the New York Zoological Society, Schaller and the staff have helped establish more than 50 reserves around the world.

He points out that the destruction of environments is now so drastic that, in the decades ahead, the nature of life on earth will be irrevocably changed.

For Schaller, saving fragments of nature is an urgent task.

Recently he faced one of his greatest challenges. With Chinese scientists, he collaborated in a project to save the 1000 giant pandas still alive in the wild. Currently he is working on the Tibetan plateau to help preserve the wildlife of those remote uplands.



## “Future generations must be inheritors... not just survivors.”

George Schaller

Since his work takes him to some of the most forbidding places on earth, choosing the right equipment is crucial.

Not surprisingly, Schaller wears a Rolex.

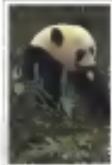
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Giant Panda  
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China. See opposite page.

In the picture, a silent sketch jacket photo from her novel, *Madame Bovary*, is that she's a widow & lost the look now. The story: The home association founders and come back.

She is from Appalachia but now lives in a high-end suburb of Sutton West, a city which used, with a smile, less than a year old and a new husband, a physician she visited once, picked at random from his list. That's a good anecdote—she really was her heart and all—but she interview about it. *It was a long time before my get-together. We didn't know each other.*

She's worried about this attention, you see, about what her sunroom friends will think. *People like you for it.* she says.

“And please, you can mention my son, but not his name. A writer, once, and I felt funny about it. Some for his dog, who just had a mastectomy... no more.”

And she's not at all worried. When I ask about her brothers—“They do what they do,” she says, shrugging. “Good God, but they’re made me distance from anything that would bother me now.”

I discovered that language was a secret means of freedom—it was a key to my freedom from my life. It was natural to move on to actually writing stories, and Kate Ulmer, a novelist since fifth grade, says Phillips would spend afternoons at their summer parties, all-night pole-dancers in the playhouse at the Phillips’ backyard.

To Phillips, it was empowering; her became vehicles for her annual and sometimes perverse imagination. Later she would immortalize these occasions in a story, “Blood Girls,” in which the boys, “came to watch them drink on first wine,” try to seize the girls by scrapping and running in the tall grass, and the matrily driver drives her friend to a matric with a party, including horsemen. What power to make people crazy.

In *Blood Girls*, Phillips lived a thing normalize: stories of coups by the crew, of the girls’ first sex, of the boys’ first sex, of stories. She accumulated junk. Her car, a Chevy Nova, has been on the verge of collapse for years, but she won’t give it up; she seems to be trying to transform the natural world into something sympathetic and wistful, infused with her memories and affection.

Jayne Anne Phillips spent most of her childhood living isolated, alone. She grew up in a small town where everyone knew everyone’s business, and business was generally known—where she had to sacrifice a pocket of spiritual privacy to get by. She won’t usually identify the town, but it’s easy to find: Beckley, West Virginia, population 6,000.

This is the Mountain State, where the ground’s too rocky for good farming, and

where the steep, rounded hills come, one after another like an up-and-down staircase. West Virginia split off from Virginia during the Civil War, and it hasn’t been fully absorbed by more powerful influences. The state motto is “Montani semper ubique fuis” —which could be loosely “they’re at us all the time.”

Actually, the unemployment rate has dropped in the last few decades, because more people have left the state in astounding numbers—three-quarters of a million between 1950 and 1990, when Phillips packed up the West Virginia University in Morgantown, a townless south of Pennsylvania. That was three years after her father left his business, from Converse, but things had begun to fail years before. And no one talked about it. *It was a very close-knit, mother-family.* says Phillips. “Nothing was ever a People sort of news.”

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was very beautiful, and it’s hard for a person to be in stride in the sun... this is not a sophisticated campus. But she knew how to use it. She was always aware of the pull between teacher and student. Jayne Anne is very central,” says Stoltz, “was the ability to allow reality.

Phillips read and wrote constantly. She wanted to be a poet, and she polished her first big efforts in the college literary supplement. To help pay her way through school she taught remedial reading and wrote door to door in mailing camps selling home improvements and bathroom appliances. She also traveled every summer, rehearsed for her break of grade school, and began to explore what the term educated readers—town council, states, drama, Native philosophy, Carlisle, and Custer Centennial.

She was desperate to observe and to get to know other people’s families, to see what it was like to live their lives. “She was determined about the need to stay in West Virginia,” says Stoltz. “She underwent a deliberate education of geographic space. She kept it a lot of notes, and she met a lot of weird people. She wasn’t a self-destructive person. She just wouldn’t touch her life out of fear—she’s just wonderful and very curious. And I think that helped her in writing about home, too; she was much more confident when she knew she wasn’t being practical.”

After college, with her dog and two friends, she drove west. The group settled in the black section of Oakland for what the *Blury Way* was a difficult period there was no work in California, and I was going through a delayed adolescence and child hood, which I find American college graduates used to have. The essayists run up, transmuted, in her short-story collection *Black Tickets*, but Phillips will talk about what really happened, or what she really wants to come from. She wants it to dive into the past, to go back to a black living-room road. She would feel her work with the ends of others.

By 1975 she was in Colorado, contributing to small magazines, working as a waitress for rolls of quarters, and auditing a poetry course, getting around, getting losses. Then she met Anatole Levitt, who’d go on to start *Vehicle Editions* and publish two of Phillips’ short books, *Cooling* (1978) and *First Love* (1980). With a few other women, they formed their own workshop that met at Phillips’s apartment, where she’d read quattrocento poems that would later evolve into disturbingly sexual poems such as “Levirate”—about a young girl exploited sexually by a grotesque older man. (The girl, however, uses her hold on him as a source of power.) Says Levitt: “She’d say things in her poetry that she would only say in private conversations.”

The John Werner Workshop at the University of Iowa offered financial aid or prose

but not poetry. That did it. Phillips began to experiment more seriously with narrative. She was granted the aid, packed up for Iowa, and on her twenty-fourth birthday the *Track Poets* (a spin-off of *Track Magazine*) brought out *Swallowtail*, twenty-four one-page prose-poetry pieces, in a first edition of four hundred copies. David Wills, her publisher, was struck by "the specificity of her language, the closely controlled writing on emotion." He organized a small-press distribution service, printed up some broadside poems, and orchestrated readings. "She was a bit of a firecracker," says Phillips. "The word you use when you don't know what else to say. She could make you work."

The next summer, out of control, distracted without being distractible, Phillips began to travel, strange, but the writing never far from her. One of her pieces made it to the eminent *Pushcart Prize II: The Best of the Small Presses*, and in 1971 she took a workshop with Frank Conroy in which she wrote some of the stories in *Black Tickets*. "Everyone knew she was the odd one," remembers Conroy. "Even then she wrote metaphors that could trash you—an every page there would be two or three things the frisson of French talk about. Writing is very hard and very mysterious, and most students want to know, 'Am I going to be good?' Joyce [Anne] never seemed interested in that. She'd be too busy reading Faulkner, poring over a paragraph and saying, 'Look what he's doing here!'"

In 1978 Levitt published *Concord*, a series of loose booklets, stories, about a writer and a dancer who live in New England house and studio, while their relationship runs rancid. The accolades were the St. Lawrence Award for Fiction in 1978, and next was a cords-and-honors ceremony at St. Lawrence University that Phillips took off after another Lawrence: Seymour Lawrence, that at Belgrave and publisher of *Title Olsen*, Katherine Anne Porter, J. P. Donleavy, and Kurt Vonnegut. "He's a wonderful Dickensian figure," says Phillips, "a self-deluded publisher. When he looks at a writer, he takes on a look of woe." No more floating for Joyce Anne Phillips: it was time to bury into the manuscript. She was living among writers in Concord—the world of her wild, almost solipsistic matinot, and a world very much here on earth. She wanted her work read, and she used whatever resources she had. She may have been encouraged by her wife, but she employed them.

Lawrence says she called him and asked, "Do you publish short stories?"

"Not at all can help," I said. "Why don't you write a novel?" Well, she kept pursuing me. She wanted to be on the list.

Phillips wrote a series of stories to *Title Olsen*, who thought they were to be used as blurb on the back of *Black Tickets*—the unmistakable work of early

poetry." Whatever, it worked. In a move much too costumed for anything Phillips would write, her mother packed out of the house in Blackstone as she was pulling out of the driveway, bound for an amateur performance at Humboldt State University in California. "Stern Lawrence wants to publish her book!"

While preparing *Black Tickets* for publication, she taught at Blackfoot, on the northern coast of California, for a year. "She was the most exotic and fascinating creature in Humboldt County," recalls a colleague. "She was living in this shabby-type house in Bandon, just she and her dog two live pets. You could tell she took herself seriously. She had self-portraits all over her walls, very dramatic; and she could attract the best-looking young men." It was clear that no one had ever been before *Title Olsen* in all her literary stay friends. Title Olsen, however, says, "Roxanne Brown, I always knew her to be a playful literary success, quite blithe, connoisseur, ingénue, a whole network."

She found few kindred spirits locally, and friends remember her complaints of isolation—the feeling she was just marking time. "It was gloomy and awful," says Lawrence, who traveled in see her at a small place that almost didn't feel the rainy Phillips and *Title Olsen* were working for her, and when he landed he was so shaken that he didn't brush anyone's shoulder, nodding off behind Olsen while she read to the critique from her work.

*Black Tickets*, published in 1979, has been labeled everything from genius to juvenile. Sometimes the language is plain and eloquent, at other times it's close to the point of garishness. It is, obviously, a Phillips novel, from wacky half-page illustrations on flowered paper to the most farfetched of scenes: consecutive-mother-mother-daughter encounters that jazz encapsulated readers like the opening blurb of the title itself:

Jessie (Gibbs), how I wish you were still a clean, pretty, innocent virgin! I wish the sun would always be out to set you up. If you suddenly had to lie down, somebody had to sit by, some body had to do up to you this kind of clothes, and I was the other transgressor. But Raymond never made it with you in the bedroom! (Who are we, said Raymond, that we can't be the ones to do it?) I was so awfully shagging the parrot on your nose, now there's white on your high-collared chevron, your pale eyes lowered even shadowed with the pale green of a young bristle, your lips meeting a thousand of roses!

Some of the voices seem affected, but you can see, in retrospect, how one voice leads the other, how the same, contumacious in the family stories might compel a young writer to go for broke—to claim our hearts, swooping tales of sexual obsession, black magic, weird, and depriving a happy reading carriage together

for fun. There is anger at her parents for their inability to connect with her, and remorse for that anger also. Olsen's a thread to the book. As isolation, seen through many different eyes—changes, concerning themselves blithely against the walls of their own consciousness. *Title Olsen* ends with the dark side of transgression: a monologue by a Son of Sam-style murderer, the machination that can save you from being a willowed by your stories can also drive you mad. The writer, at least, ends the big picture.

"I guess I was really as something that appears to be a series of fragments but isn't," says Phillips. "And trying to represent that is really the point of most of what I write."

"Books of short stories weren't an accepted form," says Lawrence. "So we sent proofs of *Black Tickets* out to a handful of people. The response was ambivalent."

"A cracked beauty—wacky and at our fingertips,"—Raymond Conner, author and teacher caught in the hands of one who failed nothing—the best short story writer since Eudora Welty."—Natalie Goodman

"We used the quotes," Lawrence remembers. "And we did a simultaneous quality paperback and hard-cover printing: twenty-five thousand in paperback, 2,200 in hard-cover. Joyce Anne's *It's Fiction* was made. We sold it to twelve countries. In Europe they have an appetite for quality American fiction. This year it's Frank Conroy's book. I like that it was Jim Harrison."

Joyce Anne Phillips and Seymour Lawrence were "the wack and the wacky." *Newsweek* did a big story, the *Associated Press* picked up their ears, and, according to the independent-bookstore owners who sold *Black Tickets*, the word of mouth was remarkable. In the flush of her success, Phillips was offered a teaching post-tut fellowship at Radcliffe College. She turned it down, but in consideration that Hoboken is little but a satellite of New Jersey, the town and

Bob Conroy has never understood her, and students weren't uniformly happy with her seminars. They say she was impersonal, that she went through their stories a page at a time, line by line, but the feedback most of them craved—the long drags on a cigarette followed by, "This is dynamic stuff, Jessie. You're one hellava writer!"—wasn't there. It's not surprising: Phillips wasn't interested in helping anyone else—the she was fiercely independent and loyal to her driven vision. Besides, she says, "when you teach, you have a lot of power, and you're house-bound not to make predictions or have opinions." Sometimes she's positively Kantian: "Writers are formed by age eight, it's a primal development. They learn. There is a only that is stable. An east fast a while. They're able to imagine being anyone. Or so one. The difficulty is that people throw up a road-

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See Reader Service Card at page 328

*Though I have no money I must give myself what I need. Yes I know which lovers to call when the police have caught me peddling pictures, the store detectives twisting my wrists pull stockings out of my sleeves. And the butchers pummel the small of my back to dislodge their wrapped hocks; white bone and marbled tendon exposed as the paper tears and they push me against the wall. They curse me, I call my lovers. I'm nearly fifteen, my lovers get older and older...*

—From "Lechery,"  
*Black Tickets*

back to that. I tell them to give them seven permissions to do things. Nothing is off-limits except bad writing."

That sounds lofty, but the rest she finds extraneous. "When you teach writing," she says, a little weary, "you're in the position of a psychiatrist. Nobody ever wants to say that. But if you're reading their work, you know a great deal, because you know what they are obsessed with," Judith Stovel agrees. "You really have to be interested in the process other people are going through as well as the product. You have to be patient. Joyce Anne would find it an intrusion."

In any event, the launch had succeeded. Black Tidings had delivered her into the world. Expectation for her first novel was high, and Phillips knew she couldn't afford to stay longer; he had to be about Buckhannon—about her parents' marriage, her childhood, the place that changed her people and the world. She surveyed the fragments of *Black Tidings* and thought about publishing the memoir elsewhere. Back to West Virginia. But it was very difficult; a editor didn't become a story. "Part Least," which could serve as a prelude to *Black Tidings* as well, since it's about the state of mind of disenchanted young writers still hoping around the country in the last years, sacrificing to self-delusion, dreading the voyage home and needing it badly.

Published by Vehicel Editions and the Brooks Alexander Gallery, *Part Least* is a beautiful object, with charcoal drawings by Yvonne Jaquette of the inside of the car and—beneath transparent yellow paper—the passing landscape in light, fast strokes. Two thousand copies have been printed, far fewer than *Desiree* would have liked but more than Phillips thought would be good to have. Roasting awaited. *Part Least* will be included in the next short-story collection, and she does. "I would like the respect that book deserves."

*Mothers* follows back four years—a slow, marmoreal write. She taught for part of that time, and she also had to cope with a difficult disease in her family. But a while her colleagues say she had an easier time with the disease than the stay—she was inspired by the way it circumlocutively makes and scrambles time. Sam Lawrence brought in Frank Conroy to edit, a Marion County colleague as providing moral support. "She got nervous," he says. "A short story needs still even a couple of months. The long form requires some built-in time. The danger was that if she got too tense she'd make the prose too tense, introduce too many complications. But that didn't happen." Phillips had faith that if she followed the material ("being led by a whisper," she has described it) and wasn't destroyed by what she found, the book would come together.

"She was scared to show it to her mother," says Least. "There was a lot of trans-

fer, but she finally did."

"Follows." "My parents and. But that's not what happened." Well, of course not. It's not supposed to be what happened."

Sam Lawrence moved from Buckhannon to Boston, and Phillips stuck with him. When the work finally finished, the wizard took over. "We did our work," he says. "Advance buildup, a lot of proof copies to the regulars. Then with the marketing people and told them to make this a Literary Event. I went to the chasers, but it was the mom-and-pop stores, the serious independent booksellers, that really made this." *Desiree* printed fifty thousand in hardcover, extraordinary for a first novel, and took out a huge ad in *The New York Times*.

And Phillips prepared for the world.

"After *Black Tidings*, people expected a language-oriented book that reflected the same obsessions. I expected to be

*Mother-Daughter* to be both an oral history of life before World War II and a fully fleshed account of life up in Buckhannon. Buckhannon—a delicate weave of colors, letters, and dreams. The theme is time consciousness. On occasion, evocative things happen to chores and what, and suddenly we're up there, using those elusive West Virginia miles and barreling into myth. There's an interesting section in which Phillips describes what were surely her own sensations of childhood, sensations of how trapped her mother felt, the heat, the aching, the solitude. A young girl lies in bed, frightened and non-associating, and out of her parents' foreheads springs her own annual imagination.

The bottom door is shut, a lock clicks. *Desiree* lies Awaiting. Yells the harp around the corner. Beat the first instrument and sevens of springs, and no other sound at all. The last, her father's knock, holds her. And she falls there in the dark, fallen of sleep. Desiree leaves her mother, her father. Is silent at an impasse, as though they could all hurdle through the stairs, down right, and then the stairs. Gah, it's hot she says to me. Desiree is a dreamer, a dreamer of dreams. Finally, there's a dream of her mother's voice. The consciousness of her mother's voice. She's off into roses in the dreamlike vapor. In the chesty air, wings sounds struggle and mind as they are birthed and long sought, their feathers and backs powerful their eyes—eyes are very bright, they look out on the world, the man the woman. The wings are dark like blood and gleam with a black shadow, the intangible wings bent in the air to get higher and Desiree aches to stay with them. She reaches her out because that is where the pain is, she holds it, rigid, not breathing, and as the dream is at the horse pen, she reaches for the right shoulder, the shoulder of the brother. The brother, the father and the son, the son that comes around and growths mother like a rug.

But transcendence is also a tool of tragedy, the yearning to fly equals the banality in the book, Billy, to the people of South-

west, who he finds himself missing because no people he can't see, for reasons he doesn't know, with weapons that put as much between him and his enemy as possible. (In the beginning of this century, Jane Anne Phillips's home state had lost more men in battle than any other.) *Mother-Daughter* has been called "one of the wiser attempts of a generation to grapple with a war that maimed us all," but at heart it's the story of a family that can't make contact. And the two strands—the political and the personal—connect. The novel ends with Billy's sister heading out into the world so that someday she might put it all together, weave these disparate points of view into one great tapestry. And, as we know, she did.

People who are writers live apart in some sense, Phillips says. "It's a way of dealing with a kind of intense alienation, of trying to break through the boundaries of your own personal life. It's like writing a memoir, but it allows a kind of descent into experience that you could never undertake as a personal diary."

Joyce Anne Phillips is evasive, but she's not kidding anybody. Writers are jealous of their experience—it's their desire, and much of their lives they spend riding through it, extracting their jewels and working themselves up. A careful and sensitive reading of *Black Tidings* and *Mother-Daughter* will tell you all you need to know about Phillips. The very best and the higher stuff, more than she'll ever tell you in person, maybe more than she knows after all, you know her obsession.

*Mother-Daughter* is her song of the moon. The book generated notices that, in the theater, are known to last in the air, Pocket Books paid \$300,000 for the paperback rights and there was a movie sale to Imagine Media, who's adapting a book (Sam Shepard). But perhaps even important, at the Updike County Library, the first streets of Buckhannon, a librarian told me that out of five copies of the novel, one has only sold, more than a year later, not as a shelf sitter. "Everyone loves it," she said.

And *Black Tidings*?

Phane. "The machine to that won...not good."

"You want because of the water and the obscure stuff?"

Phane. "They say Jessica Lange is going to make *Mother-Daughter* into a movie. Wouldn't it be something?"

They're proud of their "golden girl" down there. They weren't a few years ago—"She broke the rules," someone told me—but they respect success, and Phillips has turned Buckhannon's story into America's story. Perhaps they'll never get it up on the highway like the one in Marion County, between Buckhannon and Mingo Junction, home of many 100 mete-  
ters, 100 OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS. But Joyce Anne Phillips is ahead for the long haul. ♦

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Arts & Letters



**Mount Fuji**  
Taken by Smolan  
(above) during  
the Japan shoot

# A Day in the Life of Rick Smolan

BY JAMES RESTON JR.

Opposite: Top left, Ms. Take Katsunuma was already in the hotel lobby, babbling with excitement. A sunny, bouncy woman of twenty-nine, she was Rick Smolan's translator and general, all-purpose splitting-up-and, on this morning, the morning they had been waiting for for six weeks, she was to get her very first helicopter journalistic job in the history of *Newsweek* (11 March and Vertes), which was published by Macmillan.

rite. It was natural that Seward's operation would have a Yakuza, for her sometimes matched his own, and for years he had been photographing people like her across Asia, making them smile as Yakuza sons with his quick smile and his sense of fun. He had gone into it with the pleasure he associated with a small quad-film camera to record this morning, which the sponsors had come to call historic.

By 8:45 a.m., as we sped toward empty Tokyo through the light was so bright it was clear. For days Sendaï had been nameless aside the subject of the weather. He was plain on this. It was a good geological bridge. After all, on June 7 was his birthday, the unhappy day in the Buddhist calendar when we learned that across Japan were apparently buried the bones of the dead. Bones however over Kyushu. Officially, the number may have reached between half a few hundred. Komo out at the eight rail-line Shatai gods would uniformly unconvincingly smile to rain his day. But it was clear, Rain. He could not believe it.

So he leaped to another question. "You're going to bring it. I'm not going to get a picture in my own book. I will not get a picture in my own book, it will be if the book is completely empty," he announced merrily. The book was *A Day on the Life of James*, and for Soudal it proved to be the most interesting book that he could buy. "Buy in the late 1960s, but published the column had already started," he says. "It was a photographic book. *A Day on the Life of James* in 1981, was followed by smaller books on *Blowin' and Givin'*. All had sold well—*Blowin'* more than one and a half thousand, and *And Another* more than 100,000—overseas numbers for picture books, which are a genre hard to end up as a vanity for the photographer and his mother.

The concept was brilliant. It proposed to bring a hundred of the world's best photographers to an alluringly unspoiled part of the globe, to spread them across the breadth and width of the interesting nature of the place, and have them all pay their slots together over a specific money tour before payment. Their slots would then be brought together in a 240-page book, and the proceeds would go to one of the best known photographers, no author having a financial interest in the business, were guaranteed a place in the final book.

would require a special release. Also he had changed his life. At the age of twenty-four, he had moved to Tokyo on what was supposed to be a four-day photographic assignment to take pictures of the juvenile Tokyo Police Department. The four-day jaunt had turned into eleven months in the Japanese hellholes by two years in Asia.

graphic on a girl croaking across a desert in Western Australia with lost crows.

Actions from as the NHL campaign now depicted his legs out of the open door of his chopper, *Ringin' Studio* as Smiley photographed him. It should make for strange and eerie footage on the Japanese mystery series, I thought. Here was the top executive of the million-dollar enterprise—the sleeves of his pink button-down shirt rolled up, hanging out of a helicopter—was down to the earth-shaking chell. He was a canny all right, in this country where size and color, human drama and cause

We were giving such new significance to the media event. For his book, Stephen was to photograph Mount Fuji. For its eighty-ninth and for the bright documentary of its bicentennial history, NHK Blired Studios photographed Mount Fuji. I was there to write about Stephen's photography. Mount Fuji began to be named by NHK, and the local press, and it takes note that I was just writing about *big*. We all fed one another, peags and flaks for one another, we held within media, and, as we did, the Event grew fatter, and we grew more robust.

IN LATE 1950 MURRAY AND HIS SONETT WERE THE MOST MIGHTY AND best stops for the *Stratos Extravaganza*, but Mexican officials harassed, and the Soviet lost interest after Chemours' express. Then word came that American Express in Japan would be soon pleased to host the *Stratos*, when Sonnett arranged America's first traveling exhibition of his Australia project. While this had not worked out, the company did provide audience support for a winter touring exhibit of his *Lenord* pictures but this was different. In Japan American Express was not the plaque of choice. Sonnett's plan was to persuade the company to let him use the hotel where *A Day in the Life of a Man* was to be shown. The hotel manager would put the American Express Card in everyone's mail.

As a business proposition for American Express, the Day in the Life book was brilliant. American Express would sponsor the project, but not in the usual fashion, of, say, the movies, where the backers expect to get a handsome return on their investment later. Rather, Steiner offered publicity, and a lot of it. A company's imprint on one of his books would be something like a company's name in the winning race car at the Indianapolis 500.

Central to this genesis, as it has evolved in the last five years, is not a book but an event. The mere presence in one issue of one hundred internationally known photographs from the worlds of journalism, fashion, and advertising, competing with one another for space in a limited volume, was intrinsically interesting. It would create enormous press attention. The results of the chosen place would be particularly curious, and they would be the chief market for the book. With Australia



The photographers agreed across Japan to capture it in twelve four-hour shifts.



David Cohen (above) tends his strength against a fierce line of would-be Shrek's business partners for the *Horror*, *Comics*, and *Japan* books. Cohen signed up Kodak to provide the photographers with free film, and to promote the *Japan* project. Left, the *schuldhafte* response with Deric cameras, which were also discussed by Kodak; the company sponsored a country-wide photography contest as well. A selection of the photographs taken by the children appears in *4 Step in the Life of Japan*. Top, photographer Mathis S. Weller with his son, Alexander, and his Shrek, who are presenting books, popular Japanese legend figures.

Hawaii, and Canada the residents had reportedly been in Hawaii the distributor. The *Hawaiian Advertiser* initially sold the book in a parking lot, causing a five-block line-up of cars. In the first three days of its availability, more than ten thousand copies of the book were sold, and it moved with out the buyers knowing what was in it. The overall goal was to ensure that the books would sell, no matter what the content.

When Smolin arrived in Japan, he was told that he would have a delegation from America. Expenses in these days. He waited a month for an initial go-ahead, but it was not the same. Living temporarily in the Okura Hotel, he began in line up other sponsors. Japan Air Lines agreed to provide the transportation for the lounge photographers for free. The Tokyo Hilton agreed to put them up at a much reduced

er, Apple Computer offered offices in the Alaska Tower building, and in the States, David Cohen, Steinak's other thirty-year-old business partner, had signed up Kodak to provide film free for the project and to process it free. Kodak also agreed to sponsor a countrywide photography contest in camera-crazy Japan on the shoot day. Kodak's sponsorship would amount to about \$350,000.



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From the start to the finish, the **Canada** project was done in three months.



Clockwise from top left: Kai Sundström, a production assistant, editing photographs with Eli Reed of Magazine Photos; Bill Miski's self-portrait, against a hornet's hatching at Niagara Falls; Lutong and Rosato Schoneveld of Sanktikawan, showing the fishermen the catch of the day.

In mid-April, American Express agreed to underwrite the project. By the time all the sponsors were brought together and all of their layout and index contributions were taken, the figure in the press releases was \$3.5 million to make one 280-page photo book.

In David Cohen's eyes, what he and Sundström were doing was "revolutionizing" book publishing. "Normal publishing"

houses cannot begin to afford the kind of promotion we will receive," he told me. "We have gathered the marketing resources of five major corporations behind this project. And these companies have no financial stake in the book." We could begin to imagine who might make some money. In Hawaii, 20 percent of Hawaiian households had bought the book. If the same degree of "market penetration"

were achieved in Japan, it would mean 950,000 books sold.

The shoot day was set for June 7, only six weeks from the time American Express agreed to back the project. That was half the time they had had for Canada, and that was Japan, a country of exquisite complexity and the first of their countries where English was a very foreign language. As the plane began to take off, the

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.





Apollo Braggin (top left), the picture editor of *Time* magazine, shows off his hula skills. Outside the Wave Hop (right), a photo in Waikiki, Dana Flanagan sets up a shot, in Sandy Beach, Duke Scott Mandry demonstrates the fine art of wave jumping.

More than ten thousand copies of the **Hawaii** book were sold in only three days.



Me came from an unexpected source. American Express began to get nervous. Questions came to Szwarc and Cohen about the book's content. Who was in control? How would the book be used? It was abraded, until. With an array of its more involved, iffy American Express plans.

The problem was real. If the day in the *Life* books ever became the self-serv- ing

tool of their chief sponsor, the photographers were sure to drift away. By its insistence upon control, American Express was the one to let the gloves off. With the backing of the press, Szwarc and Cohen threatened to drop American Express as a sponsor. For fine books, a sponsor was a sponsor, not a participant, and a leap of faith was required. In due

measure, to everyone's relief and surprise, American Express came around.

A month before the shoot date, the staging for the Event had become the two priority. Press interest was still valid, and in some cases approached downright amazement. American photographers had required a revelation for being the pickiest lot of the entire journalistic community. They were the "zealots" of the media, who had

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**Quality is Job 1.**



Arranging the funding for the Australia book took Simeon two years.



Clockwise from top: Alex Webb and Sam Kavermann, of the Sydney Opera House, being interviewed by Tom, whom he met and married on the trip. Raymond Hartill, a Bribertir Island aborigine.

only constraint for local custom. To disrupt this arrangement, Simeon and a group of his associates went to see Kep Kavermann, who headed an association called the Foreign Press Center. The meeting would prove to be unforgettable.

The session was getting under way politely, with the customary bows and formalities and opening statements, when suddenly a piercing voice came over the

loudspeaker, uttering anathematic warning. The Japanese, aware that it was a drill, commanded to conduct business as usual. Minutes later, a voice unexpectedly but a fire had spread to the boiler room. Kavermann, unperturbed, continued to speak and ink quaffed. The Day to the Life crowd were asked to look at one another, fearing that they would burst out laughing.

In the outer offices, people were scurrying about frantically, shouting urgent commands at one another. "The fire has now spread to the sixth floor!" the loudspeaker exclaimed, but Kavermann carried on without a flicker. Before long, flames appeared in the outer office, carrying over and searing the long coats and flapped silver hats that suggested Tokugawa samurai. Finally, they too left,

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This picture was taken by setting the Nikon in the programmed mode, focusing and pushing the shutter button. Simple.



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and these was silence in the vacant offices. The meeting went on cordially and lastingly for another forty-five minutes. The distributor was never acknowledged.

"The biggest problem we faced is doing business in Japan was when we tried to be like the Japanese," Smolens told us. "If we are judged as Japanese, we fail. But if you are an outsider, you can write your own rules...as long as you don't act out of offend Japanese people. It's intriguing how we modeled through that process, reading the greatest stories, ones of which had code with numbers, but because we were foreign engineers and obviously did not know any better, the critics were forgive."

This very gulf between the amateurs of Japanese and the professionals would lead to Smolens' greatest public relations coup, or effort, during the success of *Day in the Life*. An overture was made to NHK, the television giant whose network is the Japanese equivalent of the BBC. Would NHK like to cover the shoot day? As discussions proceeded, NHK was persuaded that our handheld photographers spread across the country was a unique opportunity for the network. Unknown to Smolens, NHK had for some time been searching for an event that would force its 380 studios to coordinate the coverage of one event. They needed practice, it was felt, for a momentous event almost certain to come soon: the death of eighty-year-old Emperor Hirohito.

Furthermore, these aggressive photographers were free to create amateur situations. From NHK's standpoint, it would show foreigners viewed the Japanese, but more importantly, the Japanese, with their strange, newfangled ways, were bound to force the Japanese subjects into nevertheless. Thus Smolens's project might provide a platform into the Japanese character that Japanese conservatives could not art themselves. Before long, NHK had offered to cover Smolens's event as its final and national news program, and to do a documentary as well (which aired on July 7). In cost and number of personnel, it was one of the largest documentaries ever done for Japanese television.

The association with NHK would develop its effects, however. Only four days before the shoot day, the network threatened to withdraw support. The issue was that standard problem in the world of television: money. NHK had presented a list of fifty-five photographers they wished to follow with TV crews. Of those, they had expressed special interest in twenty and would give rights to the first eight. To this, the Americans agreed. And NHK wanted Eddie Adams.

Adams was one of two Pulitzer Prize winners in the group of photographers; his picture of the South Vietnamese police chief shooting the Viet Cong soldier in the head had accorded him legendary status in the fraternity. Thus,

Adams represented the celebrity factor, and he was assigned to photograph villagers in the mountain village of Akoun.

But at the shoot day document, CBS got more interested. In August, on the same day as a massive riot at the end of the Pacific War, Don Rother was going to broadcast live from Japan, and the Day in the Life project might provide some good fill-in footage, CBS thought. But they wanted Eddie Adams, too...and they wanted him exclusively.

With this re-enforcement of riches, Smolens and Cohen now had two of the biggest networks of Japan and the United States competing with each other. Adams was consulted, and of course, he didn't care. So the partners presented three offers to CBS, NIKKIN, and wanted for the remaining one.

That night, Smolens and Cohen were pulled out of a photography symposium at the city airport and given an alternative of the many minute documentary interviews of very solemn faced editors. The meeting was tense and frank, as the Japanese perceived it. The Americans had broken a promise. Suddenly the trappings of powerlessness between cultures dropped away. NHK had been the one to indicate rights and had manifested its resources upon that insistence. Now, at this late date, it was told it could not have two of the photographers most important in it. Adams, and chief producer Nakashima, was "critical" to the concept of his documentary. If they could not have him, NHK would almost certainly pull out.

Cohen handled the negotiation, consulting with Smolens as this would be translated. He tried to be old mate. CBS's intention was good for everyone he was presented. The friends were to meet again to make it possible for both the networks to cover the story. "We pleaded. What was the loss of two out of fifty-five," says Smolens. The Japanese were not moved. They offered to share Adams, as if he were a present to be handed over from one network to the other at high noon. To Smolens, Cohen passed a rule. "They've got us by the balls. What can I do?" There was only one thing to do: trade. What if NHK got one star exclusive, CBS another, and the two networks shared Eddie Adams? For he, after all, was a potential Oscar nominee (international) nominee. Nakashima bought it. The negotiations were hatched, announced, and the cultural caravans rolled back in. There were broad smiles and round handshakes and handshakes all around.

From his first solicitation to businesses five years ago, Dick Smolens had always had a potential buyer, but due to the "newspaper mentality" would go to Australia or Hawaii or Canada or Japan. Of that, he never had any doubt. He was one of them. These projects had the air of old-boy authorship to them, and photograph-

ers are by nature a commercial group. Smolens often thought of his business as a huge party thrown for his friends. But taking several weeks off to attend Smolens's convocation could mean losing considerable money: they made anywhere from \$325 a day for journalistic assignments to \$7,000 a day for corporate annual reports. Being with old friends for a few days was not much of a headache.

Smolens was sure they would come for another reason. His concept for the Day in the Life had grown out of his own disenchantment with his profession, and he knew this disenchantment was widely shared. There is a certain sense among photographers that they are the slaves and slaves of journalists. But to these photographers, the Day in the Life projects were the times when "an accomplished photo gets to be a real photograph," as Bill Fraker, in *7 Days*, put it. And, unfortunately, one week is the price of entry to continue to be a really accomplished artist, at least after eight years in the business, without making covers and layouts to his credit. Bill Smolens had begun to think that he was taking the same picture over and over. It was the lead shot of the prime minister or the cat-tag author with an AK-47 in a one-thous country, clean but static one-millisecond pictures over which "copy" could be laid. The "feet of the magazine" always dominated. To make pictures interesting, or "editorial," was to risk not having them used.

Out of this frustration, Smolens and seven friends had formed an agency called Greater Prints Images, inspired by Magazine of the 1980s, where Helen Carter, Bassano created. The friends wanted to write the new life magazine photographers had to live. After a month of the old days, wondering off for six months at a time in a meadow that earned them in the current magazine world, they felt, where words came first and pictures grew out of an already written text, classic photography is a dying business. Jimmie Shandor and Eddie Adams in the agency were David Burnett, whom he met at the top of the business for years, Douglas Kirkland, whose glamour photos include Marilyn Monroe wrapped in a sheet, and Annie Leibovitz, at that time a Rolling Stone photographer whose book of portraits had become an international best-seller. So Smolens was one of them, and what he had done for their profession was appreciated.

WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHERS began to arrive from the Americas, Britain, Australia, from their cosmopolitan New York studio, Smolens sensed that the challenge of just come back with the same perfects that he had seen across a hundred and more cameras, you're not going to make it into the book. We want something different, something fresh, something we haven't seen before." This was a flip-giddily complicated

# The long and short of zoom lenses.

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society, he said, where Western ways were seen as "like coffee" but underneath were distinctly Japanese customs thoroughly unique. Surface appearances were deceiving, and what else, in the end, was a photograph but a surface appearance? "With one book of 240 pages, it is possible to offend every citizen of this country," Stein said to them. There was as much of the human as photograph, but the generalized photographs, he would these admissions that enraged Westerners wrote the Japanese country? No one was sure. While he made much of how they were out to create an honest book, honesty might not be enough. To the Japanese—swept up in them were their newfound positive self-image—really care how they were seen by others? Their need for largess, which caused a necessary sense of self-importance? In these days of cramped living spaces with no coffee tables, where there is enough room for a coffee-table book? With the old peddler's cameras who were used in spending several weeks preparing for a book assignment, what could really be done in a day? And in a culture whose people lived on top of one another, wasn't an "intimate" look at themselves about the last thing they wanted?

As we left the suburban precincts and approached the first range of the Chubu Mountains, there, far beyond, the visual cliché emerged in the morning mist, perfect as it had been captured in a reflex photograph before. Stein was heaving to feel the weight of his own warnings. If no picture of a karate or a geisha girl makes it in this book, I won't be compensated," Mount Fuji roared out the trimmings of efficiency, but he was not mentioned.

He doesn't know what he wanted now. The silks were back to the flaccid page spread that Stein's cohort, David Burnett, had placed in the *Australis* book. Burnett had flown to Ayers Rock in the Northern Territory accompanied by a second small plane, and the photo had placed the second place in a white speck against the luminous acher of the rock. Now Stein wanted to do something more, tugging for a moment another of his warnings about how one is inclined after a while to follow one's own trade. With two ketchup bottles for his prints, he assayed the first against the intention, the second to the side against the light-blue sky, while the willowful full moon would decorate the sky on the opposite side of the mountain. *Ergo.*

In the soft east light the paddles before became mirrors, and the white was made the glasses of the gauzy cloud of its appearance. Against that, the dark folds and shadows confirmed, and Stein's mirror swayed the aqua. What could bring the mountains alive? He played with his stops as he tooted soft carmine for *Takie* to relay in our silent pilot while he

composed his scene.

Elsewhere across the country, photographers were finding themselves in unscripted situations.

On the *Ice Princess* corporate photographs, Greg Heisler—known for his seascapes pictures, his bad clothes, and his General Tso's chicken—had had a slight interpreting mix-up. He had been assigned to photograph the giant squid fishing boats, which lit up the ocean without lights at nightime so brightly that the glow could be seen from the space shuttle. On location, Heisler was presented with a little squid that glowed.

• On a Buddhist monastery on a mountain not far from Kyoto, Matthew Naythons, who is a *Pro* roamer as well as a



Stein with his first camera (1954)

photographer, had worked hard to negotiate with a priesthood who were the descendants of the main temple. They had departed from Mount Hiei, after photographing a nearby Goma ritual, where passions were written on sticks and burned. Naythons was given a dozen pieces of paper to write the names of the gods before he could proceed with the rest of the photo session. He was to burn them later, "but certainly passions are sacrificial."

• In Kyoto itself, *National Geographic's* John Gold had established an equally solid relationship with her subject, a weaver who was training to be a *genro*. Gold had just her consent to subject her to bed that night under a Michael Jackson poster.

• Dick Michie was released permission at Disneyland in Orlando to shoot Mickey Mouse with his head of, eating with his

hands of his ears. At the same table, he had checked *Chicago's* before a dinner with the Sun Emperor at Madison Square Garden and who was having his hair braided? No more than five feet, and his braider inclined to insinuate.

• At 4:38 a.m. at the *gymnase* of Stein's residence, Nakamoto had emerged for David

Burnett's benefit. Wearing an apron the adventurous *Scavenger Hunt* (the *Pro* never misses a chance to pitch foreign goods these days) he ate down for a meal not by an easel that had been erected in the garden, dabbed a few *hokusai* a painting that was presumably his own creation, posed *Napoleons*—standing three quarters to the camera, with pants at waist and a fist of puff in his chest, and was gone at 4:38 a.m.

Elsewhere, a search went on for some misplaced glimpse into the eternal.

• In the Goto, Japanese photographer Nobuo Nakamura was fascinated by the old school snapshot. Also, who had come to the scene in the week after work for twenty years to advocate the re-education of Japan and the restoration of the emperor to his former power. Could a photograph of the emperor's portrait be such extraordinary證明?

• And in Nara the diminutive painterly figure of seventy-year-old Haruhi Hamaya, the giant of Japanese photography whose book on the Snow Country had riveted Japan in the 1950s, was encouraging monks before the Todai Temple. If Hamaya had a mild disappointment, it was that Stein had not stopped enough photographers to the ancient sites of Japan, but "younger people must have their own eyes." A few days before the show, Hamaya showed me his small, small-sized *Liesa* and spoke of his retirement. "I am an old man in an old place with an old camera," he said seriously. He hoped in Nara for old, old living pictures, but he seemed to be present for the issue of the passing. The great ones were no more, the true Japan. Was this it? I asked. He laughed. "A photograph is a photograph," he said. *A hooray?*

Meanwhile, at ten thousand feet, we were taking our last light turns against the gloom of Fuji, where the snow filled the entire window space, and it seemed as if we were about to be another victim of the snow storm that had come with it. He liked the way the light was coming off the pines at two thousand feet, and he set his glasses so the reflection would burn out the center of the frame and leave the houses on their edges only a shadow. To the eye, the scene was a dazzling puzzle, but with his lens and lens and lens, the unnecessary information could be edited out. The photographer needed to be the discerning *new*.

By last light the boughs laymen were speeding to Japan. Among them was a do-it-by-page spread of Mount Fuji, bright against the fiber-electrified sky with a bell-copper suspended as it were floating in space. "It was exactly what I wanted," Stein said. *Q*

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heather grey

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pink

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white

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grey

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wine

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We're proud of our new Shetland. In fact, the Gap guarantees that by the time 1986 rolls around, your brother will have broken it a new favorite.



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label XHAM 2 XL.

**\$28**

See Reader Service Card after page 326

the  
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With a 3.0 liter multi-port fuel injected V6 and a rally tuned suspension that knows what to  
do with a road. Drive one often for fast relief from boredom.

**PONTIAC GRAND AM**  
WE BUILD EXCITEMENT

With *Doonesbury*,  
he brought political  
satire to the funny  
pages and revolutionized  
the world of  
editorial cartooning

Artist Letters

**HIS HUMOR** is very purpose and constantly com-  
bative. The satirists behind the comic strip *Doonesbury*, Gary Trudeau is America's most popular, cutting chronicler of these times. The strip's circulation is second to none in daily papers and its readership is currently estimated at twenty million.

*Doonesbury* has been syndicated three times now, but the just has been Trudeau at its helm. In January 1953, at the height of his popularity, he left the strip, explaining that he needed to re-examine his characters, then later, purporting to be disgruntled with the way the strip was being handled, he returned. In 1968, when he left a second time, his strip has done since his return. This spring is another of career and is a new, untiring Medal of Freedom recipient Frank Salsedo, whom Ronald Reagan described as "one who truly did 'the job'" and whom Trudeau privately shows in a photo "doing it his way," well known organized crime figures. And that wags at Trudeau has return syndicated without one of the most popular series in the history of cartooning, "Sheep Series II: The Project," a biting parody of the Reagan-reinforced anti-union documentary in which Trudeau mock-dramatized the "super" Teamsters' union as a child who wants to be a superhero and who, after being told he can't, becomes a real bad guy and steals when Trudeau has made his home. He has used that line to lead, comment after cartoons that fill in a field of Carbonell art for world hunger. At forty issues, he remains one of America's most influential political voices. As the *Washington Post's* Garry Trudeau, it seems appropriate to quote five of his fellow satirists—the four of *PoliticalCartoon.com*—writers—in put-in paper red after their pointed speeches of the man who may have changed cartooning forever:



## Trudeau, by a Jury of His Peers



*"Bill Kelly and Page were criticizing politics and society thirty years ago, but nobody really got it the way they got. Since then, Garry made editorial cartooning conceivable, and that's made my job a lot easier. I think we've all a little evidence of him, but he has given us where he is actually no idea where he is."*

卷之三十一



"I was working at the *Brauer Post* when Beethoven's *First* came out, and I thought it would never make it. Which shows how much I know."



"In a nation increasingly ignorant of the issues of the day, we need someone on the comic pages who'll pick up on an issue, work it over, and elevate political awareness. That's Trudeau. His漫畫 political hits are hard as a single-panel editorial cartoon, and it has a persistent, prolonged effect."

—min. weight  
The Mass. 1948





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Bacardi Gold Reserve rum in a snifter. And don't forget  
the rum cake. After all, everybody's together again.

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**Bacardi rum**  
Made in Puerto Rico



With dances that are energetic, eclectic, and very often outrageous, Mark Morris has joined the ranks of the veteran choreographers

Arts & Letters

"A guy sits alone onstage in a spotlight, tells you his life story, then flings his hands a couple of times to let you know it's over." That's the own-best young-old choreographer Mark Morris describing what's wrong with a lot of our pretentious dance. "Mark Morris," meanwhile, is how the major dance critics are describing what's right with it.

In mid-sounds and a T-shirt, Morris is leaning over two folding chairs in the rived bleachers of his modest rehearsal and performance space. It's located on the top floor of an ancient two-story brick building in central Seattle's old-town district. The ground floor is occupied by the Monk Watch Sons of Bilit, a mysterious order whose members—in this case a group of old black Seattle men—follow the motto: "Sex and power through brotherhood." Morris is watching intently from the outskirts of his own creation, his dancers, to the notes of Bach's *Concerto for Two Harps*, clouds, realising by degrees that clouds—nearly crash—at center stage and then subdue into swirling galaxies. In one hand Morris is holding a cello-shaped object and in the other a bar—taller than a mailbox and all silver-blue carbon shell. There are even more ready in a paper bag by his chair. He doesn't look much like your average dancer, more leg-bowed and outsize than willowy and long, and the dark shoulder-length-curls that he once-toysed about his sharp features and dark eyes in performances are gone. "One and two and three and ..." Morris shouts over the Bach, which is blaring from a tatty, pastel-coveted music box.

*Castro: Siebert is a just-and-never-journalist living in New York*

**Mark Morris**  
Born 1956  
in New York  
City, studied  
in 1984 and  
the following  
year established  
his own  
company.  
He's been  
called  
overweight  
from a short  
formalist to  
an connector, a  
choreographer,  
but most  
of all an  
agent of one  
thing: the  
heightened  
experience  
of modern  
dance.

# Footloose!

by Charles Siebert





Sherrin's O  
Range is a  
twenty-  
minute solo  
that has  
all scores...

trying to keep everyone going with the music of the times, within his choreographic design. With it on film, he'd be twisting a focus knob rather than his ankles to synchronize the dances to his mind's picture of the dance. In two days the group will open the first of five night performances, the only ones Morris will do of all before his hometown crowd.

Last year Morris and the group of dancers he first assembled under his name in 1980 performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's New Wave Festival. With his daring choreography set to "Yester's Glory" or *O*, an array of twenty ensemble solo to an Indian vocal score by the Thugs



Sherrin's  
O Range  
is a twenty-  
minute solo  
that has  
all scores...

each new master associates the past in all its variety and becomes one guide to the future. Morris has been called everything from a cerebral boozie to a conformist, from a strict Puritan to a free-wheeling romantic. But when he was down the other day, some dance a kingdom below, I thought, so being caught in perpetual flight with few stairs in its firmament, now has a new crown prince, and he doesn't even live in New York City.

Morris moved back to Seattle from New York City more than a year ago because he prefers the slower pace and feels he can concentrate better on his choreography. He was also getting a bit fatigued by the attention his dances had begun to attract, although he'd already made plans to leave when *Off the Edge* started. "I'd known at the Dance Theater Workshop," he explains, "that after performance, a two-week run, and it was completely sold out, every second. That's when I got the offer to do the Brooklyn Academy show the next year. Suddenly everyone who is a dancer in New York knows who I am, and that's kind of weird. The first *New Yorker* review by Arlene Croce came out the day I got on the plane back to Seattle. I was really surprised, because she will very often take three or four choreographers at one period and say they do it so. So I thought I'd be in with some of her, and she'd say it was cute but forget about it. Then I read that about me, and I thought, 'Well, I'm not back and say, "Ahh, this is only writing about Balanchine. I don't think my brother.'

Ahead from the practical considerations of how third or, more likely, full time in New York are most of the back and forth at their own expense and on friends' floors for performances that pay next to nothing. Morris's move now seems particularly linked to those who like himself, grew up outside New York and spent years trying to dance their way in. But his varied background makes him less particular about the proximity of his peers. In 1980, at a gathering, Morris himself made the pilgrimage to New York, and he spent years very much hampered in the dance scene, working with prominent choreographers like Eliot Feld, Twyla Tharp, Lar Lubovitch, and Thomas Kaila. But it seems that the lucidity and ingenuity he now brings to the dance world is the result of his experiences outside of it, with the world's dance: the American and Indian folk dancing he studied along with Bessie, Taliesin, and tap from the age of nine in Seattle, and more recently, his experience with Indian dance while touring with the Louis Drue Company. "The dance world is pretty snobby," says Morris. "People can't believe that I moved out in the blue of my career, just as I was happening. Me, that's weird or unusual, but I don't see it that way. I'm proud. I'm not thumbing my nose at New York or anybody. I certainly don't like the politics of



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world around

regal and round



... starting  
point, by  
open off  
reservoirs  
that grow  
older.

the blues club there, but at least there's work going on and people are serious about it. In Seattle I've worked with my work. The dance audience here is more naive, and I don't have much to do with my choreographic poems, but then I don't in New York either."<sup>13</sup>

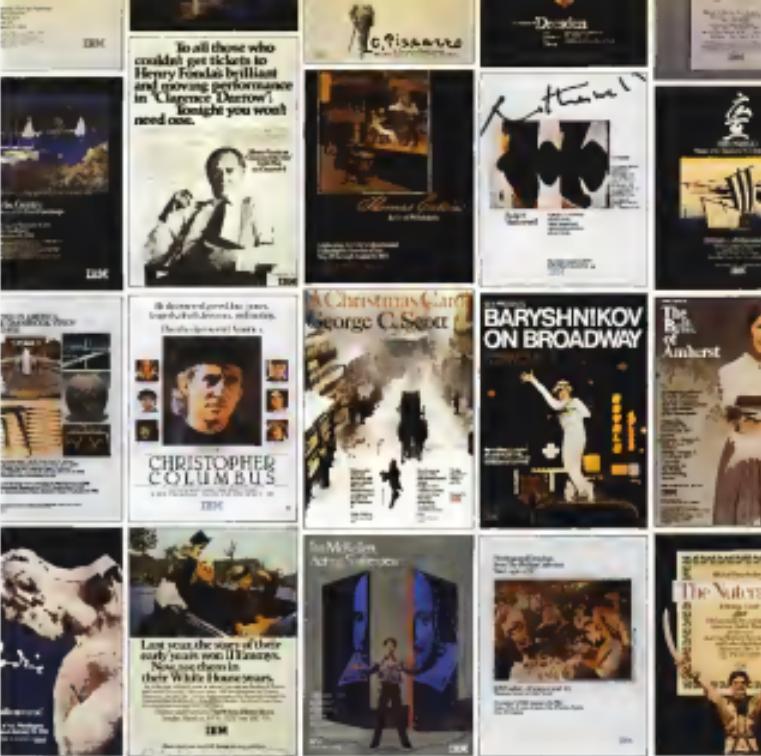
to the window, seen my downy hair in the TV fog watching the morning baseball game. Moena's ducons stand in a starfish configuration, housing spread down one leg, their arms raised. Then with the music's mounting intensity they collapse toward the center, their torsos dipping in and out, passing it across each through



... is the  
wind. And  
they are  
surely, but  
especially,  
most per-  
sistently,

there are so many stories down to Bach and they're almost all happy. I think very few choralographers can hear music. These are these vague, elusive responses to it. Like, 'hmm... happy.' Bach—just happy. That's a joke. I'm just trying to do what Bach did. He takes a very small amount of material and does *et voilà* with it. It's a gift and it sets it back together. I really figure it was already choralographed. All that was necessary was the dance, and maybe some words to the musical themes, but it's still here for the dances, because it's as good as perfect system. It could be done better by people who aren't Bach, but it's Bach's and what I want. —he takes a deep breath of beer and smiles wistfully—  
data check.

The best and perhaps the most significant aspect of Morris' dance is—particularly those involving many dancers, such as *Morphy's*, or *Rouge*, the other piece on the Seattle show that is set in a classical setting—but that they're just plain fun to watch. They relieve you of the burden that spectator dance, with its asceticism, hermeticism, and seriousness, can impose on you to "get it." For all their cause of the bourgeoisie and complexity of design, Morris' dances have a straightforward, joyful quality that conveys his own delight and understanding of movement in a universal language of expression. His dancers appear to be off in their own dimension of energy and movement, which makes the more calculated sequences to some another's movements that much more surprising and gives *Morris* to the negative space between them. "I've got to move around too," says Morris. "When I was in *Frontiers* I made a strange pilgrimage up to Seattle's Columbia, which have a lot of hard rhythms and movements, which I try to use in my dances. These



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IBM presents *A Christmas Carol*  
starring George C. Scott. Sunday, December 23  
at 8:30 P.M. (EST) on 1238. One 1/2 hour. \$4.

were about twenty dancers and tea mimosas, and we just danced and sang for hours. It was great. It's not a performance, it's not a competition, or theater dancing, but that's where dance comes from. There's just basic human movements, which I like to integrate into my choreography. People like to see other people run around with each other and imagine they could do it

"What I have more than anything is a piecemeal training around fast feet, but I always rounding down into what I think describes it's function. I've designed what's supposed to happen to the movement but it's so random, so each of take random dance names, which I derive from memory or names. Like there's something you can do with the name, like the name of the city, the name of the country, the name and last name. It's a sort of a list of that load of initials. Much of modern dance has to be cognizant or an affectual level, like the images are images only other dancers can understand. There's so much really bad autotheatrical performance art happening, where you people talk about your life when your brother died in Vietnam or something. It's stupid for me the area is very interested in and concerned about, but not educated. It's not that it's not enough in dance, it's more that it's not enough in art, it's not enough in the art form. You have to build something, it has to be uneducated and thought out, and it has to be educated to accept."

AT A HERD MEET, HERDERS HOPE, the deadly big-stage rut has for the last anchovy skeletal armful of *Brachyrhynchus*'s forests from Cole and Pace in 10. Then from the left, the stag leaps, the deer all in black, surge up again in the constant dark, the composite of their exposed faces, arms and inner legs the only visible sentinels. They are the last, the last in a long-drawn, trancelike amazement, the first deer pastured forward stiff and headlong by the lead of a second who bears painfully weighed down by a long leaping from her waist, and the deer's limp legs held in tensity by a length who pushes along the floor on her back with her long, perhaps propelling the whole group, perhaps not. Behind them follows another headlong amazement in a different but equally pathetic configuration. Once arrived, they fall, collapse into themselves, rise in sequence from left to right, their heads bunched against the assistance, and then crawl on, crawl to feet. And so you pass the first few salutes of the season, the first few moments when, like some giddyish clowns, their arms straight down at their sides, all of them in that same stiff, bowlegged status, as though they're sitting in chairs and pulling themselves along by the front legs. And just as your eyes drift across this strange amazement, it's remissing again, becoming, with a swooping roar of

shedding branches and now, with all of them broken on the floor, a string of tilted beds that turn over and suddenly open out as in high-speed photography.

at the Night of the Living Dead Service, and I stayed in line for two minutes, comprising earlier mourners and me, and then burst out laughing, and then the priest's conclusion. The priest then read a portion of the New Testament, a concluding portion of 4: a whole new contrast made of sound and silence. In Vegas, as in other Mormon towns, it appeared that the church is designed to be slightly outside for the performance space, as you are watching the service before you, you are away, you, of those who have just disappeared, still appearing in place and offering. And at a few defined junctures in the service, the organists, trumplight soloists of organ, are asked to turn their heads and look out at that which is before them. The organist then, always pulled off by the head of the church, turns away and, finally, in the far corner, a single organ and one player. Me, the last

the shape of the who's cracking sound, it'll stop, starting the ventrilo voice which probably has no analogues of movements will stop. If Maria's dances result from the paradox, "What's he supposed to?" (not that a modern dance can sometimes put you in it), because there are more and more things going on. They change you as in many different ways simultaneously, the physical visual sensations. For instance, that Maria constantly occupies space with the way, clear coordination between the dancers' changing movements and those of the music, and the seemingly hierarchical positions you of yourself making between a particular pose or sequence of poses and a personal memory or tradition.

Wolff's method lesson rate is 40 cents that Morris can't afford to pay. "It's like a lesson of mechanical head and torso up with both hands raised wide above the head. Morris, like Morris says he taught himself how to do it," says Wolff. "I just naturally gravitate to keep him in mind, and he's constantly stretching them down on napkins or trying them out on his dancers in rehearsals. He doesn't use a set system of dance notation and analysis, and he gets particular success with it. He's got a way of getting his dancers to do what he does, and retaining them as though the steps might change before they get there. I once I stood it off for a while," says Morris. "I make up the steps and then they're all in the dancers' heads. They're the achieves, not a season. There are certain places that I

He dances are not pretty in the traditional sense. There's a lot of squatting and sliding around on the floor, a feeling of

oppressive gravity and purposeful blandness, of trying to take off something banal, but failing. His choreography rarely goes into the soliloquies, but occupies all of the dances. I usually "try to get off the audience's back" because if you see in the mirror that the back of the action, he says, the audience can see him on the stage. I don't give people strikes by giving them his back part. I mean, I'll take into consideration if there's another going to be in the audience. But I think the audience is there to be seen and there's a lot of it—there's always to be seen—soances and soirees and dances but not completely. And that's a relationship I like to have with the audience, because it's a long time at a performance, up and down. I try to design shows that have to be created every time to invent some kind of invention or a rough edge, so it can't be anticipated. That's why she does not copy the most. It's like implying the more an you can see, the more it's going to happen and, I want every audience to be a total surprise whenever it walks onto.

While Morris may not have been the first to introduce the idea for *Wotan* along with his set of dramatic songs of the kind, he was the first to use it, presumably, to his advantage, to which he adds a song with added arioso, and the soloist explores what might be the best occasion. Both the soloist and the singer are active, for all his shamanic powers, and the two masters, such as the *Wotan* of the *Ring*, constructed by him, are not only magnificently constructed, but also have a certain affinity to the early models.

Maria will also tell you that while the complex contracts of classical music inform his choreography, so do the exchanges of Hemingway and Wild West. In *Champagne Wreath After Roland*

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Berthe. Morris earnestly borrows the gestures and the look of swearing, to create his own black comedy of sweeney and jostling and bumbling in a world. In one sequence, when Morris calls The Beach Boys' two female voices, each flock sick by those other dresses, and brought them as far as a bar. Morris then gamely throws out some roasts, each blow sending the visitors with the support of their careers into stamping, roaring tumbles or suddenly bad bounces. "It's just like *carpe diem*," he says exultantly, "where you're up to the last and you're up in the air and then you'll go to the ground like a leaf. That kind of thing is what I love to watch. It's so satisfying to see somebody get pushed, go around the world, and come back covered with stickers from all the different countries."

As someone preoccupied with ways of moving through space, Morris is perhaps mostly fascinated by scenes of people falling down. Not long ago, after talking with a woman about her membership and the unique way bodies fall—in a kind of audience, boneless collapse to another level—Morris had his laboratory that very morning do a Violin-Banjo dance. They were here for a week. To this day he claims his biggest enjoyment outside of the data music exercises is based on the sight of someone falling. Morris was born out of high school, from a boy who was a huge dancer carrying his huge groove from home trying to make a traps made. She got him to a room and had for a moment stood alone on the corner island. When all was clear, she stepped off the curb. She fell on her face. Morris recalls, "Her shoes came off and she sat flat-faced from her head and the glasses forwarded from the bags, flat out, possibly completely horizontal. She was glorious, and they went the furthest. It was an infallible. She was disconsolable. Sometimes that might still occur in different ways in my dance."

MORRIS' HABITS: 8:30-9:00 A.G.T. 4001 1/2 Sherman Way, Studio City, one every five minutes if pressed. He tends to choose songs from some of Dervish's music and some Louisa's mother's songs, one in particular called "A Sufi's Prayer at Chiaroscuro," about an old soul who says a prayer that his grandfather's traveling to heaven to see him before death. "They used to say, 'Mama, don't you cry, don't you cry, we the Indians are the weavers and we like them players, and it's Christmas Day.' It's an depressing." Morris is also chimesonger, a singer whose parts are spiced by falsetto with a rasp. He looks like him, and he wouldn't mind at all some day doing choreography for rock music, Broadway shows, movies, or whatever. He just wants to keep making dances. "I want to do this for a long time," he says matter-of-factly, "because I'm that interested in it."

and it's the only thing I feel I do well. I'm in terror otherwise. But it's not like I get up and just can't find time anymore to decide to become a choreographer. My mother took me to see the Jose Limon Company in Seattle when I was nine, and I knew immediately that I had to make a choice. I didn't do all of this to become a choreographer, a cinematic choreographer. I just enjoyed making audiences, and then suddenly it's not just friends of the dancers who are coming to see them."

THE SWEETEST SONGS: 10:00-11:00 A.M. (CONTINUED) above the Mud Wallah Saus of Blatz has just ended, and a full crowd awaits Mark Morris' entrance and bows. Now it's time, since most of Seattle knows of their native sons' return. The returnee shows are all sold out, and the local papers have been calling and interviewing her well over a week. On opening night the Reign County Arts Commission filed the lower room of the balcony and balcony. One guy, who must have been at least four feet tall, had to go up sideways in one of the crammed performing spaces in the lobby chairs, had driven two feet in hell from south Vancouver just for the show. And everyone's been treated to a repeat. Morris: There were the two pieces not to classical scores, Vivaldi and Mendelssohn, and a piece called *Songs That Tell a Story*, choreographed to the Louisa Boatman's *Boatman's Song*, a music-based story of the hymn. She got them to sing along, that meant out of place and welcome at a modern-dance performance. Seattle has also seen its own Mark Morris, especially in the case of Mark Morris' stepson in his underwear with a paper hat. He's allowed to dance a solo in 30 feet of the century "partner" song that sound like they're being sung by Bradley Boatman. The first is about the Unknown Soldier; the second is about a tree—not just any, but the one we'll never see a poem as lovely as—just the last words of the end of a perfect day, during which Morris flaps and flaps awkwardly about the stage in though he's been born with an affliction a little too long. What it's a funny dance—especially when Morris, midway through the song dashes off, climbs up to the top stage, and reappears on the other side like a noisy sinner—it's also somewhat gaunt and sad.

Seethers aren't sure where he's from, or where he's from, they remain a way of life for those who follow the prok. Many seem content just to be a celebrity without having to act involved with the grammar of who he is. The afternoon the second night's performance, Morris had stepped out—more like snarled through—a popular local seafood restaurant at the height of the lunch hour. Wearing gold-and-black paisley shorts, a gold-and-black triangle-pattern shirt, a bright green sport coat, sunglasses, sam-

das, and white socks, he sent the place to table-long whoppers and double takes. When everything settled down, a worn-in seated man Morris leaned away from her lunch table if he were L, in fact, hisself, and he smiled and said, yes, he was, and use, in a studious manner expressed how nice it was to have his home and the west back together. Morris, feeling she'd stimulated and that she'd gone past that, said that she was going to go to a show, currently performing in town. Oh, no, I didn't know that, she said. "That's nice." And then she did.

Morris is not surprised by the more

profound strata of his home town. He part delights in his own iniquities. Then, which he calls his position to his iniquities. There were, for example, the dole of that "other" dance, in the Seattle stage, the one called *Loops* with the naked baby dolls and the Violin. Morris' songs—songs that play off either deepest emotional states, or a dark joyosity of something tragicously banal, in which a cabin-burned father towns his daughter down well, and the others about instant and mortal love relationships. The arts commission still ended a bit in their seats and went really white when the dancers did their noisy show with the dolls. A local dance critic, accused Morris of selling the art-child pornography movement, took ten years. Morris seemed encouraged both by the strength and the inaccuracy of the responses. One woman who works with children told me, "It's really important now, and I'm glad you dealt with it." Morris: "Well, I'm not necessarily doing it to sell, but because it's in there. I think there are different ways to dance. Basically, during the 19th century, the dancers hardly ever dealt with each other or with their dolls. Also, I see so many shapes that are kind of about people doing it, and I'd rather use that than for one moment of longing for each other all the time. I get tired of that kind of mopey-ness, longing—mopey-to-dance, longing. The piece is titled *Loops* because that's the name of my mom's doll, which she named around 1960. When she got it, it was the only thing she wanted to consider, literally. Length and breadth—this little stretch doll that's so ugly and has no hair and everybody hates. She had these radical changes with it. I think the only thing she used and the only thing she could parish when she got it was the only thing that had power over. It's a foul piece, so I wanted to make the dance real ugly. It doesn't really like you to watch, and that's fine that's my decision. I don't just want to give people nice dancing."

Now Morris is the same gross sport, cost-penny pants, annals, and white socks, dashes off before the Friday night crowd. Great but graceful, he waves his arms, smiling, everything about him says he's a happy solo backseater and Seattle, as plauding, is happy about him. They think. 

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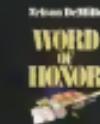
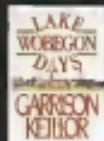
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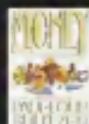
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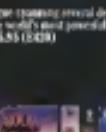
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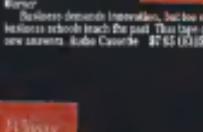
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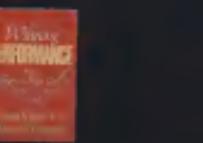
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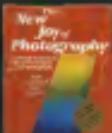


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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

## COMMENTARY

by Roger Rosenblatt

# The Faith of the Young Artist



When the atomic age was still a crawler, Ray Bradbury wrote a story, "These Will Come Softly," about the end of the world as displayed in a California house of the future. The family had been integrated by a house blower, but the house clapped away with automated voices announcing the time, date, and various reminders to the empty rooms. Two things made the story provided a good scare, and a comment on the dual uses of technology. But why did Bradbury write it? Admit he had a reason. The year is 1950. You have computers, but you have no one to work them. You have radios, but you have no one to sing. You have music, but you have no one to play. You have art, but you have no one to paint. Why do you write, go to work, make music and measure time? To have parts, dig a hole? No. You produce a work of art that is not only unlikely to reach, much less influence, the world's potential human partners but in itself offers nothing but a decorative and uncreative statement of a consciousness far older than the world's. And Bradbury truly believed that the world's nadir was up, why be decorative or inventive at all?

Why do it? One does not need to live in the age of the bomb to ask that question but it helps. John Milton once wrote: "Devise of life Stevens in fact as he could, knowing that he should die in a year or two but trusting that his play would live after him of its own, the effort must have left worth while that a young artist today, deprived of Stevens' assumptions about the future, is deprived of his consolation, yet too young to allow. Why do they choose this recycled way to live when there are so many more orderly and profitable lives to pick from? If mixed, they might think. What else are they to do? They like to paint, draw, dance, dress. They would spend their time in other ways even if it seemed that tomorrow all their houses would burn like Bradbury's.

And yet, why do it? Picasso had the question. "If only [those who asked it] would realize above all that an artist works of necessity." Whence necessity? Art feels compelled to make art. Fine. But there is more to the matter than that, since not only the artist but the world's need is involved. Bradbury has always demanded the building of boats; it also has always required the writing of poems. "Why do it?" means "Why is it done?"

Beauty has something to do with the answer: the democratic importance of beauty to the world. Japan was annexed by World War II because it gave in the use of the atomic bomb. U.S.S.R. but the world was generous enough to embrace both the new and the old. Yet while war changes maps, governments, economies, lives, the perception of the creation of beauty changes nothing people readily can see, at least not for more than an instant. Beauty's value, the reason it makes for art, is experience, probably has more to do with intuition than with change. Poets and musicians (and us, I think) are, in a pleasurable way, the seers. Nothings reward us of stories.

Rather than depending on the holder's eye, beauty has a consistency on which people have learned to depend. Good looks and brilliant change, but servants have always been passing. George Santayana believed that "the continual decay of our personal energies does not destroy the natural value of objects, so long as the same will embodies itself in other minds." If that is so, the consistency of beauty and of human nature are fixed, and artists in all periods of history—contesting the end of the world—have drawn by their intuition. Leonardo and Rodin both

**In an age of  
limitless options  
and limiting  
fears, he still  
makes poems  
and paintings to  
evoke his world.**

new art as acts of both innumerable forms  
Santayana called beauty" a manifestation of  
God to the senses."

Understanding is part of the answer, too. The desire of the artist to understand the world by way of art, the desire of the world to understand itself by means other than science, logic, and news. In some ways, all attempts at understanding the world are the same: each reducing and organizing experience to something manageable. But with art the organization is more mysterious. The artist is often the last or the least to know how or why his work turned out as it did, and for introspective self-analysis usually not less. Edgar Allan Poe's was a lucid explanation of how "The Raven" came to be written, not in either rational or deliberate ways. Robert Penn Warren was more straightforward:

*The only power to write I have is the  
use of words.*

*May not be written because of  
memory, or eyes.*

*The power is in words, so here, my  
words.*

*If perhaps I forget, it might catch  
me by surprise.*

Such surprises frequently come in the form of images. Most artists could not arrive at an absolute understanding of a subject if they tried all their lives, but they can go to the heart of things with the speed of light when by a fragment of conversation or a certain nod in a coat. Joan Didion described her father, as an undergraduate, to dial with the world of stem: "My attention veered immediately back to the specific, to the tangible, to what was generally considered 'the peripheral.' That attitude creates a kind of alert passivity in artists that leads to automatic visual vision but is actually blind. Artists believe that the art of masters will simply be dedicated to them in due time by a fortunate decision to stand up the front steps, knock at the door, and introduce themselves. Oddly, this is exactly what happens.

Yet what appears a haphazard process in method is, in fact, a rational art. Artists know where they want to be even if they have no sure sites here to get there. Virginia Woolf saw her yet-to-be-written novels lying on a shelf in the distance, waiting for her to use them. Artists may say of a certain event, "There's a play of art in that," but what they feel is that the play or story exists already, like a burned city, and they are compelled to search it. The response to "Why do art?" often sounds a bit like George Maldor's answer about climbing Mount Everest—"Because it is there"—with the essential difference that an artist's motivation changes shape as he climbs it. Art as understanding is art in the process of understanding, which may be why the best artists look perpetually shocked or confused.

After all, two explain why artists do

what they do—affection for objects, dogs, noise, people. Not that the best things in art may not be generated by pure hate, but that the hate inevitably turns elsewhere as it moves from anguish to art work. Revenge is a wonderful motivator for the artist, because it gets the blood boiling. But no important work will ever be produced by the urge to get even, since the pleasure of getting even must exclude the audience, which cannot share the artist's particular revenge. Good writers know every virtue they create dogs deters, ignites, the lot.

This has nothing to do with wisdom or spirit or awareness of temperament, it is strictly business. Art actually requires of fiction for its full-blown expression can't be communicated. You can't tell the whole story with fish as their primary afflictions, and that is true, too. Georges Seurat, as shown in Stephen Sondheim's *Sunday in the Park with George*, would consider the woman he loves then neglect his painting. In the play he is putting the final touches on a man's top hat. The woman wants him off-duty. He explains to the audience: "You've got to finish the hat." Does he love the hat more than the woman? Definitely. The hat is art. So where is the affection here? It is for life as art.

Five months after my father died, I published an essay about him and our life together. Friends assured I wrote what I wanted to put his death in perspective, and I said they were right, because such an act would sound unusual. In fact, I wrote that essay because I wanted to write something beautiful; as powerful was my father's death to me. I felt that I could make art of the event. Not the death but the desire to write made me write. I mourned my father in private, where I allowed him to part from me to use.

Afternoon art is a form of huge. Art works better, is better than it is, not more venturesome, blander, dumber, more banal, or of less consequence. In *Sunday in the Park* Seurat rails at the art-his chauvinists whom he has been pressuring for his painting, sheets at them to stop their lockerling, their navel, human chaotic behavior, and to take their absurdly patriotic fans in his painting. Once confirmed they are elected, not comfortable, but beautiful. Thanks to Seurat, they are also apportioned. The artist's affection is for the life he shares with the life he wishes for and breathes into every corner of the world's room.

Still, he bid hope for life apart from art as well. Artists appear to control life, to trap living things in their compositions. To a sense, they do. It is the only thing they can do when faced with the wild exasperity of the world. But before that control begins to assert itself, they are overwhelmed by the world. It washes over them, leaves them sucking for air. So many things, moving so fast. Puddleside excuses them. What else is there to eat? What else to fear? Make it new, they tell themselves

They believe in renewal.

Beauty, understanding, affection, hope. Is that the answer to "Why do art?" It certainly sounds like an answer, has all the balance and poise of an answer. But by the time such a response is composed, it is already to some degree false. It is the art of an answer, something like the truth but not exactly, a copy of the truth. One reason it is difficult to be wholly truthful about art is that art is not really concerned with being truthful to people. Art is truth to itself; it is absolutely honest with itself. Even in that age of exaggerated boasting, no artist worth anything cares as much for outside approval as for his artfulness in what he does. The dead silence, with the sooty notes, notes, notes. The artist and his work face each other like summer strangers. No one can get between them.

What they have in common is everything in the world that is mere, left, smudged, teachèd, hoisted, imagined, thought. That is to say, art, art is not educational. What may art really be? the real *things* of creation? Hard-hack chairs, cracked earphones, feathers, shrimp, birds. These things instill so much, their preservation matters so much. Because strange, muted sense, art, which so often starts at death, does not believe in death. In fact, it believes that it can hold death off by mere insistence, the sculptor lives-gives the statue, the composer in the church, the mother of their bodies preserved in the things they make for an other reason but to see the art made.

Thus the Bradbury story, which refutes

its own theme. The story is called "Them Will Come, Soft-Knee," after a line in a poem by Sara Teasdale. The poem is recited in the empty house by an automated voice under the assumption that the family is alive to listen to it:

*There will come soft rains and the  
smell of the ground,  
And winter evening closing with the  
murmuring sound;*

*And frogs in the pools singing at night,  
And mid-May, hen-peepal while,  
Robins will wear their feather'd fire,  
Blushing their selves on a low  
house-wire;*

*And not one will know of the tree, not  
one  
Who care at last when it is done  
Not see world mind, neither bird nor  
tree,  
Of漫不经心,persisted after,*

*And Spring herself, when she wakes  
at dawn  
Would scarcely know that as soon goes*



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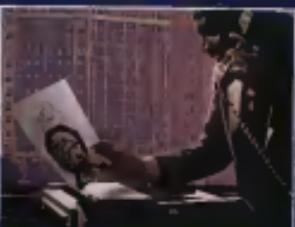
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# Science & Technology

Critical Findings, Long-Range Forecasts, Final Proof

## THE ESQUIRE 1985 Register

### HONOREES



Starley Thompson:

*"I want to get a world good enough so that people will know how dangerous a nuclear war would be."*

**Lyn Abramson** Radically redefining depression

**Richard Axel, Thomas Cech,**

**Robert Horvitz, Richard Mulligan,**

**James Rothman & Gerald Rubin** Secrets of the cell

**James Blinn** New color for outer space

**Arthur Cohn** Archaeology in a wet suit

**Charles Fefferman** Pure math's elegant thinker

**Corey Goodman** New insights into the nervous system

**James Gusella** Attack on deadly Huntington's disease

**Alan Guth &**

**Paul Steinhardt** Explorers of the inflationary universe

**Daniel Hillis** Man and the thinking machine

**Marguerite Kay** A scientific fountain of youth

**Yik San Kwoh** Brain surgery's helping hand

**Russell Mittermeier** Saving the ape

**Bruce Rosenthal** How the earth moves

**Eric Schrier** The demystification of science

**David Soren** Unearthing the new Pompeii

**Jeanette Thomas** Deep-sea linguist

**Starley Thompson** Nuclear weatherman



**HENRY GRETTEL**  
DRESS SHIRTS  
See No. 1 for Service Card after page 226

## HONOREES Science & Technology

### Lyn Abramson

Psychologist  
Madison, Wisconsin  
Born February 7, 1940



It's a good thing that Lyn Abramson is a cheerful person, because she spends her days and nights thinking about the depths of depression. A psychology professor at the University of Wisconsin, Abramson's revolutionary assimilation of the nature of depression has helped change the way the condition is perceived medically. Her theory carries the jargon title of "depressive realism," what that means is that

depressed persons often (but not always) have a more accurate perception of events around them than their non-depressed counterparts. Closely connected to that insight is her finding that depression itself is more negative outcomes either on themselves or on uncontrollable, unchangeable forces, while non-depression is more than on changeable elements outside of themselves that are specific to each situation. This work has already earned her the American Psychological Association's Distinguished Scientific Award for Early-Career Contribution to Psychology. But it's only the beginning. What Abramson has now is "a concept in search of a disorder." She and several colleagues are trying to find limitations in the composition of clinical depressions, some of which are biologically driven, some cognitively, and some by an unknown combination of the two. This work may eventually yield a proven theory about what causes depression and the way depressives view the world, a theory that could corroborate similar theories currently being tested by other psychologists, and that eventually could be useful in clinical work. With a little luck and a lot of work, Abramson and her colleagues may yet learn more about helping others in mental health.

### James Blinn

Computer scientist  
Pasadena, California  
Born February 23, 1948



James Blinn claims to be an "engineering artist on the transition" stage. "All I can talk or project is the future," he says, "but the cool beauty of his computer-generated simulations of outer space has probably done more to increase America's interest in NASA's missions than any of the photographs sent back from the spacecraft. Blinn's program, known as "fly-bys"—simulations of spacecraft flying by a planet—are painstakingly

produced by mashing astronomical data with information about how light is reflected by different surfaces. They have been used by mission managers and newspaper reporters to be better visualizing computer graphics and filters used.

"In the early days I was involved in building up the team," says Blinn, who has a Ph.D. from the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. These days he's more interested in "ways when I know to change the educational level in this country." Blinn is especially bothered by "people thinking it's cool to be dumb," should women and math. With an eye toward correcting that trend, he is currently working



On the *Mechanized Universe*, a fly-by part series to be aired on PBS and used as a tool for teaching introductory physics.

### Arthur Cohn

Maritime historian  
Fairfield, Vermont  
Born May 29, 1949



When Arthur Cohn descended into the many waters of Lake Champlain, twelve of which he and his team of researchers have studied over the last six years, "The legacy of historic shipwrecks here is the best in America," says Cohn. Using what Cohn calls a "feel survey"—visibility of the site is naturally stenched—the team of specialists have recovered more than twenty-five thousand artifacts, including manuscripts, tools, pottery, and even oil cans, from the *Bousquet*. Well preserved in the fresh waters of the lake, the *Bousquet* is one of the finest examples of inland shipbuilding of the era. Rather

years earlier

The *Bousquet* is one of nearly forty ships Cohn has found at the bottom of Lake Champlain, twelve of which he and his team of researchers have studied over the last six years. "The legacy of historic shipwrecks here is the best in America," says Cohn. Using what Cohn calls a "feel survey"—visibility of the site is naturally stenched—the team of specialists have recovered more than twenty-five thousand artifacts, including manuscripts, tools, pottery, and even oil cans, from the *Bousquet*. Well preserved in the fresh waters of the lake, the *Bousquet* is one of the finest examples of inland shipbuilding of the era. Rather

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ESQ

ESQ/OCTOBER 1986

## A deeper understanding of depression

## Computer graphics come to outer space

## Exploring murky depths, rescuing wrecks

than raise the sunken ships, which are expensive to preserve in open air, Cohn has created a curious underwater museum for divers. The graves of three historical ships are marked with buoys and submerged signs. "It's experimental," says Cohn. "A diver can just come out and dive them. We ask only two things: One is not to take any mussels, the other is to have a good time." Cohn teaches diving at Middlebury College, and raises horses and sheep in the off-season. But his home is at the bottom of Champlain. "I want to make this my life's work," he says. "So much history took place there. And it's American history."

**Charles Fefferman**

Mathematician  
Princeton, New Jersey  
Born April 18, 1949



The subject may be complex, but the world of mathematics is a finite affair. That is, to give you the crude course, Charles Fefferman, and then there is everyone else. Fefferman, thirty-six, has recently made major breakthroughs in Fourier analysis (the study of vibrational, partial differential equations, and complex variable equations)—areas that, according to his fellow scientists,

**Bringing pure math to a higher plane**

Yet in mathematics circles (which have a radius equal to half the diameter), Fefferman's ingenuity is hardly news. The native of Silver Springs, Maryland, has given a flavor to vector calculus ever since he published a paper on symbolic logic at the age of seventeen. By year he graduated with high honors, from the University of Maryland. He received his Ph.D. from Princeton three years later and at twenty-two was employed at the University of Chicago—the nation's youngest full professor. Today Fefferman teaches at Princeton, where he is known for his ability to explain complicated ideas simply. Fefferman, though, is something even

**Corey Goodman**

Developmental neurobiologist  
Palo Alto, California  
Born June 29, 1951



Few subjects are as baffling to scientists as the development of the nervous system. Only a few researchers have been able to understand the frontiers of knowledge a little at a time. In their professional lifetimes, almost none can match the breakthroughs made by Corey Goodman, a Chicagoan who, at thirty-four, has already won the prestigious Alan T. Waterman Award from the National Science Foundation.

**James Gusella**

Molecular geneticist  
Boston, Massachusetts  
Born December 9, 1952



Among inherited afflictions, few are more mysterious than Huntington's disease, an incurable nervous disorder that begins with major depression and progressive dementia. About twenty thousand Americans suffer from HD, and because the initial symptoms usually don't appear until middle age, one hundred thousand others live in fear not knowing if they will be among the 50 per-

**Solving the mysteries of the nervous system**

Goodman has been the first to define the sequence of changes that occurs during the life of a given population of nerve cells. More recently, he examined the way in which growing nerve fibers identify the course the should take, and the targets with which they should form connections. These studies have determined to what degree cells are "programmed" and to what degree they are stimulated and directed by their surroundings. "Dr. Goodman's research has enormous promise for making future contributions to the store of knowledge about the development of the nervous system," says Dr. Edward Knapp, director of the Na-

**His search for a test to identify Huntington's disease has brought science one step closer to a cure**

cent who inherit the disease from their affected parents. A frightening set of circumstances, but one that could be solved. In 1983 Dr. James Gusella, a molecular geneticist at Massachusetts General Hospital, using painstaking computer analysis and modern gene-splicing techniques, Gusella has discovered a way to tell—with 90-percent or better accuracy—a person who develops Huntington's. What's more, his discovery could lead to similar tests for other slow-onset diseases, including cystic fibrosis and a form of Alzheimer's disease.

The search for the genetic marker that indicates the presence of HD took some of

Gusella's colleagues to a remote village in Venezuela where the disease is widespread. While some team members used computers to draw a family tree of more than 6,500 descendants and relatives of one villager who died of HD more than a hundred years ago, Gusella looked for clues among the genetic material of living members of the community. He expected a long search but found the signs of the disease among the first twelve DNA samples. "In about two years we should be able to test for HD in adults and even in embryos," he predicts. Most important, Gusella's research could help lead to an effective treatment and eventually a cure.



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## Alan Guth & Paul Steinhardt

Physicists

Cambridge, Massachusetts/Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Born February 27, 1947/December 25, 1952



The evolution of science has always been about challenging basic, commonly held beliefs. And that is part what MIT physicist Alan Guth and University of Pennsylvania physicist Paul Steinhardt have done with their extensions of the big-bang theory.

The traditional belief that the universe began at a hot, dense singularity and expanded rapidly. Most scientific thinking has the universe cooling rapidly from its original hot state to the stable, crystalline state we know today. But Guth says the universe had to have passed through a violent, inhomogeneous stage, a "false vacuum" in which "negative gravity" propelled the particles of the universe outward with accelerating speed. According to Guth's "inflationary" theory, the universe expanded faster than the size of a proton to the size of a softball in less than a thousandth of a trillionth of a second.

Yet Guth's theory could not adequately

explain how the universe stopped inflating. That's where Steinhardt took over. Borrowing theories from a different branch called condensed-matter physics, he was able to show how large regions of the universe could crystallize slowly, halting the inflationary stage. Steinhardt is also credited with discovering the "quasicrystal," a structure resembling glass and crystal but that is a new kind of ordered atomic structure. He admits the calculations are complex but contends that the underlying theory is simple—or at least they ought to be. "If I can't explain a concept to my mother," he says, "I know something's wrong."

## Solving the age-old problem of aging

### Marguerite Kay

Immunologist

College Station, Texas

Born May 13, 1947



Marguerite Kay, 49, is known around the world for her work on aging processes. Her breakthrough began ten years ago, when, at 39, she published a paper explaining to a startled scientific community the exact method the body uses to steadily kill and destroy 200 billion old or damaged rod and blood cells each day. At the time, some scientists considered her work heretical, but Kay went on to support her findings by

identifying the chemical compound on a blood cell's surface that triggers it out of dormancy by the body's immune system. More recently, she's solved the puzzle of "functional life": the lifetime of the compound, known as an autocrine cell, can be a biological clock that eventually helps permit control of the life-span cycle. "When that happens," Kay maintains, "functional life" will be extended by a decade or more. "That might mean people would be as relatively good health until age eighty or ninety. If the aging process in the cells in our body could be controlled, you would see a more active, mobile older generation," says Kay,

who is both a researcher at the government-operated Texas Veterans Center in Temple, Texas, and a full professor at Texas A&M. Despite her prominence in the field, Kay has remained below Congress on the subject of the elderly—she is not seen as a natural fit in a committee, since most medical researchers prefer to concentrate on a more specific or more limited area in a more focused way. She's working part-time in the medical profession but is more concerned, Kay. "Aging is obviously not unique," she says. "It seems to me that greater progress might be made by stressing and investigating the common denominators that make the process universal."

### Russell Mittermeier

Wildlife biologist

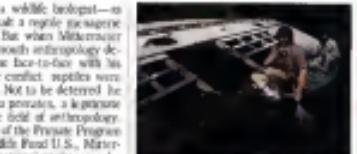
Stony Brook, New York

Born November 8, 1949



Russell Mittermeier never expected, while forests of them. In 1977 he stepped out of a PhD thesis strategy for saving primates, one in seven of which is extinction. Since then, Mittermeier has overseen more than 80 million US dollars in grants, including major efforts to keep the tropical forests from disappearing at their current rate of more than twenty-five million acres a year. Mittermeier never wanted to people

## Protector of primates, preserver of the rain forest



that this is not an effort to save some little monkey," he says, "but that the forest is a resource that is essential for human survival as well."



**Eric Schrier**

Magazine founder/Editor  
San Rafael, California  
Born November 21, 1951



Eric Schrier doesn't have an addendum to the challenging life of magazine start-ups, "and for those with a fullness for periodicals, his list is only be good news." Schrier dropped his first slick-paper issue while studying marine biology at the University of Oregon in 1975. Browsing in the library, he was struck by how impenetrably "advanced" the science references seemed. The urge to be a reader, he reasoned, for a

monthly aimed at the kind of college-educated people who are interested in science but not on the verge of a Nobel Prize. The idea was so compelling that he switched to a master's program in journalism at U.C. Berkeley, where, with the help of his friends and the money derived from the sale of his M.I.T. produced a prototype called *Science & Technical Society*. The magazine appeared in 1979 under the auspices of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Schrier spent four years as the magazine's managing editor, during two of those years the magazine was cited for general excellence at the National Magazine Awards. Circulation even-

tually climbed to seven hundred thousand. But it's starting them up, not grinding them out, that intrigues Schrier. So in May he resigned, moved back to northern California, and "turned myself into a salesman." His goal: to raise \$10 million for a new consumer magazine about medicine and health called *Microscope*. Due in early as this spring, this project is "designed to deliver more than diet and fitness to the sophisticated lay reader," says Schrier. "It's based more on an appreciation for how the human body really works, doctors as heroes and doctors as schemers, the when of sports medicine, how medical devices get made, and so on."

**David Soren**

Archaeologist  
Tucson, Arizona  
Born October 7, 1946



In 1984, archaeologist David Soren was digging in an ancient Cretan city when he discovered the remains of a city that had been buried in stone for 1,400 years. Archaeologists earthquakes rocked the city of Knossos on the morning of July 31, A.D. 366, leaving one of the most detailed pictures of life in the late Roman empire. By interpreting archaeological evidence and historical accounts, the University of Arizona

professor ultimately established this as the date of when the major earthquake in ancient Crete occurred.

The quake hit quickly and events of Knossos had little time to escape its devastation. Because of that, Soren believes the site could be as rich for archaeology as the ruins of Pompeii. Among the survivors was the skeleton of a girl about thirteen years old, her hands held to her head in a shield pose. The remains of a horse and rider, still attached by an iron chain to its trough, were found near the girl's skeleton. Soren theorizes that the horse may have prevented the girl from escaping the house. Her head was found facing the

northeast—the direction of the earthquake's epicenter. Also unearthed were bronze rings and torque, a Corinthian capital, a marble table, and Roman coins. Soren, who also discovered one of the oldest Celtic temples at Micelangas in southern Portugal, expects the dig at Knossos to continue well into 1987.

"When you are digging," Soren explains, "it's strange to come upon whole scenes with bodies known in postures of terror. It's an unaffected parlor game to piece together what happened. What we're finding is that this was a local event, but one of the big bangs of antiquity, a true catastrophe."

**Jeanette Thomas**

Animalbehaviorist  
Kailua, Hawaii  
Born March 23, 1932



When marine animals talk, Jeanette Thomas listens. The animalbehaviorist is one of the world's leading experts in the movements of whales, dolphins, seals, and sea lions. Thomas has discovered, for example, that one species of Antarctic seal speaks in something akin to dialects, which vary by region of the continent. "This information has helped us determine how many animals there are in a certain area and the population's overall

health," says Dr. William Evans, director of the Scripps Marine Research Institute in San Diego. "It could mean all the difference if these animals are ever in trouble."

Thomas uses a variety of methods to tap into the nervous system of deep-sea animals, the dog being her favorite. In her Antarctic work, she's used, or has an array of hydrophones behind a sled—a technique also helped develop. Such methods have enabled her to record the voices of seals from the Arctic to the Antarctic.

Recently, Thomas has been concerned with an issue of critical interest to the government: the effect of oil spills and oil-drilling sounds on marine mammals.



JEANETTE THOMAS

**Mapping the motions of sea mammals**

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**Rosendahl on the  
shore of the Nyanga, Shireen,  
the boat's guide, tries his  
luck on Lake Victoria.**

GUY MARTIN is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*. His latest "Tour of Duty" appeared on the June issue.

**Out of Africa,  
Bruce Rosendahl  
advances  
geophysical  
understanding  
of the forces that  
move the earth**

**Science & Technology**

**by Guy  
Martin**

GEOPHYSICISTS live in a black time, their heads filled with catastrophic, subterranean events. Think about it: they only see the movement of the forces of the most powerful forces the earth can muster. They know they can't live a hundred miles apart to see how their favorite rocks move, but they spend so much energy projecting themselves both ways that far in time, that late at night they secretly believe they can live that long. I think that's the root of their cavalier attitude toward horseshoes on the surface of the earth. The geophysical mind borrows in strictly *deus ex machina* knowledge, like an astrogeophysical mind in reverse.

There are two kinds of work a geophysicist does: data processing and data acquisition. To process data, you take computer tapes to an air-conditioned room and sit in a terminal for eight hours, then you drive somewhere for a stagging cold beer. It's a scientific fact—all geophysicists like cold beer.

Acquiring data is the opposite kind of experience. Here is how Bruce Rosendahl, associate professor at Duke University, acquired some: First he designed and built a seismic-research robot that would fit inside a 787's cargo bay. It was the engineering equivalent of shrugging a tractor-trailer to fit on one side of a two-car

# Bwana Boom

and the Secrets of the Rift



The Yanga is a vessel on Lake Tana in the Blue Nile basin. Windows around the narrow passageway make the boat seem hyperreal and a little hostile. *Ngoya is not the same*

garage. Then he took this boat and a few college students to east Africa, where he helped around making seismic profiles—geophysical pictures—of the bottoms of the Great Rift lakes.

Rosenfeld came up with a high-speed seismograph that used a method of data separation, in due time to raise funds. His first example, Project-8000, was a seismograph, or Project-8000E. It sounds good, but, like war, the actual work is not so much fun. Project-8000E requires nine tons of support equipment in addition to the 100-kilometer-long boat. Dragging twenty tons of such around Africa is easier than dragging that much machinery, because the machinery hangs at the end of an eight-thousand-tonk-mile supply line. Getting to the end of the supply line is what one does to get at the real job. Some seismic managers (i.e., the very largest corporations) do it for money, and perhaps it's the same thing to remember about the professor who assigned her and some students could pull it off during the odd semester away from Duke. He had to be crazy to make it work.

Rosenfeld went to Lake Turkana, a violent shoreline like the desert of southern Kenya. He had a problem launching the boat there, because the lake is shallow and has a soft, thick bed of pebbles (not far the first half mile from shore). He figured the only way to get over the boat in the water was to blast a tunnel through the gravel with a dozen pounds of dynamite.

He assembled many Turkana tribesmen to help him march the long line of explosives out onto the lake. The Turkana, a nomadic tribe, were no impressed with the solemnity of water and fire shot locked up by the crapt white man that they honor (there was a name). They called him "Sworn Boots."

Sworn Boots and the Project-8000 people acquired much dirt up at Turkana. They

laughed the legendary eight weeks, which roll down off the Ethiopian plateau at forty or seventy miles an hour, and they fought many wars in the Shire, which is what they like to call the peasant head lands. In March of this year they moved over to Lake Turkana. After a couple of months they reported, with a sense of despondency, that there were no deserts, no sagebrush, no Shire, and probably no chance to dynamite Victoria, they said, was a cakewalk.

Ngoya, TANDEM, has the look of a port that died long ago, but when the shabby Victoria calls some of the old vigor through the town, and the customs house is packed with officials, every use of the shooting, sleeping cargo, running dust. On the quay that afternoon there are some rare white faces—Rosenfeld and the Project-8000 people trading the bizarre craft hardware, apposite the lag, enormous Victoria. Their boat is called Yanga, which translates roughly as "large body of stagnant water" in many of the languages hereabouts.

Yanga has a strained, paroxysmal profile, eleven and a half meters of floor plan and sternway down into the water. She carries a fairly modest array and a Panasonic radio transmitter big enough for a satayay base. Sunglasses are in a well on the stern deck, a great weight wrapped in thick, variegated leather. The cabin is tight, unadorned, and fairly unconsidered. Four or five inches wide, it is around the narrow cockpit table, the boat seems hyperreal and a little hostile. Yanga is not the same.

Obviously such a machine, especially an American one, would be treated as a spook boat, even in the maddest Third World port. Ngoya does not know what would be firstly construed as malfeasance, but she shares it

with her host governments, which are only too happy to oblige. Ngoya possesses special knowledge about the structure of the earth. Sometimes that includes the location of oil.

It seems logical that ten of Ngoya's eleven sponsors are large multinational oil concerns. Although they do similar work to the seismos, they have paid for their respective pieces of that action without involving themselves in conception or execution. This is because Rosenfeld is an excellent salesman. What he sells them, for a cool million a year, is the idea that they've been going about their business all wrong.

The big news in earth movement is tectonics. The idea that the earth's crust is made of plates that are playing a large, slow game of demolition derby. The earth has behaved this way for a few billion years, we just figured out at the last minute. Sometimes the plates bash into one another, sometimes they get lunging past one another around, sometimes they rip apart. A rift is the result of a plate or plates breaking apart. Half from the awards of the earth is the game's driving force, and when it moves, the movement slows down. Some of our more successful rifts have turned into oceans, but even those very big holes in the earth may open and close several times.

It took us all this time, where very old rock is at the rifts, where very old woodwind places to find oil. Many of Rosenfeld's sponsors are either exploring for oil or actually producing oil in rift environments. The problem is that a lot of these areas are very difficult to understand because as much has happened to them. They have been marked by time.

For all of its twenty million tons at work, east Africa's Great Rift contains what is called a grotto system, and as such it has great potential as a model. Its lakes are basically enormous oceans, and geological events occur within them on a small, legible scale. Looking at a somewhat relatively static rift makes geophysicists to read the subtle characteristics of older rifts. This is like getting a silicon wafer to play while watching the Super Bowl.

Rosenfeld's pictures of this process are what Africa, Project, Model, Shell International, Esso, Conoco, Marathon, Petroleum, Pneu, the Blue Brothers, Pennzoil, and the World Bank are buying. At least, that's what Rosenfeld and he was selling when he started. He would say of delivering pictures of oil itself: "East Africa was written of twenty years ago by the industry," he says. "This rift was supposed to be the last young oil opportunity, but anybody who looked at the data closely knew that was a lie. I mean, I found it was a bore scenario when I came out."

Early in 1982, Rosenfeld proposed to take his set-in-blast boat and a running rat pack of hangers-on, to produce a print-

IMAGE COURTESY OF ROSENFELD



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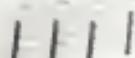
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spatial data base out of this very bad place. To this day he is mystified, not to mention perturbed, that the sponsors took him up on it. When *Nasdaq* was ready, he and the crew headed to Lake Titicaca. He says, "I know the deepest basins were there. We found structures that almost certainly contained oil or gases, and the scale of the potential was very large, meaning potential giant fields. Certainly larger than the Gulf of Suez is potential. Now the deep water here is a problem. If you look twenty years down the road, when production technology catches up to some of those water depths, the potential is very large."

When an oil company moves to acquire mineral rights in a piece of property, it is called, in industry parlance, making a play. When it comes in a place that has not been explored, it is a frontier play. After Rauschel distributed his first batch of stats, many of his sponsors began suddenly to play in the Great Rift, with a proposed initial investment of \$100 million in seven countries. Most of the commercial investors he has played to date so far believe Rauschel figured he'd look at the Andes, but it's the investors in the Oil Watch who seem eager to see the banks move to the rift.

The project has become a growing table. The principal players are as follows: Arco is putting \$20 million into Kenya and dividing another \$60 million between Burundi and Tanzania, while pursuing conversations with Seme. It has no partners for its Suez play. There is interest in Malawi and, despite substantial internal problems, in Uganda and Mozambique. In syndication, Macmillan, Total, and Michelin have acquired Kenya's acreage for an undisclosed amount next to Arco's blocks there. Like Arco, they say their play is in the southern extension of a much older rift in the Suez and has nothing to do with their sponsorship of Rauschel. But the Arco acreage includes Lake Turkana.

The geologic framework has given Rauschel great confidence in his funding base. PROBE is one of the biggest hybrids ever spawned by oil companies and service firms, and plays the oil market better than the heart of Africa. One gets the feeling that Rauschel has taken some flack from the academy for collaborating initially with industrial money. He says, "The kind of money we needed, and the amount of risk it involved, precluded the academic route to the normal funding sources. The oil companies were used to doing things like this. Another thing you have to understand is that I don't really give a flying fuck what my colleagues think or say. I care a great deal about what the people I work with think, but I could care less about Joe Blow at Whatever University."

With a four-year total of \$4.5 million in grants, Rauschel knows he's a good salesman, but he hasn't gone beyond that. From the PROBE consumers' point of view, that's a bargain-basement price



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. SINGER

**Scorched earth** (over) says Rauschel. The photo shows the Nyasa across the border in Malawi. Lake Turkana (above) is high-fidelity data. "How can I put this?" says Rauschel. "If we suggest a place to a company, they'll say, 'What are you doing? We've established our credibility for doing what people thought was impossible. Now we have to go forward or we don't go anywhere. There are some biomass rift environments in the Antarctic, and some major river systems that cut across rift basins, like the upper Amazon and here in Africa, the Zambezi or the Rive. I believe I can find the funding for any piece of science I want to do. It's something I'm very strict about. You don't want to convert your science to fit the funding, that's bullshit. Find the science first."

The same place Rauschel seems to find science in is his heart. At thirty-eight, he is an intense human being, short, and thick-set but with an air of being very quick. He is a freebooter or a guelling guard. He has an intense gaze, drawing his hold of his field with a boldness and clear,干脆的语调.

Rauschel's been a little out of step since the start. As an undergraduate in the mid-Sixties, he had a major problem: at a career interview in New York State, he was asked to name his major. Rauschel was caught a day early with a girl in his room. The disciplinary committee invited him to transfer to another institution, no questions asked. He says he chose the University of Hawaii because it was as far as he could get. Also, the boy was a born water rat, from the Chautauqua Lake region in western New York. He wanted to sink his teeth into some kind of marine science.

He says, "At Hawaii the biologists just seemed to me to be as many stamp collec-

tionists as anything else. They never did anything that I could see that was really interesting. They occur at different times, but neighboring countries always face opposite directions, and God had flipped them with a wrist switch."

That's when the earth breaks apart in Professor Rauschel's third dimension. His theoretical accomplishment has been to fit supercontinents so that we can work. He says, "If you can accept the idea of chaos, that everything is crazy, then you've got it half known. When you pull a page of paper apart, it doesn't just come apart cleanly. It weakens in a certain place, and then another place follows, and eventually that joins up. What you have to consider is that with rocks, no single link has great significance. It's the fault lines of faults that take on meaning. What I've understood is it is those systems that with each other."

The Great Rift itself asserted itself about twenty million years ago, and it has evolved into two distinct fields of play. The Gregory, or Eastern Rift, runs through Ethiopia and Kenya and into Tanzania; the Western Rift extends like a great scythe from western Uganda to Malawi and Mozambique. Currently these branches are making a pinpricking of rift zones, but they remain separated by a huge, old, and solid plateau of rock that neither of them can break.

Rauschel says, "East Africa is not another Red Sea, which opened pretty quickly, like the narrow Gulf of California, whose 800 miles of Mexico in just three to five million years. This one's been chugging along much longer than that, which might suggest that it's going to fail. But right now Mother Nature's working very hard to break through, and she might be successful. It may take another hundred million years."

**Victoria, Mwanza, or Lake Victoria**, is one of the largest of the east African lakes, 200 by 250 miles, a big, flat, green puddle atop the plains that keeps the Ruthless Western rift from joining. Rauschel was fairly certain that Victoria held oil and even doubted the theoretical value of the geology for PROBE, but he hesitated a state-months earlier anyway, with a horse port in Kisumu, Kenya. He explains:

"Everybody knew it was a gamble, but there were reasons to believe that there could be old rift systems under Victoria. I felt we'd be scientifically remiss if we didn't take a look while we were here."

Nyanga has taken a week to work from Kisumu down to Mwanza. The dogleg course homeward on the Uganda road should last no more than eight days, but Nyanga's critical need for fuel has forced him to call in more than four days' provisions. To get to the water for those mandatory two-week runs, Rauschel's crew must burn tinders. For the last three months, Nyanga has suffered the help of the *Ushua*, a Beaufort fifty-footer from Ken-

"I assume you drink Martell."



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st's Department of Wildlife and Fisheries.

Ugali is an apt name for a research vessel, but it was built in Mombasa, where the shipwrights are experts at making cargo boats. The Department of Wildlife and Fisheries has its own crew, which includes several sailors who have never been on water. Francis, the engineer, is the one man with an office separate for planning this research project in its tracks. When Francis discovered he made no dollars less per month than Ugali's captain, he adopted a strategy of breaking and then repairing the boat to prove his worth. Ugali's skipper has taken over much of Ugali's maintenance simply as a matter of self-defense, but out on the water, when it matters most, Francis has Nyanga by the short hairs. There is a quixotic trace to Lake Malawi. Nyanga's next job, Lame Astone, a Duke grad student, and Jack Uzma, a postdoctoral representing the Uganda government, begin should Ugali's but end up with Nyanga as we all do.

Nyanga was built in house, the instruments, not the hardware, is known. The crew create a patchwork life as technicians, science beings called to wet hand and foot on their rulers, the machines. Our annotations are as follows: a microwave oven, where we heat the lake water into tea, two kettles, a small refrigerator, and our bed. By far the most important of these is the kettle. We wash our clothes, dishes, and when there is the technician, ourselves from this kettle. We use it to collect water to drink, but there is no art to tossing the kettle to avoid the diesel slicks between reboil, and human waste in the kettle's shiny base.

Inside Nyanga is a creature of sharp mind. The cabin, or lab, is a cocoon of technology, an eight-foot-long white box with two walls of equipment. On the port side stand a four-color radar screen and the big computer, a Texas Instruments DPS-V, called simply the Five. To starboard is everything else: gauges coming off the big engine, telephones, a depth sounder, a monitor for one of the computer's cameras, and the satellite-navigation equipment. Nyanga's port panel of switches and buttons, the knobs to turn on and off the machine. Color-coded bags of spare parts drop from the ceiling.

The cabin is the heart of the research vessel, the smell of heat cooking not far away. The condensation forms the small rain of condensation that I imagine to be something like the air inside a Seafar spacecar after a few hours. We just break them out for the number of hours until Rosefield says, "One thing that disappears real quick around here is water. Not only in it, but, it's a great way to grow fungus on your balls. When the weather's good, we prefer hot water. Ugali's always it's not, we make do. We have a bed, but it's being used for storage." He gets his thumb at the kettles. "You sleep here," he says, "you sit over the rest."

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were already a day late leaving Kampala because we couldn't find a place to stay in the Olyp. We leave now. Francis had it all along he just didn't want to leave that day. Also, according to Wattle and Fabrics, he makes more money ashore than he does on the water. That's part the way it is. That's one reason he decided at the start of a cruise, I'd be damned if I can figure out why he wants to put off finishing one.

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larity to extract steel. Rosenthal hopes we find some evidence to connect at least that part of Victoria to the reef.

After two hours of drilling, courtesy of Princess, followed by a five-hour cruise to the east, at 3:30 A.M. we began the real job of putting out the structure. The swimmer is the boat's computerized exit, a plastic sheath two inches thick and about two inches long, holding methods of hydrophones strung together in a chain. Because the structure spreads so much, at this time being dragged through the bottom environment of the lake, it's filled with oil to buoy it and to protect the electronics from the inevitable leaks. In the harsh sparks the casting is transparent, the color of tea. The hydrophones stretch the skin of the structure, making it look fragile and organic, like the umbilical cord of a fetus.

Rosenthal finds water in the "boot," the connector between the swimmer and the boat. He strips the wires with Frees and quickly charges the boat's cover down. The changes won't keep water out. He produces a bag full of Santa Wrap. "I know there are lots of other things we could probably use," he says, fiddling the roll casually, "but this is the best stuff we've got."

McGill assembles the air gun, a three-foot-tall steel piston that he slides to the stem and then detaches the lead, let nitrogen shakes the boat. He lowers the gun off a davit onto the water. We fire the first shot of the line at 9:00 A.M., two hours after we began to deploy the structure. On deck the shots are muted, but the water transmits the vibrations straight to the boat and into the steel tower. A sharp, short, explosive crack is heard, then a sharp, short, explosive crack, which is starting the hand with a shudder-chatter every twenty seconds. The sound will go on for days.

Watching the boat with the model is deadly tedious work. The gun fires every twenty seconds, and every ten minutes (or twenty shots) the observer takes the un-gated readings. Every half hour (three ten-second shots per shift) the navigator-captain changes the computer tape. After a few twelve-hour days of this the un-named interval seems into the subconscious, so that even when you're off-duty, an alarm tends to pop off in your head.

Ngoma latens long and hard to the Spuds. Our course lies due east, a few miles south of the volcanic sets that form a straight line out into the lake proper. Sambu, Vira, and finally a jagged, spore column called Rau Rock. By the next afternoon we've covered the fifty miles to Rau Rock, where we make a slight turn to the north and head for the island of Bambore, on the lake's western shore, floating about at two and a half knots. It will take an entire morning to get to Bambore, and then only if all goes well. We never get anywhere fast, which is the price we pay for mining deep.

Victoria is to the south, just a happenstance of the geology, not a direct line off of the grid. You've got the Western Rift, the Lake Victoria and between the two you've got the big pocket of Precambrian rocks, very old, and in the middle of that is Victoria. Victoria is a big pond, a little depression in the top of that plateau. So the sediments

are—essentially nothing, and the Spuds in, in geological terms, just days old. You see, in the larger scheme of things, this lake is very... ephemeral. Over like thousand years it comes and goes, maybe three thousand years.

Uganda is surprised. Until Rosenthal showed him with the acoustic equipment of Black Tern, Uganda had no idea of Victoria's having been around so little. It takes him a moment to get used to the notion that this big lake simply disappears.

"Now, Albert," says Rosenthal casually, "Albert has been a lake through the whole Tertiary." Albert, or Mokoto, Sasa Soko, is a Western Rift-like shaduf in Uganda and east that Rosenthal very much wants to show. Oh, according to the lake have been enormous knowledge for years, and in the 1950s there was even some anomalous explosion. Now Albert is hot again, partly as a result of PROBE's persistence in the region. Last spring Rosenthal cast in Paris with the reluctant Miss Ojoo, a "permanent secretary" in Uganda's mineral resources ministry, to try to convince her that the lake would be more valuable to Uganda if she allowed PROBE to shoot it. So here's the put it up for bid. Apparently she let the government couldn't afford the bid. Instead PROBE would take. She was right. At the time of the conversation, a few weeks before last July's coup made industrial investment less attractive, some of Rosenthal's sponsors had put in bids for the Ugandan rights.

Uganda says, "Because they have such a interest in Albert, it will be difficult for me to tell my government that the study of Victoria is important. All the political I discuss."

"But you have to be able to get there when you want," Rosenthal retorts with bargaining force, implying that Uganda does himself this chance. "You are a member of this organization, and as such you can use our equipment any time you want. You have to convince your government that the study of Victoria will help to your interest. No body else can do that for you."

It is very African moment, the one do Americans saying the Ugandans to lift at the windmills in a diagnostic bureaucracy. It's nothing that Rosenthal wouldn't do himself, but he wouldn't be taking the same risk if he did. Uganda seems not to want to answer. He waits a beat and obliquely asks again. Then he says, "It is why I like geology, that you don't respect the bound areas of science. If there is a frontier and the fact is running, what that does no good. He is just running through."

RODOLFO MOLINA, AND WE MUST MOVE quickly to his to them. We reach Bwamena at 20:30 the next morning and casts thoughtfully chomped the limestone shore. We fetch the boat a few hundred yards from a fishing village called Kavanga, where the



A little too close for comfort: use of the Manta that gave Black Tern its name

One early picture of the Spuds in more than a little strange. The only way Ngoma can see a structure is to count it, at whatever angle, and now he finds a series of dashes running across the Gulf port area, dead to our course. Rosenthal says, "It's like a staircase with the same dimensions on the steps." Telling why the dashes of the Spuds were interference of the Gulf, very likely these things were going the wrong way.

Rosenthal keeps to himself on this cruise, as far as that's possible on a thirty-day sojourn with three other people. He quietly palls his watch with Rosenthal and then takes his notebook typewriter, where he types up a dossier on a project he's known about for years. His new crusade gives him more to do, but it's also a chance for him to do well. For the first few days out of Mwasea he goes Mwasea tablets to work on the tail end of a rough two-week master attack. At work he spends a good deal of time checking the single-chased recorder, a device that initiates and pauses the one-second casting in front one group of hydrophones. It gives as sense of what kind of sediments the boat is seeing.

Just Usua, the Ugandan geologist, wants to talk about the Spuds with Rosenthal. He transfers to Ngoma on the third afternoon out of Mwasea, and he and Rosenthal rig up the usual test between the older model and the inferior array. Since PROBE's ends its exploration of Lake Victoria with this cruise, Usua will be expected to brief his ministry, so will present Rosenthal for the Spuds' report card.

Rosenthal says, "What you have to understand is that Victoria is just a happenstance of the geology, not a direct line off of the grid. You've got the Western Rift, the Lake Victoria and between the two you've got the big pocket of Precambrian rocks, very old, and in the middle of that is Victoria. Victoria is a big pond, a little depression in the top of that plateau. So the sediments

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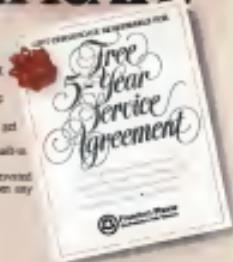
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villagers come from their huts to stand on the rock landing, watching us. They need new tools, new shelter, young men sent out to sell us fish. McCall asks them at Baobab where the fish are, and they sing the fish, they say with great certainty, are in the lake, if we could just wait.

We can't wait. We begin lipping the angler line north to the most prominent of Vipingo's four points, Etabele. This is Nyanya's final piece of waste in Victoria. We make good time to the Ugandan frontier and the next day pad up to the Sese Islands, the biggest archipelago in the lake. We shoot the line out to Kachabe pugger but to the nearest of the big islands that frame it, called Nsime, five miles south of the equator. We arrive at 10:00 in a local time and, inhaling swarms of like flies with each breath, begin to pull in the attenuated 100-foot-pieces on the rail next to the big net, which gleans with the weight of the catch. A spider the size of a red-necked robin strangles like a pistol shot. The red eye is more of a crimson which surrounds it, and the friction from the 100-foot-trail for the eel goes. McCall and Roosevelt are in the lead, Roosevelt in the last quarter mile of streamer.

Pratana refuses to let Judge Duglin an-  
al. It is a comfortable place to be

relax at night, especially out of these sheets at night, but it's worse to be sitting still. We move to the sofa again, nearer to Kame. Roosevelt says evenly over the radio, "I would just like to remind Francis that this is a Ugandan and a Kenyan mind we're drifting into here." He's thinking about the parties that work the lake around Entebbe. At 2:00 in the morning Francis pulls it together and we head east for home.

RAVAGED HUTS AT THE HEAD OF THE RAILROAD lead to the ocean port of Mombasa. That used to count for a lot in the old days, when the goods came down from the Uganda protectorate. It's an aboriginal country, but the town itself is professionally ugly. There is still much legal commerce here, most of it in the hands of crafty Indian businessmen, and, because of the town's proximity to Uganda, there's a modicum of prosperity. PRIDE goes with money, and there's a palpable air of class and the train station across the road, called Stone Street, after Uganda's ex-president.

Soon after we arrived in Kame it becomes clear that the plane enjoyed no trouble to haul to Malindi nor can come through. The Red Cross has succeeded at the moment's cargo controls to release the plane to Ethiopia and sent likely to release them the same soon. Roosevelt decides to remove the boat. He's beenloating for a while, at first only to escape his crippling dependency on demons like Francis but to enable the boat to participate in more complicated projects. On Ocean Street Nyanya will be pulled, a second engine will be added, and a few human touches, like

water, will be installed.

To celebrate the renovations, the PRIDE people elect to have dinner at the New Kikuyu Hotel. The hotel a frayed relic, tracks out at 8:00 before sunset every Thursday night. Afterward the locals take a turn around the big lobby to inspect the first Luo tribe working girls, then the custom is to have a drink at the small deck bar. In a shabby room behind the bar the largest and shabbiest of the New Kikuyu's many shabby possessions, a snooker table.

That is a dimmed, hazy field of play. The cushions have collapsed with age, and each star shows through a jagged, three-foot-long rip in the felt down one side of the table. Shining the wimped and splintered base, we begin a casual three-sided game of eight ball. Three Indians from Nairobi sit the room to claim the table for the next game. There is a pretty boy as young and high-spirited but not so brazen as the amorous changes of the room by his snooker handle. The first cue is a nervous and doubtful. All three are double. Cakes and chewing the skin of the assacos, the mineral coca-style stimulant. The older ones if we'd like to learn snooker.

Rosemond says of the right of the left, "We call it the Great Rift Valley." The honkler says, "We call it the Gutter of Kenya."

They do not want to bet. The snooker champion turns out to be not so hot, and in the second game, as we get used to the table and the rules, we are not so easy for them to beat. Then the room goes quiet and the queer staff starts. In the British style the lights, and not the table, are easily operated. Balls change position when the lights go out. Then we lose several points by breaking rules that we haven't been told about. It's the same old stuff of any horsemen game, running in a way, and after a while not snapping at all.

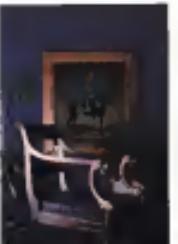
Rosemond takes the initiative to ask for it, and that stops the game for a moment while each of us thinks about which of our appetites we are going to have to dig. Then the game resumes, even greater than before. PRIDE goes with money, and there's a palpable air of class and the train station across the road, called Stone Street, after Uganda's ex-president.

The honkler handles it not haphazardly, because we start to win. He says quickly, as an aside, "American like the bottom, that is on the bottom, right?"

The snooker handle is not haphazard,

because we start to win. He says quickly, as an aside, "American like the bottom, that is on the bottom, right?"

Rosemond smiles and says, "Boats absolutely right. We like the bottom," and starts smiling. It is not a friendly smile and the Indian, being smart, is not comfortable with it. Rosemond lets him know. He's not about to explain that his mind is narrowing down to geographical knowledge, that he's really talking about rocks.



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**Starley Thompson's computer models of the earth's climate have turned weather forecasting into a long-term affair**

#### Summary & Take-home points

Starkey Thompson is working on what is probably the most complicated single problem in the world, but it has the virtue of being easy to understand. A Bayesian can appreciate what he is up against by contemplating a simple question—an updated version of the old philosophical query about whether a falling tree makes a sound if nobody hears it. Except that for Thompson and his fellow weather forecasters, the question is: What if a leaf falls in the forest and no computer is there to count it?

The falling-leaf scenario gives me the suppose that someday Stanley Thompson comes up with the Holy Grail of his profession, a perfect computer model of the earth's weather. Thompson writes into this model a set of equations precisely defining the behavior of the atmosphere—how winds blow, how heat is transferred from one area to another, how clouds form and burst—which in principle seems sustainable, because the weather is governed by relatively simple laws of physics.

Then all his supercomputer—sitting in the basement six stories below his office at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado—would focus on a global picture of the weather at a specific instant. The computer could then

John Quinn's *Irish-American* was the only one remaining when the *Irish Times* appeared at the February 1883 *Expo*.

# The Forecast Calls for Cold and Wet, with the Possible Extinction of Life as We Know It BY JOHN TIERNEY

BY JOHN  
TIERNEY



Severiano Ballesteros



As Marshall Fields



# STARLEY THOMPSON'S ALMANAC FOR THE NEXT 88,000 YEARS

2000

Safety warning throughout the world: possibly accompanied by heavy spring showers across the northern half of the United States. The winter average temperature will be at least 2 degrees Fahrenheit lower than it is today in a peak of the century. The thermometer, we hope, will not drop so much that it ends up below the minimum of the human body. To prevent heat, dress warmly and have a "greenhouse effect" that warms the place.

2040

Increasing warmth with only moderate intensity in July and August. The average temperature will be 3 degrees higher than today—approximately 60 degrees—and the average is 55 degrees. The average is 50 degrees at the equator, so very little change is expected. At 50 degrees at the equator, the temperature will be 5 degrees higher than it is today. The high temperature at 50 degrees on land days in July 2040, Washington, can expect to be 10 degrees—so the oddball Dan Morris getting five straight days of 60-degree weather—a heat wave that could even hit a career—and he'll have added 10 degrees.

The same warming trend, though, means that the 2040 winter will be milder, and that there will be a correspondingly sharp reduction in the number of freezing cold days.

2080

Very high levels. Ice levels in the ocean are 100 feet higher than it is today. As the planet continues warming, the surface waters of the oceans will also heat up several degrees. Because winter is longer at the equator, warmer water will be more abundant, and glaciers will melt much faster. Less ice will make the oceans more turbulent, so there will be more a chance to stir up the water. Less ice will make it easier to sail across the oceans, but will have catastrophic effects on coastal buildings, especially.

2100

Concerned but... The bad news: The average temperature is expected to be about 3 degrees above today's maximum, though it's not yet known exactly how much. The good news: The polar ice caps will probably melt faster, but the warmer air and water will cool the ice and perhaps some landlocked waters as a result of the greenhouse effect. While it's true that hot weather and ice could map reveal at storage to water plants, it's also true that carbon dioxide does a better job of giving off heat—and there will be lots of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

2150

Rising temperatures possibly accompanied by shrinking beaches. It is the West American Ice Sheet has started melting, a major ice sheet dumped another 10 feet of water into the world's oceans.

2200

Blown away. The cold is on the way. The average temperature will be 10 degrees above today's, though it's not yet known exactly how much. In New England and January, the Coldest. By this time, though, the degree Celsius-Fahrenheit exchanges make temperatures and temperature will probably have reached extremes of custom climate and upper greenhouse gases. Very slowly, the planet will start cooling.

2250

State out of the West Asian Ice Sheet is subsiding. A gauge of Florida and Louisiana will be underwater.

2400

Friendly over water. By this time the entire West Antarctic Ice Sheet may have melted, making the sea level exactly five feet higher than today. More than 10 percent of the continental United States, or more than 10 percent of the world, would be underwater.

Water. Not only does the ocean drown, the earth will be covered in an average temperature 2 degrees below today's.

A cold spell begins. A periodic change in the tilt of the earth's axis, accompanied by a change in the winds, will reduce the sun's will cause winter weather and polar summers. The cold result will be cooling tree branches across snow and ice covers the surface and freezing the usually. The cold spell will last for 10 thousand years. Similar cold spells will occur around 25,000 and 40,000.

Ice age. Much of the world's ice will cover whatever remains of Siberia, China, and Brazil. The cold again will be stronger than the cold of the ice age and last that long as the last ice age, every hundred thousand years.

Gradually improved summer weather can be expected in 10,000 years to 100,000.

## Plus

### \*\*\*\*\* Natural Disasters \*\*\*\*\*

It won't affect the long term climate, but every century or so a massive volcanic eruption will change the enough due to long-term changes in the climate for a couple of years. By blocking out sunlight, the volcanic dust will lower the earth's temperature by about 1 or 2 degrees.

### \*\*\*\*\* Unnatural Disasters \*\*\*\*\*

More industrialized cities could come from large nuclear wars, occurring during the very early part of the period. Short, sharp cooling episodes having anywhere from a few weeks to a few months will be a headache for agriculture, and could freeze over the northern hemisphere for months, and subsequent fires. Likewise, would be let work seriously as the radioactive byproducts of the conflict—probably the Chernobyl—but would extend globally, island areas would be chilled, the effects would be measured mitigate an overall areas by the reduction of heat in the ocean. Climate changes in various technology would have any sort of long-term "induced winter" predictions impossible.

### \*\*\*\*\* Warming Bubble: Recovery \*\*\*\*\*

During the eighty-eight thousand years since there is a little, little bubble of a few degrees above the average temperature for the earth, enough to cause significant damage. The short thaw as by the impact would allow the sun to reveal itself, warming land and agriculture. There is about a one in a thousand chance that an increased sun makes an impact—at large in the earth's climate, this time perhaps putting an end to another freezing by means.

# The Spirit of America



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**Old Grand-Dad**



calculate whether the cloud over Los Angeles is going to move over the foothills of the Rockies outside Thompson's office. It could go on indefinitely plotting the weather anywhere on the planet. It could tell Thompson exactly when will be happening outside his window thirty days from now. This would be especially convenient for Thompson, since he usually works with the blinds closed.

But now suppose that, when the computer gets started, it makes a mistake, then it's all over at once. In its otherwise perfect picture of the atmosphere, the computer doesn't pick up one piece of data left floating in the ground in Australia. Unknown to the computer, that data is visible to the human eye, reflected ever so slightly the clouds floating by. These winds then affect other winds. Within thirty days the Australian leaf will have fallen in Colorado, and the weather in the computer no longer matches the weather outside Thompson's window. He'll have to open the blinds.

For weather forecasters this is a discouraging look. Since it will never be possible to anticipate every falling leaf, every rapping of a bird's wing, the world's last-cast-into-the-abyss-and-reputable ones are reassured in the fact that they are never going to be able to make truly weather predictions a month in advance. Two or three weeks seems to be the theoretical limit.

So why does Stanley Thompson worry about the weather in the next century, or eighty-eight thousand years from now? Why, if one wayward leaf can screw up the forecast, then he's pristine in predict what will happen after a thousand nuclear warheads? And why do so many people take him seriously?

Because Thompson does in fact have a computer model—not a perfect one, of course, but a useful approximation. He can forecast the weather for a day in advance, and he has a model that any kind of war-weary human can expect next century as a result of the end of oil being burned today. He won't presume to predict the weather outside his window after a nuclear war, but he can make estimates for the Northern Hemisphere that are logical enough to impress his academic colleagues and worry the Pentagon.

What Thompson's model shows is that the dust and smoke from a nuclear war would block out enough sunlight to cause a "nuclear winter." Halfway around the world from the battlefield, the continents would frigidly force both the Pentagon and the Kremlin to reassess their strategies. Waging a nuclear war loses some of its appeal if it means you freeze to death.

Thompson, who by age 70 had built a weather station in the backyard of his Victoria, Texas, home, enrolled in Texas A&M with the intention of becoming a conventional meteorologist. At A&M he

found himself fascinated by the revolutionary opportunities in the field of climatology. Instead of merely studying historical and prognostic records of climate change, scientists suddenly had machines that were capable of numerically simulating the process. A few dozen computer racks developed specifically called climate modeling. Its intellectual centers also helped to fuel the latent in supercomputers. One of the most prominent and pleasant spots was the National Center for Atmospheric Research, funded by the National Science Foundation and run by a consortium of fifty universities. In 1972, shortly after Thompson arrived, he got a job as a research fellow. NCAR got the world's fastest computer, the Cray 1, capable of doing eight million computations a second. Next year, NCAR is expecting to get a newer Cray that does a hundred million calculations a second, and what the NCAR scientists would really like is the current champion, the Cray-2, which does five billion.

Thompson started dabbling with a global model designed to study what causes ice ages to come and go. He noticed that when the planet was warm, the land warmed very slowly, because so much of the heat was absorbed by the ocean. He timing was perfect. Scientific committees were then worrying about the buildup of carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere, a consequence of the fossil fuels burned since the start of the Industrial Revolution. The carbon dioxide was trapping heat and warming the planet. Thompson and his mentor, Stephen Schneider, wrote a few papers warning everyone to pay more attention to the oceans when predicting the next century's weather.

Then Thompson went happily back to his team and spent three years on a project of no apparent practical value. He got his Ph.D. at the University of Washington, but he had a model of the atmosphere involving about two hundred thousand variables. The computer program was over three thousand lines long and took up six hundred pages. Schneider figures there are maybe five other people in the world who have been able, working alone, to build an atmospheric model of this complexity. It was intended to study something called large-scale waves in the atmosphere, which, as Thompson says, are "fundamental but rather boring problems." Thompson himself can't remember the exact title of the thesis.

Yet it did serve some purpose. "To impress academics, you have to show your technological macha," says Schneider, who happened to be a student about a year younger than Thompson. In 1983, Carl Sagan and other scientists released, and great fanfare, a study warning that a nuclear winter would freeze the planet for several months and perhaps even eliminate the human race. But their conclusion was based on a computer model of a planet that was a smooth, uniform sphere with the same temperature everywhere.

"I knew that Carl's group would be in a lot of trouble with scientists, and at the same time I didn't want the issue to be dismissed," Schneider recalls. So he informed Thompson's aid, Tom Rice, and a colleague at NCAR, Carl Covey, wrote a program for a new model with binary numbers, hot bytes, frigid bytes, and different numbers. It took the Cray supercomputer a full thirty minutes to calculate the results, which was just the global cooling predicted by Sagan's group—just the world's temperature, he says, would drop by as much as 75 degrees Fahrenheit—was theoretically severe. But while Thompson's model predicted only global effects, it also showed there would be devastating effects concentrated in certain areas both near and far from the explosion. These, he says, "would be a 'weather roulette,' bringing freezing temperatures for long enough to kill all the crops in the subtropical areas."

So the overall result remained a nuclear war could indeed freeze the people who started it. "The credibility of this problem has come a huge measure from the work Thompson's done," says Schneider, and the Pentagon is sufficiently concerned to have started paying most of Thompson's \$36,800 salary at NCAR to be able to afford thousands of hours of programming to make the model work reliably. By now Thompson is fairly sick of the problem. He'd rather return to the straightforward theoretical questions that really intrigue him, such as why the earth didn't freeze more than three billion years ago, a time when the world's 31 percent cooler than it is now. "Theoretically, this kind of question interests me more than any practical problem like carbon dioxide and nuclear war," he says. "With the theoretical stuff, you can get relatively clean answers to clean problems."

But somebody has to worry about the mess humanity is capable of inflicting on the atmosphere, so Thompson goes on refining his nuclear winter model, aware that he faces no other dilemma. "I want to get a model good enough so that people will know how disastrous a nuclear war would be. But if we could know precisely the atmospheric effects of nuclear war, then there would be a temptation for one side to use it as a weapon." Thompson has been adding words to his model so we know what would blow up, and he knows that if he came up with a precise answer it might only tell the general where and when to fire. Yet he also knows that he's not going to get an answer. "The atmosphere is too complicated to predict exactly what will happen to one side after a nuclear war," he says, and that is the good news about falling leaf. **Q**

**Six men who work independently but together form the cutting edge in a field that gives new meaning to the word creation**

**Science & Technology**

# Beyond the Double Helix

BY DAVID NOONAN

The smallest Chlamydomonas algae shown, half the width of a human hair, is here magnified 2,000 times. For over a decade, biologist Mark Lippis has studied the tiny, single-celled, rod-shaped structure as it expands and then shrinks 0.22 millimeters (indicated above) through light microscopy to a fully grown adult.

**In the end,** it is attention to detail that makes all the difference. It's the center folder's extra turntable to the left, the salesman's memory for names, the lawyer's phone call, the statistician's calculations, the thing that distinguishes the winners from the losers, the ones who sleep less, and, very often, the living from the dead. Professional success depends on it, regardless of the field. But in biological research, attention to detail is more than just a good work ethic, more than a necessary part of the routine. In long-term, precise research, attention to detail is the very meat and the end of the science. It isn't something that's exaggerated; it is simply the way of things. Those in the field, particularly those who lead the field, are slaves to detail. They labor in subarctic mines of oil, and haul great loads of it up from the bottom of an ocean's ocean—the invisible sea of biological phenomena, upon which all living things float. Details rule over genetics in total and cruel. Months and even years of work have literally gone down the drain because of the most minor miscalculations. Indeed, perhaps the greatest discovery in the history of the discipline—the double-helix structure of DNA—might have been made by James Watson instead of James D. Watson and Francis H. C. Crick. But Watson's equations contained a single mistake in undergraduate-level chemistry, a single ignorant detail that is now part of the legend.

Each of the six scientists singled out here has made

his mark by mastering his own particular set of details. One works with worms that are barely visible to the human eye, one works with bacteria, one works with yeast cells, one works with mice, one works with sea urchins, and one works with the giant redwood.

When they are on the job, these six are deep in a subcellular realm, a place beyond microscopes where the only light to see by is the light of ideas. Getting there and succeeding there requires a rigorous application of what can only be described as scientific imagination. These men have that, and each of them has made a valuable contribution to the collective pool of biological knowledge.

Although they are spread out from one end of the country to the other, from New York and Boston to Berkeley, Berkeley, and Palo Alto, they are all part of the same small world and they are all well acquainted with one another's work. They are leading and active members of an international scientific community that demands for its life on the constant accumulation and uninterrupted dissemination of facts, theories, and, unfortunately, gossip. And in their attention to finance and estate agencies, they are like small businesses; they can research teams of a dozen or so people on yearly budgets of about half a million dollars, monitor their raise negotiations on the strength of their past achievements and the clarity of their vision of the future.

They are world-class scientists, and though their



Getting over the preceding page is not what Horvitz originally wanted. After all, he and his colleagues had to determine the effects of mutations on the development and behavior of the *Caenorhabditis elegans* nematode. The *Worm* helped him to isolate and propagate certain genes from specific mutants, enabling

him to crossbreed the functions of particular genes with specific cells and ultimately to determine the effects of mutations on the development and behavior of the *Worm*. Horvitz's nematode has become quite a useful model for genetic research, and the *Worm* helped him to do that.

specific areas of research may at first seem obscure and remote, the fundamental questions they address in their work are the least and most important man can ask. What is life? And how did it get that way?

In the thirty-two years since the discovery of the structure of DNA, genetic research has moved as fast and as far in any area of science has in this century. By the late 1960s the genetic code had been cracked, and by the late 1970s the recombinant-DNA technologies had been developed. The molecular anatomy of genes was largely understood, and the biochemical machinery that drives them was under active investigation. It was possible to isolate and identify virtually any gene and then, like it or not, cloning as many copies as the scientists desired. The gene cloning, which opened the general public, when it was introduced, was really just a preliminary step. It is now clear what happened up to is to a mechanism—*it's not in it* and

In the simplest possible terms, chromosomes are strands of DNA, and genes are sections of chromosomal sources. Genes code for the units of DNA and they are used to do specific things. But in a general and useful way, the news is that chromosomes, in each cell, is a gene. Human beings have twenty-three chromosomes pairs, and each chromosome codes in theory approximately up to fifty thousand genes. With a few exceptions

Bob Horvitz, Cambridge, Massachusetts



Photo: Alan Light/Photo Researchers

Robert Horvitz

all the chromosomes are found in every cell in the body.

In the current era of genetic research, the important work involves basic questions about gene expression and the process of development. All of the scientists in this area, he is working in these areas. They are investigating the genetic mechanisms that enable a single cell to develop into a complex organism with thousands of different kinds of cells. They want to know how genes are operated during development, when, where, and how the exact biochemical steps by which a gene is coded, say, like color in transcribing and activating blue eyes. And they want to know why, if every gene is in every cell, only the specific genes are expressed in the correct place. For instance, why don't blue-eye genes express themselves in your forehead?

In pursuit of answers to these questions, the genetic researchers have developed new systems for transferring genes from the test tube into living organisms and for observing them as they express themselves. They have made their way into the make-belt of the century, and they are famous for it. They are hard-working, but they don't think of it as work. And they are having fun, but they are definitely not playing games.

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I always ask what kind of life is it to be a scientist? Bob Horvitz asks. Not bad, one would have to say, judging from the scene taking place all around him on this fine June afternoon. Horvitz, thirty-eight, is working on a self, slogging up the Caffe Spring Harbor Laboratory on the North Shore of Long Island, New York. Just behind him the benches and the clear blue water of the ocean and fish in the distance on the blue water of the ocean. On the side, a grassy meadow, a great blue sky and there are two seagulls and others, fresh fish, driving eel-like, two lobsters, crabs, legs, shells of black, corn on the cob, strawberries, and so forth—a veritable cornucopia of American gastronomic fare. More than two hundred of the world's leading biologists have gathered for a one-week conference on developmental biology, and that is their pastime. The Caffe Spring Harbor Lab, founded in 1980, is a center of Big Science. Nobel laureates roost in one hundred especially acres like sun over. This day, James Watson himself, the director of the lab and the winner, with Crick, of a Nobel in 1962, is dishing around the grande, charting and valuing, looking sporty in a pink shirt and a white cotton cap. Hor-

mann's fisherman's packcloth luggage in 100% nylon is extremely popular. Which is understandable. We couldn't have chosen a more popular color than coffee. Or a lighter, lighter material. It's even Teflon coated to resist stains. Our vinyl liner couldn't be better. Our zippers, pockets, mice and other famous Hartmann details are faultless. So, what more could we do? Now we offer you a choice of colors. Original coffee, and our

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Boeing (now) recommends it to a soft designer. The original structure was built in the 1970s—the more-robust design—the nuclear sub. Nowhere is it more evident, it maintains, than 20 percent of the aircraft's new systems and structures, about 800 thousand parts, at California University, La Jolla, Michael A. and studies these cells in an effort to understand the molecular basis for complex tissue behaviors such as self-healing. *—Kathy Keeler*



**Richard Auri, New York, New York**



ESTATE PLANNING

rita has been coming to the famous compound for fifteen years and considers it a "breeze away from home." Everything about the place is first-rate, pictures included.

But Morison's rhetorical question about the life of a scientist doesn't have anything to do with games on sunny afternoons. He continues: "Well, since people would say it's absolutely mad, getting up very early and working until midday I often on something that would take no more hours to explain than most people would never understand. One time I met a plumber's assistant in a pub in Edinburgh, Scotland. I was having a pint of beer and talked to this guy and he said, 'What do you do?' and I said, 'I work on the brain of a worm.' Now, try to explain that to him. 'Work on the brain of a worm? Why would you want to work on the brain of a worm?'

Because if you bring it to the intelligence and enthusiasm that Rovelli brings to it. "Scientific research is more thrilling than anything you can imagine," he says, "you might. We have expand one's knowledge of the biology of development and become renowned among your peers in the process." Rovelli's work is a nice note with the pug-cracking name *Caeculusphobia* above. It is a bit like the use of a small piece of hot or dashed. His aim and desire implicitly make it an excellent subject for research into the genetics of development. "At this point we know more about this worm than about any other animal," says Rovelli. "We know every single cell in its body." Not only that, they know the exact order in which those cells develop—the cell lineage—and they have identified and analyzed a number of the genes that make the nematode what it is.

Horvitz, who earned his M.A. under Watson and his Ph.D. under Walter Gilbert, another Nobel laureate, has been involved in nematode research for more than ten years. First, as a member of a team at the Medical Research Council Laboratory of Molecular Biology in Cambridge, England, he and his colleagues used *C. elegans* to study gene regulation. The work on the genes he had received while Horvitz describes as his third phase. The first phase involved a complete description of the worm's anatomy and the working out of the cell lineage. The second phase involved the identification of specific genes. Now, in the third phase, Horvitz and his associates are genetically manipulating and biochemically isolating genes that control aspects of the nematode's development. After exposing whole worms to

chemical agents or viruses—genes, they look among the descendants for mutants—strays that are altered in shape, behavior, or development. Going on, they have “absolutely no idea what the mutations are going to be,” Harvitz explains. But because they know to look in the same way, they can analyze the mutants and their associate function of particular genes with specific cells. Among their current projects, they are studying genes involved in the nervous system’s development. “We’re looking at the genes that control certain cells, but we’re also looking at the genes that control how if they were in a different genetic development than they usually are, by comparing the mutant with normal mice,” Harvitz is learning how the consequences in the development and behavior of the animal “fit together,” says Harvitz. “We can be detecting the effects of the mutation at the level of a single cell.”

Sounds pretty good, especially with Horvat changing through it as though nothing could possibly be more interesting or important! But hey, says the man in the street, so what? Who cares about a bunch of mutant worms with blown wings? What do their diminished little bodies have to do with anything? For that matter, how does any of the primitive beasts these guys work with connect with human beings? Or is the point of it all to make life better for sea snails and pond critters?

There are two basic reasons why advanced practical research focuses on such an engineering programme. First, it isn't possible to do the work with humans. Not only do obvious moral and ethical standards prevent it, but, although it seems, it isn't even practical. For the kinds of research going on, human beings are too complicated—biologically, genetically, and developmentally. Their life-spans are too long, and they are too expensive to maintain. As dinner parties they're great, as lab animals they just don't cut it. Second, it

believed that the general principles of genetics are universal, and that has proved to be the case, so far. What is true for the genes of the animals and cellular models used in research is also true for the genes of humans. "It would have been a nice mistake," note one government. "If somebody said, 'We don't want to figure out the genetic code in humans, we want to figure it out in bacteria, because we want to study viruses.' So though it might at first appear that these people have little or no interest than they ought to be having, they are actually passing on your lost."

**Richard Axel** is sitting in his large ninth-floor office with the wall of windows and the panoramic view of the Hudson River and the George Washington Bridge. He is leaning back in his chair, prodding one nose more than in the other; the nose is infected and oozes pus. He is a doctor, but he is not a physician. He is a pathologist, and he is not going to treat this patient. He is going to do what he does best: he is going to teach. He is going to teach the art of diagnosis, the art of problem solving, the art of medicine. He is going to teach the art of medicine.

Not likely. And, thirty-nine, he landed to some heavy criticism when he graduated from the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine in 1978, culminating in his current position as professor of biochemistry and pathology at the Cambridge University College of Physicians and Surgeons. He made his reputation in genetic research when he and his colleagues came up with a technique for transferring genes from the testes into mammalian cells. Thanks to their work, researchers can now grow genes that have helped to find the genes that are linked to diseases in children and teach them to live there. This "gene transfer" technique has helped thousands of people who were weakly affected by a variety of genetic research projects.

Big as it was, Axel's gene-tracelet breakthrough is history to him now. His current work involves the study of the eye-laying behavior of the marine snail *Aplysia*. "What we have been trying to understand is the molecular basis for a simple, innate behavior," says Axel. Innate behaviors are things, like cell division, that are not learned but are inherited by all members of a species. The *Aplysia* in itself is ideal because its entire nervous system consists of only twenty thousand neurons—the human brain, by contrast, is made up of some two hundred billion neurons. That enables Axel and his team to associate the



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政治小説の歴史

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Healthcare providers using conventional laboratory tests to assess, but "he's not testing bloodwork" should let's be concerned with their tests (See Richard Holt's *Medical Diagnosis* for more information on how to interpret test results). When you, diagnose for which are these tests, and only make resources to finance, it also presents a wider range of resources to offer the potential to "prescribe" generic offerings—a resource whereby doctors can use, i.e., lower insurance can be taken (which is good), potentially saving the patient the time, cost, and effort to seek out the care of a specialist and drive. Although still in the offing, *Medical "Smart Briefs"* could provide successful techniques for managing patients.

Richard Mulligan, Cambridge, Massachusetts



Aplospor's egg-laying behavior with specific neurons. Having done this, they successfully related specific behaviors with specific neurons.

Genes work by encoding protein molecules, which, in turn, cause a cell to behave a certain way. Asel and his group have reached the point where they have identified a specific gene and know the protein it generates, and now they are actually tracing that protein through the ant's nervous system to see exactly how it is involved in the egg-laying behavior. They can relate the functions of specific proteins to specific behaviors.

Traveling along the Apollonian neural network, gathering like berries as they go, Axel and his associates clearly live in a world of their own. It is a bioluminescent world where a single gene seems as large as a ladder, and collagen the size of balloons. It is a strange world, a unicellular world, and those who live in it share a way of life as an exquisitely complex arrangement of basic biological building blocks. "Our property often seen in molecular biology," Axel writes, "is a reductionist view, the notion that very complex phenomena, for they are development or behavior, can in the end be explained by an understanding of the molecules involved in these systems." And so a beach is not merely a pile of sand, it is a pile of sand molecules.

Having hit at her once already, Axel understands the



ature of competition in the field. "It's competitive, but he's not very much of a 'suspense' writer," he says. Information feeds on other information. He feels fine to talk openly about what's going on in his book before publication has resulted and believes that others "have every right" to see his feelings whenever they like. In fact, there is an unentitled 20-page grace note, and the telephone is an important tool to readers' sense of the author's personality. At 5:00, he says, "I'm not available." Wednesday, at 5:00, and greater, he makes reports internally to a small group of colleagues about a potentially important finding he's made. At 5:00 he sometimes hangs from California looking for the details.

**Richard Mulligan** Richard Mulligan, MIT assistant professor, MacArthur Foundation "genius grant" winner, well-known genetic researcher, and enthusiastic man of the world in biology has a new project on, and there hope will improve, the life of other fellow men. "We're into beer," Mulligan says. "We're going to make real and delicious British beer here in Cambridge." They have already selected the hops, and they are now trying to raise the money. Mulligan's research on the biology of the yeast strains and the method of brewing beer. Not surprising when you consider that the rest of his time is spent doing research published in articles with titles such as "Introduction of New Genes into Malt" and "Phenylketonuria: Sterile Cells of the Mouse." If his new work is as successful as his past, the world will be a better place in less time.

for beer drinkers.

Like Axel, Malgan, thirty-one, has devised a granulometer technique. His technique enables him to get the genes he wants to study, his "genes of interest," from the test tube cultures in cultures as well as cells whole mice. Malgan's system is a highly efficient one that involves "polymerase chain reaction" and "reverse transcriptase" and "immunoprecipitation." It's been used with various human diseases to monitor genes in a wide variety of tissue, from other systems, and once in the tissue the genes are taken up by 100 percent of the cells. In addition, the genes remain stable and do what they are supposed to do.

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MARY MACCARTHY  
1906-2001 AND FRED REINHOLD

Heard first introduced in Egypt because of the phoenician and carthaginian trade. It had a strong element of both and an aggressive, bold, free-spirited, up-to-date, Greek-like character. It was the result of the mixture of all the elements of art, architecture, and writing with those of the local, that is to say, native, and could be said to be the only original, genuine, and permanent element in all the arts.

Jessica McGarity  
East Counter and 12 points

Lorraine's son, the Rev. John Umaga, 48, discussed the night he and Lorraine had sex. "I had a real bad night of sex last night, but when I got home, I got more. God sent me to Lorraine's house, and I enjoyed it." Umaga, 48, said he has sex with women he likes. "Men are like Monkees," he said. "My instrument is in the middle of being gay and heterosexual at the same time."



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PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF COOPER

Background: Tom Cech's studies of the *RNA* made during his postdoctoral fellowship resulted in one of the most startling discoveries in modern genetic research, and one that has already won him a Nobel Prize. Since 1982 and 1983, Cech has been engaged in a race to isolate RNA and DNA that can self-replicate in order to create a new, but more efficient, method to treat cancer. His latest discovery could reduce RNA's time to code for three, four, however, called

RNA 200, down to approximately 100. The therapy, known as "self-replicating RNA," makes the cancerous cells self-destruct, killing the patient's bone marrow. The therapy is currently being tested in mice, and the results are promising. The therapy is also being used to treat AIDS and other diseases. The therapy is currently being tested in mice, and the results are promising. The therapy is also being used to treat AIDS and other diseases.

micros and nanoparticles. Theoretically, the new marrow, genetically altered, is less exhausted, grows back, filling the patient's bone with healthy marrow.

Gene therapy of the type described will likely be the first direct application of genetic engineering technology to human beings. Although altered genes placed in the bone marrow will not be passed on to descendants, the person who receives gene therapy will end up with a genetic makeup different from the one he was born with. He will, in a sense, be different, and his offspring will be a changed one. The debate over the propriety of such medical treatment is sure to be long, and emotional. But when it's over, practical questions will no doubt decide the issue. If gene therapy works on humans—and there is every indication that it will—their will be used, because curing the sick is human nature. And human nature abhors a wasteful genetic disorder.

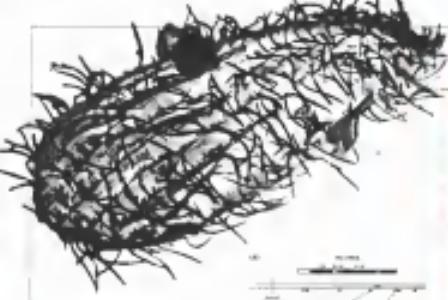
**Thomas Cech** It takes more than brains, longhours, and sharp intellect to make good science. It also takes a little luck, an open mind, and good instincts. In the course of long-term research projects like the ones these men run, subtleties and surprises pop up all the time. Targan's constantly developing, and the key is to know which obscure world personage, and not only just the scientist, recognizes a potentially fruitful avenue; he must have the courage to follow it up. What starts out as a hunch can often turn into a major discovery, a waste of time and money. At the University of Colorado, Boulder, Tom Cech and his team took that kind of risk when they decided that "something crazy was going on" as Cech put it, with the RNA they were studying. The result was the discovery of a new function—an unexpected if opened-up whole new frontier of genetic research.

Cech, thirty-seven, was working on one of the best-known viruses that take place during gene expression. The classic pattern is DNA is made into RNA, and then the RNA interacts with enzymes in the cell to make proteins, and it's the protein that determines a cell's function. That is, the DNA code is translated to the



Having created a great tool for genetic research, Malignan then put it to work. Like his colleagues, Malignan is interested in the biochemistry of gene expression. He goes inside specific cells to study the function of specific genes. In Malignan's case, the cells he studies are from the bone marrow of mice, and are called "stem cells." These are at the root of all blood cells, and can turn into them. One of the things Malignan and his team are interested in is the role genes play in the development of cancer genes normally play. So, they put those kinds of genes called "proto-oncogenes" into the stem cells of mice and watch what happens to the genes expressed.

Malignan's team is also examining the application of their gene transfer technique to the treatment of certain bone marrow diseases. This "gene therapy" is one of the most exciting and, potentially, one of the most beneficial areas of research in all of genetics, says Malignan. "So you remove some marrow, change it, take the patient and mix him with colonies, burn all the crap out of him, then give him back the



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF COOPER



Tom Cech, Boulder, Colorado

# SPIRIT OF JOY

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SAYED THE WORDS IN SPANISH. RODRIGA ALLEGEDLY TALKED TO HER IN SPANISH. SHE REPLIED IN SPANISH. SHE THEN TALKED TO HER SON, SAYING SHE WOULD CALL HIM.

THE HOME AND THE HOME OF FRIENDS.

The Golgi separator lamellae are the cell's macromolecular traffic director. Without this ordered chain would result, spreading thousands of proteins, enzymes randomly about the cell. The function of the Golgi is to modify many more proteins, sort them and deliver them to the correct cellular compartment. Exactly how the separator lamellae function is not known. By isolating the separator lamellae, Raffetson function can be studied by compounds after the Golgi's

service inter-molecules and to surround them specifically. In the set of eight very parallel lines are Gag proteins, composed of molecules which are called clathrin (names derived below). According to the literature, clathrin proteins chemically different and are not the same. But certain components in the stock, such as the metallo-*lase* (M6P), are responsible for binding the protein to specific enzymes. In this case, Gag-like conglomeration protein along with enzymes

James Rothman, Palo Alto, California



RNA and so then decided to make proteins.

Cech was looking at the RNA, in a single-celled protozoa called *Toxoplasma*, an ugly little thing about a tenth of a millimeter long, when he noticed that the RNA was acting like an enzyme. It was completely new and something completely unknown about one of the most basic units of genetics. It was like finding out that cars don't always need gasoline to run. It was so big and so strange that they naturally started some body had measured an

"But the more he looked at what was going on, the more interested Czech became. "It looked like the RNA had catalytic activity in fact," Czech says. "But we knew we'd better be very suspicious about it and get absolutely straight proof." After two years they were sure they made their announcement and Czech became famous among his peers. "We were just happy that at the end of this pathogenic there was some thing of such a great deal of interest," Czech says now.

Cech's discovery of what is called self-splicing RNA, not only opened the way for new research into the nature of RNA itself, but furnished one possible answer for a fundamental question about the origin of life. Since it was thought that RNA and DNA need protein enzymes to replicate themselves and protein enzymes cannot exist without RNA or DNA to code for them, scientists have long wondered how the old paradox had got rolling in the first place. The existence of RNA that can function as an enzyme provides a neat solution for this paradox on the ancient chicken-and-egg problem.

For Cech the discovery meant more than just a high-profile triumph. It gave his professional life a true focus. "It dragged me into an area of research that I happen to find easy to think about," Cech says. "It fits beautifully into my background." Cech considers himself "very lucky" to have found what is the perfect problem for his

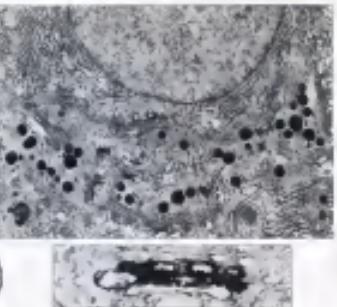
and his experience and accepts the fact that it doesn't happen more often to others in the field. "You need to do things similar to what you've done in the past," says Cough, "because that's where you're most knowledgeable. And the unwillingness of most people go through their whole career and have a productive, and sometimes even a distinguished career. But not a brilliant career, or as brilliant a career as they would have had if they had found this little note that says there is one."

The extent of Cech's achievement seems to have surprised him as much as it did everybody else in the field. "Maybe there are people who are so bright that they can be brilliant in anything you can name," Cech says. "But I think for a lot of us, we have some skills, and if we find a problem where those skills happen to be applicable, then we look brilliant." For Cech, it was a case of hard work winning out. He spotted his detail and stuck with it.

Cash works on his very small piece of property in the shadow of a very large piece of nature—the Flatirons, a jagged spire of red rock that breaks through the smooth undulations of the Rocky Mountain foothills to tower over the town of Boulder. He is well off the beaten trail, and he knows it and likes it that way. Not only does he enjoy the extreme life-style—skiing and backpacking and all the rest of it—but he believes it's the best place to get on with his work. "Good snowmen can be a source of being tapped into the pipeline and being a source of what's happening, but also of being left alone, developing your own ideas."

**James Rothman** Whatever else you might say about biologists—they aren't afraid to climb atop the ring and go a few rounds with the Big Question. Take, for instance, the lipid bilayer, an oil-and-water sandwich of phospholipids and other constituents of the cell, which, through individualized properties of the components of the bilayer, is programmed to split at the expense of energy derived from the outside to maintain the separation. "It's a remarkable phenomenon," says Rothman, "because it's a thermodynamically unstable system."

It is just about the simplest version of Johnson's definition of this thing called life. He has the elaborate versions, which he is willing and able to work on when the subject comes up. Johnson, 55, is a good, relaxed fellow who sprawls his outrageous reminiscences with a wide laugh that is just the right moment. It comes, for instance,



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Gerald Rubin, Berkeley, California



PHOTO BY KATHY KARASICK



This lead on a single fly by a student from the University of California at Berkeley in the laboratory of Gerald Rubin, Rubin, a biochemist at the University of California where he concentrates on the molecular biology of reproduction, "from the egg to the fly." He is currently following the history of genes, for example, in the life cycle of flies, a chronically flying insect.

of protein in controlling cell division. "It's a very simple system," he says, "but it's a very nice system to implement." Rubin has found that the genes important in controlling the life cycle of flies, for example, in the life cycle of flies, are chronically flying insects.

after an explosion of the biological mutations that would result in—Of course, this is all conceptual—a "mouse that would be able to live on sunlight."

Rothman, a full professor in Stanford's biochemistry department, works just down the biological hallway from the others. He is not a genetic researcher. He is a cell biologist, but his work fits naturally with the others because he is interested in a part of a cell that plays nicely with the others.

Specifically, Rothman is studying a part of the cell called the Golgi apparatus, a amazingly complex little structure that functions as a kind of warehouse-chairlift center within the cell. The Golgi apparatus receives many of the proteins made at the direction of the genes in the nucleus and then, somehow, seems to at that they are shipped to the correct place in the cell body. What Rothman has done is to come up with a technique for putting the Golgi apparatus of yeast cells, insect and mouse test tubes so that he can better study these functions.

Rothman is an enthusiastic man with a flexible mind. He is absorbed by the nuances of the Golgi apparatus, but at the same time he maintains a broad perspective. He displays a knowledge of and a real feeling for the history of his science. Biology is more than just a discipline to him; it is a way of looking at things, a way of thinking. He is, by nature, a true biologist. He is a biological world, and they don't get any bigger than that.

Rothman's wife doesn't find out about a biological world and his first year as an undergraduate, a physics major, and she says, "My father, a physicist, suggested that I try a course in biology. I responded after the first lecture that I could actually think creatively." Rothman says, "In physics, you can go through graduate school practically and not have a clear notion where the real research forefront is or be able to contribute to it. In biology you listen to one lecture and

bunch of questions come up. Even on your first exposure you can begin to figure out how to go at it. It was just a wonderful feeling, very exhilarating for me."

What Rothman has got out of biology is what good scientists get out of science—a place to stand in the world in order to see most of the world. Rothman can analyze a piece of a cell, but he has a good view of things. And what he sees is life. "If there were twenty thousand working parts in a cell and I had twenty thousand test tubes, one containing the right part, and all I could somehow put them all in the right places and then start the cell up by giving it a source of sustainable energy, it would go on for two and a half hours," he says. "I don't know where a cell would go after that. I don't know if it would be possible. It is not a necessary part. But the second goal is to understand the cell so well that you can do what you could do that, that's exactly what would happen."

**Gerald Rubin** The interesting thing about Gerald Rubin is that he looks like your average guy. He's got a friendly face and an easy smile. He's dark hair, a bit graying at the temples, and he's got a bit of a belly, but he still looks younger than his age, which is thirty-five. In his hangout pub after work, he's got a look he's got in the classic image of the middle-class American male—an uncle, brother, father, son, pal. Which is why it's strange to hear him describe his work. "We're doing exactly the kinds of experiments with fruit flies that no one thinks you should do with humans," Rubin, who spent part of his working day in the lab, says the words with just a hint of a glint in his eye, as though he knows he is shocking you and is getting a kick out of it.

Rubin, to a greater degree than any of the others featured here, is a full-fledged scientist engineer. In his work with Drosophila, a fruit fly, he's performed place in the history of genetics in the subject of much research. Rubin naturally creates new strains of living creatures that never existed before. He does this by inserting genes he has transposed into the "germ line" chromosomes of the Drosophila. Germ lines consist of the cells responsible for the reproduction of an organism [as in germination]. Genes introduced into the germ line

are passed on to subsequent generations. Cells that are not part of the germ-line are called somatic cells—bone marrow is somatic—and genes introduced into somatic cells are not passed on.

Rabin, who is the John D. MacArthur Professor of Biochemistry at the University of California at Berkeley, originally made his name in the field when he and a colleague came up with a technique for transforming "genes of interest" both the test tube and the test flask. Because his system works so well, and because, after eighty years of work, as much is known about the genetics of *Drosophila*, Rabin and others have been able to design truly groundbreaking experiments in gene engineering. "You can make any part of the technique you would like to do in your test tube and then study an organism I think none for *Drosophila*, we have there," Rabin says. "We're not going to be limited any more by technical issues; I don't think." Rabin describes the present as "a very exciting time in molecular biology" because "we can't see the next technical barrier. We'll probably get there in ten years and we'll get to the top of the hill, and we'll see it staring us in the face. That right now we are in a place where we have just that far to go a big way, and we can run for as far as we can see."

For Gerald Rubin, running here involves altering the genetic makeup of fruit flies while they are at the embryonic stage of development. His manipulations have enabled congenitally blind flies to produce sighted offspring. No question about it, it is bizarre to stand in his lab, surrounded by hundreds of tiny just-hatching five-hundred-thousandth-inches-long fruit flies, and listen to him explain the many details of his work and the many kinds of flies it is possible to make.

There is a low-grade hot desert Franklinian out to this name, and it makes you wonder where it will all lead. Is there really anything to be gained by the kind of research, or has man gotten himself mixed up in something he has no hope of ever understanding? Are concepts like Satan running around as in ages they have no right to mess around in? Is nothing sacred?

Well, the genetic integrity of fruit flies certainly isn't sacred. If you can accept that, you can probably answer the rest of these loaded questions to your own satisfaction. If you can't accept it, you may have to entertain the possibility that you are living in a world where you will never again feel completely comfortable.

As Rubin sees it, the responsibility for proper use of the genetic-engineering technologies rests with society at large, not just with the scientists who have created them. Man's tendency to abuse the knowledge he acquires, Rubin argues, doesn't mean he should stop learning. "People can fall back on each other and we can develop

anything we want with the present level of knowledge," he says. "All new knowledge can be used for both good and evil. And if all you're worrying about is the potential for doing evil and you're not going to count the potential for doing good, then you have to say that science is learning to do evil." Rubin compares it to the learning of tools because people get free tools. "It's not that we're going to use the tools for evil; we're going to use the tools, perhaps even want to live in this world." In the purpose of human existence just to live physically pleasant lives and be in the Garden of Eden? And that's it? I don't think that's true. I think there is more to it than that, and I think the accumulation of knowledge is one of the higher goals."

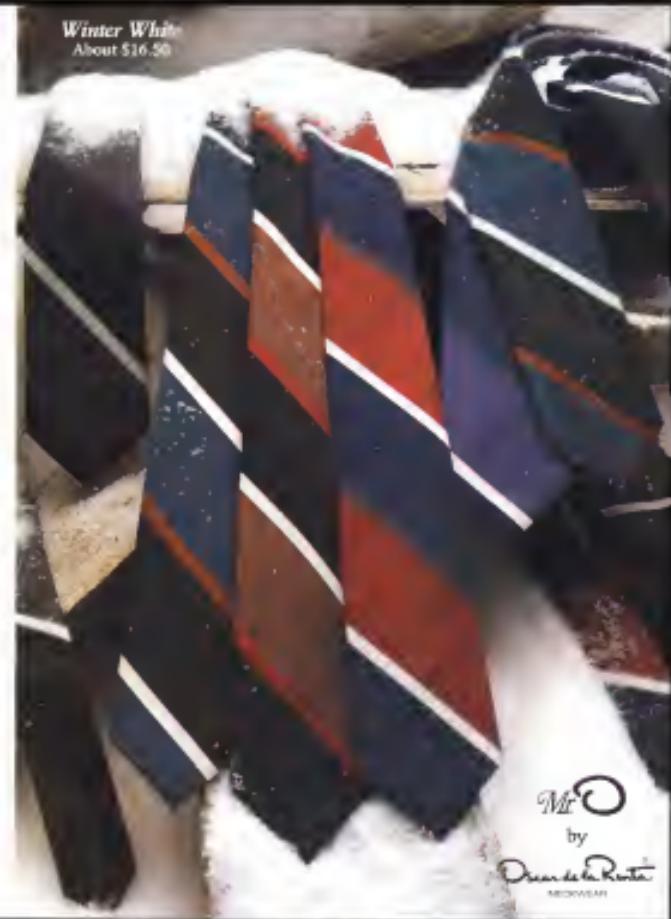
Because they were in greater  
danger, than us, contract a darkness  
more profound than that which shrouds  
other men. The mystery they have to  
solve is the biggest one of all the mysteries  
of life. Let us not let them  
down. Indeed, funded with a fairly supply  
of new facts, they start racing on, secured  
in the belief that what they are doing is  
right. The depths of the hole they are poor  
going into tends to exalt them, not to  
inhibit them. "If I thought I could gain  
what I'd be doing in fifteen years I'd probably  
stop it because it would be 'boring,'" says  
Bob. "But I'm not bored. I'm still  
going to do what I think is exciting, important  
now. And if I change my mind the day after  
that, then I'll change my mind."

What then lies ahead for them? Though they know the general direction they want their research to be in, they can never be sure where it will end up, the road being two feet. Each of them is doing things that were not possible five years ago, and in the next five years they'll be doing things that the next five years ago were not possible. And the very last thing that they can do is to let the world know what it is. That's what I think of them as a force of nature, as a gestural expression of the species' instinctive need to know where it came from and what it is. They have evolved, as it were, because of that need, and in that sense they are carried in their conviction that what they are doing is natural and proper. So they will continue to follow the trail of the unknown, the trail of the new, the trail of the very last thing that follows the last into the unknown. And they'll do it for the same reason, because that is what the very last is.

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bridged the gap  
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thinking man  
and thinking  
machine

Science & Technology

# Daniel Hillis on Artificial Intelligence

IN A CONVERTED FACTORY OVERLOOKING THE CHARLES RIVER IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, DANIEL HILLIS, TWENTYNINE, IS ENGAGED WITH SOME SIXTY COLLEAGUES IN BUILDING A THINKING MACHINE FOR A COMPANY STRAIGHTDOWNWALLS called Thinking Machines Corporation. Several firms are dedicated to exploring the frontiers of artificial intelligence (AI), but Thinking Machines is farther ahead than most; it expects to have its first commercially viable prototype model, called the Connection Machine, available within the year.

That the two-year-old company, which boasts among its associates Nobel laureate Richard Feynman and former Massachusetts Institute of Technology president Jerome Weisner, is no closer to it is highlighting human thought as a machine is due in no small part to Daniel Hillis. As an undergraduate and graduate student at MIT, Hillis fell under the spell of Marvin Minsky, the former director of the school's pioneering Artificial Intelligence Laboratory. He devoted himself to breaking what computer scientists refer to as the Von Neumann bottleneck—the separation inside the computer of the processor and the memory, which allows the computer to access only one element at a time and slows the computation process. Hillis's innovation is to decentralize architecture; he has systematically combined the processing and memory functions in a structure known as parallel processing. What should emerge from his work is

RONALD REEDSON is a writer in Boston. *Answers* appeared in the October 1984 *Review*.

WHY CAN'T A  
COMPUTER BE MORE  
LIKE A MAN?

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES MCKEE

**INSIGHTS**  
Interview by  
Randall Rothenberg



Using robotics,  
he's made an  
exact science out  
of a risky medical  
maneuver

Science & Technology

# SOLUTIONS

by John Tierney

# Yik San Kwoh Built a Better Brain Surgeon

## PROBLEM: Performing brain surgery blind.

In some operations a brain surgeon can't see what he's working on. He may have to reach a blood clot or a tumor buried five inches below the surface of the brain, yet if he loses his needle armed indiscriminately, he misses the target by just a few millimeters, well.

**THE IMPERFECT SOLUTION:** The CAT (for computerized axial tomography) scanner, which gave surgeons their first three-dimensional picture of the inside of a patient's brain, the CAT scanner could take X rays of different layers of the brain, then combine them into an overall picture appearing on a computer screen. A lesion such as a tumor or a blood clot would be visible. Yet the problem remained: How would the surgeon get to that precise spot deep in the brain? At what precise angle should he cut to reach it?

**THE NOT-IMPLEMENTED:** A plastic helmet. In the late 1970s surgeons set up a system of anatomical coordinates, much like a cartographer's longitude and latitude, to chart

the outside of the skull. A patient under the CAT scanner wore a plastic frame around the head with numbered buttons to help the surgeon project the problem area. It was still rather cumbersome to calculate the needle's path, and it took a steady, delicate touch to insert it just right. Surgeons talked about doing the operation "fire-blind"—and the main measuring word when surgeons is poking around in your brain. Yet neurosurgeons were generally satisfied with the accuracy.

**AN IRONIC PERSPECTIVE:** Yik San Kwoh, a thirty-nine-year-old electrical engineer born in Shantou, found himself in charge of CAT-scan research at Memorial Medical Center of Long Beach in southern California. He had the ironical experience of being a surgeon, and for some reason he thought of ratios. "I didn't know anything about robots, but I had seen pictures on TV. I imagined of robots working on car assembly lines. I thought, 'Why not use

them in brain surgery?'"  
**THE TYPICAL NEIGHBORHOOD'S REACTION:**  
"Doctors would look at me with strange eyes."

**KWOH'S FIRST RESEARCH:** The Yellow Pages. He found a company under Incorporated and called to discuss his proposed revolution in neurosurgery. He was told that the company's robots were primarily rented out for children's birthday parties and grand openings of hardware stores.

**KWOH'S REACTOR:** Full speed ahead, which meant to be the standard aviation in the Kwoh family when confronted with unfamiliar territory. His father, a native of Taiwan, went off in a ponycart to Shanghai, where he had neither family nor friends, and started a import-export business that eventually made him rich. The Communist revolution sent the elder Kwoh his business and sent the family fleeing to Hong Kong in 1950, when Kwoh was four years old. The son grew up and, without speaking English very well, went off to America, ending up with a Ph.D. in engineering from the University of Southern California and a job at Long Beach.

**THE FIRST REBELLION:** A borrowed robot. Kwoh's research eventually took him to the Unimation company in Danbury, Connecticut, which lent him one of its assembly-line robots.

Kwoh used the hospital to buy one, and then he converted it for surgery.

**THE IRONIC POSITION TO THE IRONIC PONY:** A patient, in this case another engineer, Steve Olson, eighty-one years old, had entered from Denmark in the 1980s with thirty-eight dollars in his pocket, which he built into a modest fortune. In 1983, Kwoh talked to him about surgery by robot. Olson already a benefactor of the hospital and an aficionado of high-tech medical gear, promptly bought the hospital a \$65,000 robot and over the next several years doctored another \$200,000 to the project.

**THE REBELLION:** In spring 1982, as an operation house to celebrate the hospital's new purchase, the twenty-nine-pound shamanic robot suddenly turned to Olson and shook his hand. Kwoh announced that the robot would be named Olo (pronounced Oh-lee) in honor of Olson's nickname.

**THE GREAT WORK:** Three years of it, working with eight neurosurgeons, building a new tip for this one and programming it so joints to work in conjunction with the CAT scanner. Late last year, as the first demonstration approached, Kwoh was working sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, up above his family's garage in a room decorated with his three old computers (two Apples, one IBM), two printers, and a terminal sitting next to the various controllers at the hospital.

**THE REBELLION:** Olo was ready this past January, but no one felt confident enough to let it loose on a brain. Kwoh provided a substitute. "It's not easy to find a watermelon in the winter, but when I decide to go for

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW HETHERINGTON



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something, I won't guarantee it. Koch pushed a BB pellet aside the saturation and put it under a CAT scanner. The pellet appeared on the screen, and Koch added exactly what a player in the Mississ. Commando video game does when he wants to shoot: he transported a track ball to move the screen's cursor directly over the target. The BB's location was then calculated by the computer, which then told the robot's arm. Koch pushed a needle on the tip of the arm into the saturation. It hit the BB.

**THE SOLDIER IN THE PROSTATE** The first patient to go under the arm was a fifty-two-year-old man with a brain lesion that was suspected of being a tumor. On April 12 this year Dr. Ronald Young inserted the absorbable, heavy patch on the CAT screen. Koch typed a command into the computer, and Ole swiveled into place. Young pushed a needle through Ole's tip and straight into the tumor, from which he withdrew a tissue sample for a biopsy. It proved to be a cancerous tumor, which was later treated with radiation.

Ole was used not merely as a sharp of a human in a twenty-two-year-old woman's brain; it turned out to be longer. Because Ole was so precise, the incision in the woman's scalp needed to be just an inch and a half long (usually this would have been three or four inches). With that small incision, general anesthesia wasn't necessary, and the woman went home less than twenty-four hours later.

Ole continues doing biopsies, but it's becoming clear that it can do more than mere biopsy: the surgeon is in the right direction. The robot seems to be heading into **THE SOLUTION TO ENIGMATIC PROBLEMS**. Ole, we'll only point to the right spot, it can also later return to that spot within two thousandths of an inch, an accuracy beyond any human hand. And Ole can return again and again without suffering any fatigue. Koch and Young think Ole could do the surgery itself—ideal for tasks involving the steadiest possible hand, such as removing a blood clot or detaching a tumor by superficially slicing a brain. Ole, of course, would be directed by a surgeon, but the surgeon could be in the next room beyond the robot or even use X rays, and that could continue working even as the CAT scanner is processing its images.

**THE FUTURE** Ole has caught the interest of doctors here and abroad. He's been approached with the suggestion, easier to share his results, and not concerned about competition. He also says he has no plans to get a patent and become the first mogul of surgical robots. He doesn't think it would be fair to the robot's inventors, who died last year. Koch, a palliative care at the time, recalls, "Ole always told me that nothing made him more happy than to help others. I don't think it would be right for me to profit when he was devoting the money for the project. Ole had a good heart. I want to keep everything that way." ■





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## COMMENTARY

by David Quammen

# The Conscience of the Young Scientist

Atomic physicists are a formidably strange lot, and no subgroup among them is more passing, or more formidable in their way, than those who design nuclear weapons. The best example of this breed was Robert Oppenheimer, sometime undergraduate poet and student of Hindu philosophy, who guided America's first A-bomb into being at the Los Alamos lab and then, not many years later, stood witness to the arrival of Communist enemies. Werner Heisenberg, another atomic physicist, was one of the great early wielders of power, but he was not a total madman within his profession. And in a somewhat lesser degree, the principle still holds today. These people, these nuclear weapons scientists, are not precisely who we think they might be.

Nuclear explorers, the physicist Freeman Dyson has written, "have a slightly more seductive pull to it than those who play with ships." Is it surprising that other scientists have identified the same thing: bomb making can be great fun? Ted Teller, who designed the most powerful hydrogen bomb ever tested, told John McPhee that "it had been a matter of considerable anguish to have to live with the irony that what he thought was the worst invention in physical history was also the most interesting." Edward Teller, the man chosen to provide for America's nuclear arsenal from 1958 to 1960, to transform weapons technology, had this to say about the strength of this motive: "Robert Oppenheimer had his word on the subject, during the advanced hearings that led to the loss of security clearance. Speaking of Teller's thermonuclear project, which many thought should never have been undertaken, he said: 'However, it is my judgment in these things that when you are doing something that is intensely sweet, you go ahead and do it, and you argue about what to do about



It only takes you have had your technical success." Teller had Oppenheimer's Axon, and I find it extremely disconcerting—and extremely scary—view of one's impact behind weapons work.

Forty years have now passed since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, thirty-five years since Teller's decision to develop the thermonuclear bomb, and that's been just enough time to bring a plague of what Teller himself now predicts will be the "third generation" weapons of the nuclear age. The first generation were those primitive fission bombs such as "Fat Man"—practically a conventional but an extremely efficient, well-fused design work done by Oppenheimer's mentors of young scientists at Los Alamos. The second-generation weapons were a thousand times more powerful. The thermonuclear devices based on Teller's original concept were fissile bombs that unleashed the energy of hydrogen fusion and could be made huge enough to assault the gods or small enough to ride on the nose of a long-distance missile. With that second generation we entered the era of ICBMs, nuclear-armed submarines, MRVs, inertial guidance, battlefield rockets, cruise missiles, "counterforce targeting," "precision first strike," "surprise strike," and the whole panoply of exotic hardware and lecherous logic that add up to our treacherous global balance of terror.

Conceived without this, the paternal third generation is either the most reassuring or our farthest way from terrifying—it depends on your point of view. The official label for the era of weapons is SDI. The letters stand for Strategic Defense Initiative. The most prominent member, of course, is Star Wars. And along with the Boeing Quammen is the author of *Nuclear Axis*, a collection of essays on science and nuclear history.

What can  
researchers at  
the Livermore  
laboratory  
learn from their  
forefathers at  
Los Alamos?

third generation of weapons concepts—the Star Wars generation—have appealed to a third generation of designers.

THE STRATEGIC DEFENSE INITIATIVE began with a speech, coming directly from Ronald Reagan's heart and perhaps in a lesser extent, from his brain. On March 23, 1983, he informed the nation that he was calling upon the scientific community in our country, those who grow or nuclear weapons, to something good: take a look at the course of modern world peace, to give the nation of underlings the nuclear weapons experience it should have.

Important? Not really. Though the work on third-generation concepts had long been under way, it was still in its early stages, groping its way from pure theory to preliminary experiments, raising some tantalizing but still highly speculative possibilities. Consequently the Star Wars speech seems to have surprised not just the public but also a number of scientific and military professionals who actually contribute advice. That speech represented a personal decision by Mr. Reagan, we are told, based on briefings he had gotten concerning the new technical possibilities. Undoubtedly the decision was a bold one, and the risks have great strategic appeal. Who wouldn't want to use nuclear weapons to defend against an invasion?

But critics have raised a variety of accusations points. Technological defense against ballistic-missile attack could never work perfectly, they say. It would necessarily leak, and a leak of just several percent has the potential to make the world well less than America desirous. The critics argue that such a system would only create false hope among the popular and false confidence among military leaders. And it could never be tested under operational conditions, they say. It would suffocate outer space. It would destroy the 1972 ABM treaty. It could not cope with cruise missiles. It would easily warn the Soviets to armor their otherwise arsenal—so as to beat the defense by "founding," overwhelming it numerically with more incoming missiles than it could possibly handle. A full SDI system would be excessively expensive, running to hundreds of billions of dollars. It would require such vast response to any apparent Soviet attack that not even the President could be consulted; the irreversible split-second decisions would all be made by computer software, and that software would be so vastly complex that the errors could never be debugged. Worst of all, say the critics, it would dangerously destabilize the present uneasy status.

How could it possibly do that? By undermining the Soviets' confidence in their own deterrent. An imperfect SDI should—impossible of stopping some warheads but not thousands of warheads all arriving at once—completely destabilize the balance of

wars. Even a perfect one, since the Soviets might view it as going the U.S. one good service for a preemptive first strike, if the whole Soviet arsenal were launched at us suddenly, an imperfect defense couldn't save us, but if we destroyed most of the Soviet missiles while they were still on the ground, then our imperfect defense could perhaps handle the rest. The Soviets would have no guarantee of security except their belief in American goodness. But why should we trust an "evil empire" to use its training dimensions?

The proponents of SDI have answers for every conceivable argument of what would really happen. And while the national debate proceeds, as also, far more quietly, does the work in the laboratories. Much of that work is being done by brilliant young physicists, an older and less formidable than the ailing Robert Oppenheimer once professed at Los Alamos. Several months ago I visited a few of them, at the Lawrence Livermore lab in California. Oppenheimer's vision was on my mind as I drove out from Oakland.

Does that vision apply to the third dimension of defense? I wondered. Does Star Wars still stir up suspicion from the military and policymakers inspired by a few shiny novelties? How much does their technical vision need for reassurance? Am I daydreaming? Here are three things for their consideration:

THE LAWRENCE LIVERMORE NATIONAL Laboratory is a complex of offices and computer centers and high-tech experimental facilities, built on a hillside overlooking Livermore, a small town in the hot valley just east of Livermore. It was founded in 1952 by Teller and a colleague named Ernest Lawrence, both of whom distrusted the self-guaranteeing ethos that Oppenheimer had left behind at Los Alamos. Teller and Lawrence believed in the need for a second—and competing—nuclear-warhead workshop. The Livermore site was chosen, passed a number of safeguards, so two projects for which the two had achieved no measure of quiet renown are good when and hopefully ingenious weapons warheads warheads. Research on fusion reactors for electrical generation is also done at the lab, as well as some theoretical and environmental work, but these are eclipsed by the primary mission: Livermore brought in the Polaris warhead. The MX warhead was designed there, too. A fellow named Steve Younger came to Livermore three years ago, at the age of thirty—*to work on an independent project*, particularly their planned experiments in defense technologies.

Younger heads a small group trying to design a nuclear-pumped X-ray laser, one of the most exotic and controversial of the new SDI possibilities. Such a device would consist of a nuclear explosive surrounded

by a cylindrical arrangement of rods, when the explosive was detonated, the rods (most likely made of bismuth) would emit a very hot beam of high-energy X rays that could be used to destroy an ICBM in flight. There are many complications with this idea, incremental problems as well as strategic and political ones. However, in the paradox of using a nuke to render makes obsolete. The X-ray laser has been much favored by SDI advocates, and it has also become something of a lightning rod for the opposition. The whole program has been under fire for years now.

"He had dinner with an aise," Younger told me. He couldn't say what the visit was—highly classified. Besides, I would never have grasped it. Instead he paused, glanced at the table, and took one logical step backward into the broader context: "The thing that characterizes nuclear-weapons design is that it requires cleverness. Many of the nuclear secrets that one might refer to are not necessarily very difficult things, but they are very clever things. The X-ray laser was a very, very clever idea." He had all this with a private smile and a gentle, ironic certainty that was not very convincing, though undoubtedly the statement was accurate.

Steve Younger is a surprisingly smart human being whose fascination with physics began in the third grade. No one in his family had gone to college, his father worked at a steel mill. As is common in Baltimore, Younger accepted the local technical vocational training in high school, took the math course, and completed calculus and microeconomics. All the way through he had a molecular-beams interest, whatever the field that is, in his parents' basement. Charles Traiman, his dad, had won a Nobel for roughly the same minor design, because his pen will. "I wanted to do things," Younger told me. After college he drifted away from electrical engineering and got a doctorate in theoretical physics, eight years at the National Bureau of Standards earned him a certain renown for his work on atomic theory. Four years ago he came out to Livermore for an interview with the device that does pure physics. Through a clandestine, he was met at the gate by the weapons people. By his own account, they treated him well. Now he joins the research of a small working unit, eleven physicists managing a beam of atomic particles with a detector in "a very delicate thing. A very noisy group. And clever."

On the day of our talk, Younger was wearing short-sleeved shirt and glasses a thick enough to make his eyes look like bright, watery, fish eyespotted by the water. He could have been cast as a computer nerd in a Spielberg movie.

I asked him if he had hooked himself Oppenheimer? Nick Boller? Enrico Fermi? They were all great men, clever men, as gaily even wise men, and they all worked



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on boards. Mr. Younger said. Actually soldiers, not scientists, had always been his ultimate heroes. The pre-teenager's admiration for intellectual growth, and on his characters, was Thomas Aquinas. "I learned from him that you never stop asking the 'dumb' questions," he said. "I was never asked for permission to do that."

"Studying the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas completely reoriented my approach to the world," Younger said. "And since that time I have found it difficult to think of anything other than academic philosophy." Younger explained that he had left grade school in deciding which path to pursue at a good school—mathematical physics or philosophy. "Theoretical physics is in a sense a very useless activity, in that the world will continue to operate whether or not one knows how it operates. Philosophy is an extremely useful subject, just that determines how happy you are with it." The tone had changed, it was no longer song. He spoke softly and carefully, as though the words truly counted. "Philosophy rests on the quality of life. It's a necessary acquisition for a better being. The sun will always whether we know it or not, how it shines or not. On the other hand, if we don't understand something, there is a serious problem." Could he imagine that the philosophical paradise philosophers would have been more peaceful? The physicist had laughed, and here he was, at Livermore.

Later, Younger's leading question, one he'd brought all the way from Montana, sat on his notebook. "Is your work fun?"

"I wouldn't say it's work," he responded, unashamedly. "Sensing an adolescent urge, he continued, unashamedly. "My job is to think of things. And it's hard to be creative if you're not having a good time. One of the things that attracted me to Livermore is that it is a group of people whose very excited about their work—having a good time, yet recognizing the tremendous importance and tremendous seriousness of what we're doing." The last phrase is like the tag phrase of SDA. He spoke fervently that the explanation may be more lenient than sympathetic—talking to both that teacher back on Long Island.

Another of the young scientists was Bucky Swingle, a particle-beam expert who was short and a pair of running shoes, who confessed to having dabbled in model rocketry in a boy, launching long-suffering model toward orbit from the sand lots at Florida. Swingle is a believer in the tag phrase of SDA. He spoke fervently that a strategic defense is a war, complicated by a gutted reduction in offensive armaments, and that the best way to defend the world's health is to encourage the scientist to work on weapons. The scientist, in weapons research, he added. "I think we should all take ownership of the decisions that we make. Otherwise, if you are truly concerned that what you do is leading toward a potential weapons system that you find distasteful, then you should not be doing that kind of work. So you should go into some sort of academic environment, or maybe sell stocks."

Tom Ritter is a West Point graduate from a working-class family in Brooklyn. A friendly and straightforward man, he talked with more enthusiasm about what he does as a science teacher than about any high-piled experiment he has ever conducted, but he explained that he would feel like a hypocrite if he didn't put his skills at

the service of national defense. Asked about the limits of a scientist's responsibility for the use or misuse of his inventions, this former Army man stopped to think, then said: "The answer to your question is simple: it's up to the American people. Manufacturing plants that you can't easily do defense work, make other things. You have to be perfectly aware of what you're doing. And doing is your responsibility."

All of these men, along with some others, have a few things in common. Each was sent out to be an engineer, switched to physics for its inherent intellectual beauty, and then followed a winding circular course back to the realm of application. Each uses subtleties to the logic—the importance but also the necessity, in their view—of maintaining a strong American defense. Each can say that the SDA might not produce a useful defense but that the possibilities must certainly be looked into. Each uses of research options, not to promote weapons—but the public will finally make the decision about what may or may not be built. The process is slow, speculative, with no guarantee of success. Putting too much money into the SDA effort too soon, risking the quickly won research results to the expense of deployment, is liable to do the national security more harm than good. One American scientist had said, in an unguarded moment: "Everything is wonderful, it's going fine, until the President made that disastrous speech."

United States Younger believes that there is an inevitable link between research to technological development. Is it inevitable that any weapon that can be built will be built? As an optimist, he said to Compton, supporting his view include the one-hundred-day war between Israel and the hypothetical Doomsday Machine that, along with his colleagues, Ritter distinguished between researching the systems and manufacturing the actual hardware. Research, he believes, is not the only way of stopping it—not by law, not by moral thinking, not by negotiation. Why not? Because reconnaissance is a secret, and no one is accountable, and because human beings are inevitable. "That's what the technology is here," he said. "We have to know. We have to know what there is."

"Do we?" In a question that sounded well-phrased based on the third dimension of the nuclear age, with all its new risks, its new hopes, its new and uncertain possibilities. Is it conceivable that human beings might be clever first and wise only later? Is it off the record to say something that is obviously true, you go ahead and do it, and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your rhetorical success? I wish that Robert Oppenheimer and Steve Younger were mistakes, and I suspect that they aren't. ♦





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# Politics & Law

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## THE 1985 Register

### HONOREES



Peggy Noonan:  
I visited a 100-year-old  
woman with breast cancer  
and gave interviews to  
Letters Home Journal

- Ruben Bonilla Jr.** Political clout for Hispanics
- Robert Bowman** Michigan's financial whiz kid
- Ray Reynolds Graves** Cleaning up a Detroit court
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## HONOREES Politics & Law

### Ruben Bonilla Jr.

Civil rights leader  
Corpus Christi, Texas  
Born April 7, 1946



As a well-spoken, conservatively turned-out lawyer with a degree from the University of Texas, Ruben Bonilla Jr. might have settled into an established firm, one of the more secure harbors the safety Mexican Americans. Instead, he has chosen to fight fire with fire, openly opposing that kind of complacency and inaction as a leader of the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC). Bonilla's conservative bent that nearly

stifled the Hispanic-power movement in the early 1960s, Bonilla has turned the once-LULAC into a politically potent force. As the organization's first president and current general counsel, he has fought for voter registration rights, improved medical care for indigent Hispanics, and better police-community relations. Bonilla has also managed to put his movement on the political mainstream by serving as an adviser to Hispanic offices to President Carter, and more recently to Texas governor Mark White. In his private law practice, Bonilla specializes in personal-injury cases, a field that, according to Bonilla, "allows me to continue to fight for Hispanic issues such as workers' compensation, improved working conditions, and better medical care." His chief concern these days, though, is education—something, Bonilla says, that "needs special attention because of the cutbacks in federal loans and grants." Right now, he's working with the private sector to kilogroup, a group to large corporations to make General Motors and General Foods, among others, emerge as the next great hubs of consumers, and that is a sign of goodwill, they, the corporations, might want to grow something back. "Showing the power of Hispanics is the marketplace, I find, is an argument that works very well."

### Moving Hispanics into the political mainstream

### Ray Reynolds Graves

Federal bankruptcy judge  
Detroit, Michigan  
Born January 10, 1946



When Judge Ray Reynolds Graves ascended to the bench, Detroit's U.S. Bankruptcy Court was as notorious as the corporations that had permitted it to get into the reorganizing company's quality and respectability, politics had its claws at the dockets for years while lawyers, says Graves, "were charging big money and treating that as an insult." One lawyer was even convicted of rigging the system so that he'd often argue cases before his friend, Judge Harry Hackett. When Hackett, who is black, resigned in the wake of the scandal, Graves' appointment was a palpable leveling among some whites that blacks were neither trustworthy nor sophisticated enough to handle bankruptcy matters. That notion was quickly dispelled, however, when Graves was appointed to the bench. He began plowing through the backlog, which included the complex DuPont/Mater Corporation reorganization. He has also discredited many attorneys who felt they were "just looking up to him," he says, "and he has exposed in detail his grading scheme." Today, Detroit's federal bankruptcy court is

### A judge of character, he cleaned up the U.S. Bankruptcy Court in Detroit



recognized as one of the most efficient in the country. "We matured, confidence," Graves says matter-of-factly.

### Marilyn Greene

Private detective  
Schenectady, New York  
Born September 15, 1949



She is arguably the nation's leading finder of lost children, that notwithstanding thirty-six year-old mother of two. But it is not maternalism that motivates Marilyn Greene, a private investigator who has closed more than two hundred missing-children cases so far. There is little time for nurturing in her grueling and at times grimly business. "Sometimes people come in here pouring out a sad story about a broken home that led to an abduction,

and I just have to get up in the middle of it and walk out and they can stay on the subject, but I'm not here to listen to stories, I'm here to find missing persons."

Greene began her career nineteen years ago, when she joined a wilderness-rescue group that patrolled the Adirondacks. Since then she has worked on a broad range of personal abductions, missing abductions, snatches, and runaways. After more than three hundred searches for missing children and adults, Greene claims to have only one unsolved case. "I'm extremely thorough," she says. "I make very few errors, so I don't run into

many dead ends." Greene is also one of the few people who have handled enough searches to discern broad patterns of behavior in missing people. She has discovered that children usually travel downhill when they run away, and depressed people head for a higher elevation and tend to stay within a quarter mile of home. "When you apply that knowledge," she says, "you sometimes break cases so quickly that people think you're a psychic. For instance, I took the case of a twenty-year-old college student who had been missing eight months. I found her, a mile-and-a-half from her house. It took about twenty minutes."

### A one-woman posse hunting down missing children

**Carol Hodne**

Rural community organizer  
Ames, Iowa  
Born June 6, 1953



Hodne is executive director of the North American Farm Alliance, a coalition of more than fifty farmer, labor, church, and community groups working, as she puts it, "to develop and promote progressive solutions to the serious problems facing our

**Ira Kurban**

Lawyer  
Miami, Florida  
Born May 9, 1949



The signs on the Statue of Liberty may now say: *WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS, NOT FOES*. The United States government, however, was saying something quite different to Hodne when, until Ira Kurban and a few other Miami lawyers took up their cause. The thirty-one-year-old Kurban, who was representing Hodne in 1977, after he noticed they were being singled out by the Immigration and Naturalization Service be-

**Michael McClary**

Detective  
Las Vegas, Nevada  
Born December 27, 1957



One can acting by himself can hardly expect to make a dent in the international drug trade, but detective Michael McClary did much more than that—from, of all places, Las Vegas. McClary was covering the local bar on the narcotics squad, when he noticed that the quality of the heroin he was handling had suddenly, and dramatically, changed. Instead of the usual Mexican heroin, "he says, "we were getting Chinese white," a dispre-

**Family-farm agriculture system?**

If that sounds like a glamorous alternative to working the soil, it isn't. While she does, in fact, deal with complex legislation relating to the farm Credit System and the Farm Policy Reform Act of 1985, dealing, too, with the long-term consequences for new laws, Hodne has also spent months at a stretch in the NAPFA offices, looking over, editing, researching, and writing position papers. But the organization's "problem" keeps her going. With prices down and expenses up, a painful chapter hangs over the rural American fields. "When I get depressed sometimes, thinking about the heavy debt

load my family's farm is carrying," Hodne says. "When that happens, the only thing to do is go back to work—dig in and do some organizing." Hodne has helped instigate a national hot line for farmers seeking legal assistance, and organized programs aimed at educating farmers about the credit crisis and at helping them deal more effectively with lenders. "A lot of farmers are afraid that if they complain publicly and tell their names in the paper, lenders will retaliate by calling in their loans or refusing to offer them revolving money," she says. "It's my job to let them know that they can fight back by getting organized and standing in there together."

**An immigrant's soul lighting  
for immigrants' rights**

comes, he says, of their color and lack of physical clout. In order to stop the INS's denial of their exclusion hearings, work permits, and access to information that might support the Status Quo people's case for political asylum, he began filing (without charge) a series of class-action suits on their behalf—and it was round about that time when the INS stepped up its repressive campaign. In 1978, Kurban, himself the son of Jewish immigrants, bought back all the documents the INS had seized, government efforts to cover his tracks.

In fact, an appellate court could a 1980 decision that established the constitutional right of any alien to apply the unconsti-

tutional law that was the most largely charged. Kurban established in a federal district court that the Immigration Policy discriminated against a particular group of aliens and that, moreover, it had been implemented illegally, without complying with federal rules for public notice and comment. The suit resulted in the lifting of some two thousand deportations. In the three years since Kurban's second victory, the INS has suffered a series of setbacks. In June, however, the Supreme Court handed down a ruling that supported Kurban's contention that the agency could not use race or national origin as criteria for discriminating about

**Busting the drug trade  
at its source**

and pure product from the so-called Golden Triangle of Burma, Laos, and Thailand. From a secret informer, McClary obtained a phone number for an important contact in Thailand. "No local American police force had ever done anything like that operation," McClary says. "And no one knew exactly what we'd happen."

Things moved quickly for McClary in Thailand. He was closely scrutinized by the heroin wholesalers, but he stayed calm while the leaders of the operation asked about various American dealers. After the deal was finally made, his henchmen escaped to and made the arrests. All were eventually convicted, with the ringleader

put away for life. Just as important, the effects of the bust were felt in far away as Paris, London—and Las Vegas, where the street junk is once again just that.



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**Dave Okimoto**

Social worker  
Seattle, Washington  
Born December 15, 1949



On the whole, growing up in Washington State was a pleasant experience for Dave Okimoto, but by the time he got to college in the late Sixties, the days of American student anti-war protests, with Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand now by far and nameless Third World countries taking legions of Asians and Pacific Islanders were pouring into the Seattle area. There just weren't services for these

**Easing the transition from East to West for Seattle's directionless refugees**

people," Okimoto says, "so I got involved. When it's right in your backyard you see the problem. You get people together and you organize." Others abrogated and went on with their lives; Okimoto became a volunteer in a fledgling organization called the Asian Counseling and Referral Service, working as a caseworker while earning his M.S.W. from Washington State University. Today he is the new director of Seattle's Department of Human Services.

After ten years as the executive director of the privately funded, nonprofit ACRES, Okimoto has built up to the peak of the new network of services he helped create: food

and clothing banks, an emergency shelter program, a latrine that serves hot meals to the elderly, job-training courses, and a project to steady Asian adults suffering from mild mental retardation. From the start, in fact, the focus of the ACRES has been to provide mental health services for problems ranging from the emotional distress associated with unemployment to misconduct behavior. Drawing on Seattle's transient Asian community, Okimoto has built new careers by matching them with psychologists, counselors, social workers, and psychiatric nurses who speak in appropriate ethnic languages, including Tagalog, Ilocano, and Hmong.

**Frank Swain**

Government counsel  
Washington, D.C.  
Born January 4, 1951



There's nothing small about small business—that's the first thing Frank Swain wants you to understand. As the chief counsel for advocacy for the small business administration, the tenacious thirty-four-year-old attorney may often sound people that he speaks for a sector of the economy that accounts for 40 percent of the gross national product, and that's a lot of new jobs. Even though the SBA is a pro-

small agency, Swain spends most of his time battling with his fellow government workers. "We are constantly to indicate government intervention and bureaucracy, and sometimes out the overhanding regulation," he says.

Since being appointed by President Reagan, Swain has clashed with the Justice Department, publicly opposing its antitrust chief's drive to merge large firms to set minimum prices, has convinced the Labor Department to reduce paper-work requirements and make hiring procedures easier for businesses that hire disabled, and was instrumental in getting the Internal Revenue Service to shake a pro-

posal that would have made it difficult for his constituents to get small seed money loans from relatives and friends. Because he understands that it is often counterproductive to embarrass a bureaucrat publicly, most of his "advocacy" is done behind the scenes. "It's not my style to get up and make a speech," he says. "I'd rather give them advice and work with them." And what happens when the Pentagon comes along that he's sounding to labor tradition of buying 6000 bombers from companies that don't? That's where Swain says, "In my neighborhood, we're not set by Congress to implement the interests of small business within the bureaucracy."

**Wrestling with arms control****Nelson Strobe Talbott**  
Diplomatic correspondent  
Washington, D.C.  
Born April 25, 1946

Strobe Talbott is one of America's leading authorities on the subject of East-West relations, but he must confess most of his work to the quiet hours between 3:00 A.M. and 10:00 A.M., before he goes off to work in *Time* magazine's Washington bureau. Even now, though, Talbott has come closer to understanding the territory than some who spend all their waking hours studying it. Few experts can match the

mental discipline he brings to the subtle and highly complex subject of the arms race. Even fewer can suggest viable strategies for the future—something Talbott did in his most recent book, *Destry Grows Up*. The Reagan Administration and the Struggle in Nuclear Arms Control. In fact, it is widely believed that his recommendations in that book contributed to the Reagan administration's profound revision of its arms-negotiation tactics.

Talbott also has particular expertise in late-twentieth and early-twenty-first-century Russian poetry. From the poems he draws a sense of Soviet passions and ambitions that informs and distinguishes his



other books, *Russia and the Russian Avantgarde: The Inside Story of SALT II*, and his widely praised translations of Khlebnikov's memoirs.

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Politics & Life



BY RON  
ROSENBAUM

# Who Puts the Words in the President's Mouth?

Peggy Noonan is telling me the story of the time the White House security detail took her to the dangerous front.

We're in her first-floor office overlooking (you cringe your neck a bit) the White House Rose Garden, and she's telling me the dangerous front story by way of explaining a certain incongruity in her otherwise conventional office: a crude, homemade hand-lettered protest sign taped to the wall.

Except for its wording, the sign looks like it could have come directly from a militant street demo of the Sixties. It might well have been the kind of sign Peggy Noonan carried when she was an amateur protestor. But the cheap plywood and cardboard protest signs look rather out of place where it is now, in the office of a speechwriter for Ronald Reagan.

She picks it up at a demonstration, Noonan tells me, but it's not a protest of the Sixties. It was from protest staged just a few months ago in Washington by Nativist groups, the anti-Semites

gambols fighters the White House has strenuously supported. Not just supported—championed.

Speechwriter Peggy Noonan is the author of some of the most characteristically colorful and controversial phrases Ronald Reagan has uttered in the last two years—but none more controversial than the now famous words she provided for the President to praise the congress with: "They are the moral equal of our Founding Fathers."

So when Noonan stepped by the protest demo on her way to the White House that morning and one of the "Founding Fathers" among the demonstrators offered her the no-thwart compromise sign, she stopped it cheerfully and headed off to work.

The trouble was, when she reached the gates of the White House compound, the guard didn't recognize her as the portly, benign-faced star of Ronald Reagan's speechwriting team. He was attractive but very serious-looking young women matching up to his job carrying a crude protest sign.

A dangerous hand, determined to make some kind of public display made the White House. Sure, she was wearing a



With her provocative speeches, Noonan has emerged as a crusader for the Right.



The brightest star on Reagan's speechwriting team, Nozeman is, like her boss, a true believer.

White House staff ID, but he wasn't going to let her by and he found out just who this sign-carrying moron was.

An analyst is it Peggy Noonan? In some ways, in a larger sense, the White House security guard a customer might have been so target. Peggy Noonan is a fanatic of sorts. A fanatic client. Whether she's diagnosis or courageous or both is something you'll have to judge for yourself. But even within the upper level of the Reagan White House she's respected as a kind of La Pantomima of the up-and-coming staff. "She's a come-up," says one. "She's been around."

For example, the incoming White House communications director, who is not Waggoner, Bachman, who has no small reputation himself as a hard-hitting, hard-line type, speaks admiringly of the way Nixon has fought for tough, uncompromising standards of speechwriting. In the George White House, he explains, the speechwriting process is part of the policy-making process. A speechwriter will do a draft of something for the President, that draft in turn "staled out"—circulated to the policy-makers and

Calvert departments concerned, which then proceed to change the words and phrasing to fit their versions of what the policy should be. According to Buchanan, the rise Noose speech drills have been so strong they've touched off bitter policy

"How is she *concerned*?" I ask again.

"I'll tell you how. She's been the author of a number of drifts of presidential statements that have had a notable share of the foreign policy bureaucracy up in arms, and they stood up and fought for them. And they were terrible speeches," he says. "The end product, after it had been in the press," he says, referring to the foreign-policy bureaucracy, "was less than half the quality of her originals."

Even so, many of her originalities have faded through untouched, because Ronald Reagan likes the way Nixon makes him sound. The thirty-four-year-old speechwriter and the seventy-four-year-old President are on the same wavelength; there's

that true believers, and Nixon has done  
the death for some of the President's more  
anti-believing speeches. She did the  
"black prayer-holiday" speech at the '84  
convention, the one that attacked opponents  
of state-sponsored school prayer in  
the legislature. She did the rock-and-  
roll speech on "baseball" which for the 1984-Rec-  
onvention caused the most controversy.  
She did the speech at the National Con-  
servative Political Action Conference  
which is beginning for us vision of the next  
ten years of the Reagan Revolution but is  
especially renowned for line about the  
mystics, a line *The New Yorker* singled out  
for which nothing is as that "baseball  
sweat into the nation's bloodstream."

Within the Reagan administration, Conner's outspoken internal memos have drawn as much attention as her speech trials. During the Beirut hostage crisis, she told me, she became so dissatisfied with the failure of the administration to take some direct action against terrorism that she fired off a memo to everybody what she called her *hunked-down* theory—that

In the 1890's  
folks who lived outdoors  
depended on Woolrich.



In the 1980's they still do.



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an intense, violent revolutionary act, even if not necessarily violent, was better than no response at all. The memo goes on: "The eyes of the world, and of God, are on us, who have to prove, later, 'I did my work, but I don't like her cause.'"

They could forever remain anonymous, in which she claimed at what she thought were newly-voiced increments of the National Security Council and the State Department, was so sharply written and full of plumb and dross about the future of the West that it came to be known within the White House as *Directive 10*.

Yet it must be said that there's another side to her work. Her adroit evolution of JFK's presidency in the speech President Reagan delivered at the fundraiser for the John F. Kennedy Library brought tears to the eyes of the Camelot contingent, an appreciative response from The Washington Post, and heartfelt notice from Senator Ted Kennedy. Her debt-bag speech itself, the one she did for the President's commemoration of the Kennedy hearings last year, was an emotional manner that knocked out everyone who heard it, left and right. That's added to her that post-audience and loves the presence of You and the institutional rhythm of Stephen Vaisey, Boston.

Anthony's side of her will still speak in the language of the war proletarian she once was. It comes out when she tells us about a man she had it a big George Washington dinner party with some little-squeaky Jews—men who profit off trade with the Soviet Union. "Those fat capitalists," she tells them. "They deserve the fat karma laid in store when he used the capitalists will sell us the rope with which we hang them."

When I first sat down to dinner with Nozick, I thought I might be dealing with the ultimate *Die Hard* character. In 1988 she went from helping to write Dan Rather's radio commentaries to ghost-writing speeches for Ronald Reagan. It sounded strangely opportune to me.

Speech Delivered at Foundation for the  
John F. Kennedy Library, June 24, 1988

And when he died, when that comet disappeared over the continent, a whole nation grieved and would not forget. A tribe in New York put up a sign on the door: CLOSED BECAUSE OF A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. That sadness was not confined to us. "They cried the rain down that night," said a journalist in Europe. They put his picture up in bars in Brazil and tents in the Congo, in offices in Dublin and Warsaw. That was some of what he did for his country, for when they honored him they were honoring someone essentially—quintessentially—completely American. When they honored John Kennedy, they honored the nation whose virtues, genius, and contradictions he so fully reflected.

But I was wrong about that. Although I grew with her politically (and we've spent hours fruitlessly trying to convert each other on the issues of Central America and the environment), I've come to believe her about the Kennedy assassination.

The first evening we sat and began to explore in the fire how it was she who had led him from a practical but full of calls to revolutionaries to a White House full of Reagan revolutionaries.

"I was part of the whole scene," she says of her postdays at New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University. "That long blonde hair and winter glasses and bell-bottom jeans and a tight-living start that had flowers in it," she recalls wistfully.

But something about the protest scene caused her to rebel against the rebellion.

"I remember being at a bar at Fairleigh Dickinson surrounded by all the anti-war kids, and I realized they were just upper-middle-class posers cut for a good time."

Nozick herself came from a working-class Irish-Catholic family that was always struggling to make ends meet without going on welfare. Something about these posers turned her off to protest music.

"I realized it that these upper-middle-class kids, who were more than any previous generation enjoying the benefits of American life, the fruits of freedom, the fruits of capitalism—I didn't get a notion that these kids loved America. I didn't sense any effort about Vietnam, any sense we might have had good intentions. It was just, 'Tear it down.' There was no practical, little questioning. We were all conformist."

It was on that bus down to a demonstration in Washington that she "started lurching away from those guys, and when you lurch away from those guys you probably lurch to something else. I liked Liberalism for a while. I voted for the Liberal candidate for President in 1968," she says. "I thought they were great because

they hate racists, and I don't like racists, either. I remember lurching for the first time, 'That which is not explicitly forbidden is explicitly allowed.' And I liked that."

One time I liked about Nozick is that her liberal attitude of rules in all areas and well. At one point she was using an icon of the freedom of speech in the East Wing of the White House. We wandered into one of the presidential conference rooms that was still in use that day—the President was still recovering from his colon operation, and the area was sealed off so he could have the peace and quiet he needed. Still, we weren't making much noise, and there was Nozick's favorite portrait of Teddy Roosevelt just around the corner, and there was no one around to tell us to leave, and anything that is not explicitly forbidden is permitted.

Suddenly an armed guard appeared, looking like he was hired for his job. He inspected our passes, approached Nozick for the trespass, and hustled us out.

"We were shot," Nozick said, wincing at me as we made our exit.

Her political thinking has evolved from the most uncompromising of Liberalism to the more moderate side of the debate, though within the conservative movement itself.

"My interest in the Libertarians," she says, "I became more conservative on some social issues, and that does involve a certain amount of rule making and legislation. It involves an agreement in a movement on what is good behavior and what is bad behavior, and of course Liberalism would have nothing of that. Libertarianism just goof the charts when the conservatives get together."

Now, in fact, she gets into arguments with her boyfriend over the libertarians and moral-behavior factions of the movement.

"I go out with a guy who came to conservatism through libertarians," she tells me. "He's got this real love of free-

Delivered at Conservative Political Action Conference, March 1, 1985

I've spoken recently of the freedom fighters of Nicaragua. You know the truth about them. You know who they're fighting and why. They are the moral equal of our Founding Fathers, and the brave men and women of the French Resistance. We cannot turn away from them, fee the struggle here [Applause]—the struggle here is not right versus left, it is right versus wrong.

# THE CASE OF THE HOLIDAY HOAX



"Bob, humbug!" I cried unseasonably as I surveyed the punishing presents clutched round my tree. "Is not the spirit behind the gifts that mystifying me," I mused, "the haunting question is the spirit in them?"



Then the horror of it struck me. "If my friends were not at fault, had the ancient copper stills worn out? Had Scarab Nostradamus seized Balfurian? Who then to make Glenfiddich to be had?"



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PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY STONE

Her words can be slashing and harshish, but Peggy Noonan can also rise to poetic and mystical heights.

down. And that's a very libertarian thing and there are things about it I like. The Libertarians have marvelous striking logic on their side. But for me the moral compass like one of those compasses where logic almost seems off the point."

Part of that comes from her religious faith.

"For a while I wanted to be a nun," she tells me. "I went through a fair amount of anguish when I was seventeen or eighteen. I literally thought a lot about being a nun, but I think I was very much influenced by an actress, a beautiful blonde actress who had become a nun."

"What actress?"

"Julie Haydon. Do you remember? She played the good girl in *Where the Boys Are*. She got the opposite. George Hamilton fell in love with her, and he was such a jerk. He never even took no. So I remember being appalled by that. I wanted to be a beautiful nun with blonde hair and give interviews to *Looker*! *House Journal!*! Actually I didn't want to be a nun, I just wanted to be

adored."

"You wanted to be adored for your virtue?"

"That's right."

"And do you think of what people do now working for the Reagan White House, at fighting on the side of the angels?"

"Sure as an asshole if you see 'em. You know," she says, replying my question.

"Once you say that, you sound like an asshole, when you describe yourself as being on the side of the angels. Well, I think I'm on the side that is fighting my serious, responsible way for good things, for things that will benefit mankind, not for easier for her to live a decent life on earth and be a decent person—you know like that."

Not only does she believe she's fighting on the side of the angels, she believes she's fighting against the devil. During another dinner we got into a discussion of the source of evil in the world, and Noonan told me she believed in the literal existence of the devil. And that the devil might well

be behind the machinations of communism. Evil.邪恶。

Noonan has a healthy respect for these machinations. Over dinner at Washington's posh Jockey Club Restaurant she confided that she wouldn't be at all surprised if one of her own White House co-workers was a "mole" planted by the Soviet Union. "Sometimes I play a kind of aside-of-the-mouth game," she told me. "Where I pick a person I pass in the hallway and wonder, What if it's her?"

The lady, like many of the bright young lights of the Reagan administration, is still thinking about the future and who will assume leadership of the Revolution in 1988.

What's up for grabs in the '88 election is the baby-boomer generation, Noonan says. "I think it's 45 percent of the electorate by '88. That's huge. They go for economic growth and their interests are very much in line with us. So I think that whole traditional-values thing could really catch on. It's going to be a great light within the Republican party, and I notice a

classic bottle. I'll have to do with the heart and soul of the Republican party."

"And where do you live up?" I ask.

"I personally think it will be better electronically, it will be cheaper, it will help party development if we just put the traditional-values staff on hold for a while. That'll help the party survive."

She pauses and pauses. "Also I think that it's dangerous still like traditional values, maybe it should survive. I go back and forth, and the bottom line is I'm ambivalent, and I think should be free to live against it. And I am for a least moment of potentially voluntary prayer in the schools. And I want the Republican party to return its emphasis on these things. It's not an emphasis that's been a recognizable and that sort of the hub of the party. So I know it's best electronically until I know it's being a strong, but it's how I feel—that these principles are a good thing and it's worth living a few years over it."

"Who do you see as the candidate of each tendency?"

Jack Kemp is a terrible free-enterprise, cutthroat growth entrepreneurial sort of candidate. But I don't hear him talking about—I'm not saying he plays down the social-issue stuff, but I never hear him talk about it. I'm not if it doesn't count. George Bush talks more about the social-issue stuff, but as his own candidacy evolves then I think we'll see the policies will have

a lot to do with it. They understand their demographics and they understand their baby-boomers."

So she doesn't trust George Bush on social issues, and she believes Jesse Helms is not, and she believes Jesse Helms is not Democratic. I mean she mentions Helms favorably as a lesser-known Republican senator from Colorado. "Bill Armstrong would be more of a social issue guy."

**MISCHIEVOUS MODERATES ARE NEVER** too good in spectacles. "Pit Illustration is taking one, because they don't believe deeply, they don't have the passion and intensity that comes through in the prose. If you look at the Kennedy administration, the spectacles are much more dramatic. I think Jack Kennedy was. Spectacles are always much more uncompromising in terms of their beliefs and beliefs then, and the compromised, limousine people, who have to deal in the world of compromise."

But Peggy Noonan, she says, brings something more than the temperamental disposition of somebody types to ideological party. She's demonstrated a willingness to fight it out.

Back in Noonan's office I interrupt her work on a forthcoming speech to ask her specifically what that means mean when she called her courageous.

"He's probably referring to the Bush next of Noonan forces," she says, and she proceeds to tell me the story of her biggest battle over a speech.

"There was one moment when I took an audience big people avoiding very best. And I said, 'I'm not'

She was told me exactly which speech the battle was over, but by passing together some things she said with some things I got from Buchanan and other sources, I think I can make an educated guess. It was the President's speech to the European Parliament at Strasbourg, France, the year

"I wanted to do a great, embossing speech," she says of her original draft. "The kind of speech a great man would give at a important time for the West. I wanted it to be brilliant and loving and trashed. Could be a longing of way. And it is true that the combative forces of the Establishment, for various reasons, would not like that to happen. And it was thrown out against them."

I think the Strasbourg speech Noonan wrote of the President's speech would have been a ringing Churchillian reworking of the maligned speech of defiance. A confirmation of the Soviet Union still living it is free, Solidarnosc, and the Eastern European satellites, and Afghanistan. And probably challenging it to embrace Star Wars as a way of

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freeing remained from the arms race. It would have let Reagan be Reagan" and turned loose his true feelings about the Evil Empire.

All of which apparently drove the administration at State and the National Security Council up the wall. And down on Nunn.

"They lived up and they fell on me," she says.

But she didn't take it lying down. "It was supposed to come, do you know what I mean? And I didn't come. I said, 'I am standing and I stand only standing,' and I was telling. I thought I had to get them to understand, that I called some feathers, all right."

Was she making her job?

"I knew I was maybe endangering myself, but I didn't think I was going to be fired. I was fighting within the rules and in a due way, as they couldn't care less about making a legitimate case. So I was kind of on the low end, not falling off."

Yet she chose that moment of being "on the low" to fire off her notorious Barbs at the Neons memo.

"It's a really famous memo now," she says. "I said it to the folks in the bureaucracy and explained a few things according to my lights in a blunt fashion at this four-page memorandum—that lights actually had fail. People were going to witness and understand, and I was hearing from people I never met what they'd say to me. I just want you to know I saw the memo."

Something else made the battle over the speech worse.

That was the only time I ever been here where I actually try to use my formality against me. One of the things I heard after the speech I heard after the speech I heard after the speech, "says Nunn, "was, 'She's a little high-strung, isn't she?' They might have said that about a man who is a winner who behaves in a somewhat high and not puts it down on paper. They might have, but I didn't."

#### Delivered at Arts and Humanities Luncheon, April 23, 1985

In societies that are not free, art dies. In the totalitarian societies of the world, all art is "officially approved." It's the expression not of the soul, but of the state. And the state-sanctioned art is usually, as a rule, 99 percent of the time, utterly banal, utterly common. It is lowest-common-denominator art. In fact, it is not art at all, for art is an expression of creativity, and creativity, as I've said, is born in freedom. Which is not to suggest that great artists who love the truth of art cannot be found in totalitarian states. They're there. Visit a prison, you'll find a number of them. Their garrets are jail cells; their crime is that they refused to put their minds in chains and their souls in solitary.

"Do you think you have enemies now?" I ask her.

"I have a few," she says. "But if you do believe in certain things, you will make certain enemies. I try to remind myself that it's not personal. It can get a little rough, though. In fact, you think it's personal, in fact," she adds wryly—perhaps bitterly—"sometimes it can get a little very."

IT'S TWO DAYS AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S speech. The President is still in the hospital, and Nunn is in her office trying to think of something for him to say in his first postoperative words to the American people.

"It's an inordinate buzz," she complains. "We're hoping that tomorrow the President will do his radio address from Bethesda. What we've done so far is tell people that it's canceled, because earlier this week he won't up to it. But now he's looking feebly and he really looks like doing it. At any rate, I was asking Bush to prepare something for the President. That made my day a little bit difficult, because the President is not taking phone calls and not chatting with people. That's fine, but the problem is that I knew they'd like it to be personal and full of his observation and I'm an inane fool. So I went to see Regan and told him, 'I've got to be down with you and we've got to do an amendment.'

She tells me she's a good listener. Elements of two different reactions to the speech for the President's radio address. One would have the President saying that the budget crisis "the last straw strangled for business-as-usual." The other would threaten to end the congressional budget deadlock by sending his surgeon over to Capitol Hill to do some cutting. "She was the latter."

How Lisa left does the partisans think the mind of the President is a case like that?

"I tried to make believe I was desperately sick and then the doctor said, 'We took your sickness out and we really think you're okay,' as I left for I had a second heart attack."

There's some thing that she particularly wants to include in the five-minute address, she says. "I know the President's been touched by the lonely notes from various opponents. I know he's been talking to his opponents and all the like. I think the President would touch them very much. So I wrote a little codine for him about how now and then if you're lonely you get a sense of someone of the good things that keep us united as a country, and when you get those kinds of messages from opponents, you have a sense of something Americans would never speak about. That we have that can't be seen that kind us, and there's a kind of American-ness for Americans, a sense of unknowing loss that every now and then you apprehend. So I wrote a thing like that, and I know he'll change it around and he'll take some stuff out. But I really feel sure that he's going to talk—here her voice drops into the hoarse voice of the President—"Oh, just a bit!"

A writer can admire Nunn's ability to capture on the lamp and the theater, the tag on the instrument, the mint in the eye with just a couple of swift paragraphs. It was something the White House began to take notice of. In her first debut speech, on April 6, 1984, as she stood in the oval overlooking the Normandy landing zone to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the invasion.

It was a big speech. I interviewed her throughout the Western world. And it was a particularly trying debut for Nunn. She only repeated one of that new girl from CBS, "she says. The CBS connection hung over her like a cloud for those who didn't know her conservative views. She only was she from CBS, but shied written commentaries for those readers.

To make matters worse, the title of ofice policy was against her.

"This was the test time. I was up at her for a session speech, and there was a guy a speechwriter, who had just come in. He was a military guy who thought the speech would go on. And this guy just from CBS got in. He looked at her. The writer was very, very friendly with her—they never had any trouble. I didn't see it, either, and I let the weight of that. I look like that again, so I was nervous."

It was a talk with the advance man who accosted the Normandy location that gave Nunn her breakthrough on the speech.

He said, "Look, the President's taking

there on the cliff, and the Rangers who took the cliff are going to be there. He's got to say something real personal." Within five minutes I realized what he was going to do was say to the Rangers—and the

world, while looking at them "These are the boys of Pointe du Hoc. These are the sons who took the cliff." I was thinking concretely. After the President said, "These are the boys of Pointe du Hoc" that's when the President would start to turn and then the President would say, "These are the sons who took the cliff." And then you were going to look at these boys. In getting choked up, like these seventy-year-old guys, and you'd be very moved."

"The President called after he saw the draft and said, "That's really very good." It was our first phone call, and you can always slack off when the President calls you any way. He was very moved about it and then, of course, I was very converted about the speech and thought it was great."

"In that line, These are the boys of Pointe du Hoc," and "These are the sons who took the cliff." I think, "see you using those Stephen's *Wacoan* lines?"

"I was very much aware of the Bush stuff when I was writing the Kennedy Library speech. Yeah, maybe it is. But you know, it's also conversational."

That Kennedy Library speech also in some ways, however, written with real love for JFK and the promise he represented. Perhaps the language sounds like that in which President Reagan speaks about the ghosts—well, the portraits of past Presidents that linger in the White House.

"I have been told that last night when the clouds are still and the moon is high you can just about hear the sound of our past mistakes breathing by. You can almost hear, if you close your eyes, the who of a wheelchair rolling by and the sound of a voice calling out. And another one, 'Kiss me!' Turn down a hill and you can hear the brusk strut of a falcon saying, 'Whee! Also reply? Walk with now and you're drawn to the soft tones of a piano and a brilliant gathering in the East Room where a crowd surrounds a bright young President who is full of hope and laughter."

Yet it would be a disservice to her to reduce her to a wistful, melancholy, the Russian administrator with a wistful, melancholy policy. Calling the Soviet Union the Evil Empire, calling the contrarian the moral equal of the Founding Fathers—these characterize her unique policy.

And as a policy maker, Nunn is a warrior—courageous, a hawkish hard-liner who wants to lead the forces that will roll back the Evil Empire. It's at the heart of her excitement at being in the White House, being in the command post of the crusade. She's never more animated and excited than when she's discussing her encounters with Afghan "freedom fighters."

"It's wonderful sitting there in the White House, men talking to them," she says. "You pepper them with questions, and it's teaching and informative, and there's

denying restricted languages and large areas of the Negev border held mysteriously blank just the kind of map a commander would use to sketch an unfound invasion plan.

"You do it when the 'Founding Father' types from the combat command, her office, she likes to get them to point out the location of their encampments."

"So you plot invasion with them?"

"Oh, yeah," she says, all innocence. "I just ask them where everybody is."

"Let me tell you. If you've got your own Negev invasion plan you're putting on the Joint Chiefs right now."

"You got it," she says. "You got my number." ☐



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Politics & Law

# SOLUTIONS

by John Tierney

# Van O'Steen Brings the Law to the People

## PROBLEM: High-priced lawyers—

and the mystification of the legal system. Van O'Steen, fresh out of Arizona State University Law School and working in a Phoenix Legal Aid office in 1972, saw tenants being needlessly evicted and cars being illegally impounded, parents dying without single mothers who couldn't collect child-support payments. The American Bar Association's own research indicated that most people with legal problems don't go to lawyers, at least part because they fear the cost.

**THE LAWYER'S REACTION:** We're studying the problem.

**THE MEDIA'S REACTION:** Why should we be surprised? O'Steen is a hot college

**STUPID'S REACTION:** The most common answer is that O'Steen and John Bates, a classmate from law school, had at their Legal Aid office won ministerial work—talkingopoulos and translating the answers into standard legalese for everyone.

**THE ALTERNATIVE:** Standardize, standardize,

O'Steen and Bates printed questionnaires and forms. People could gather the routine information, leaving the lawyer free to concentrate on special complications. Then a secretary could quickly fill in blocks on a form with legalese already printed. "There wasn't anything brilliant about our approach," O'Steen recalls. "The amazing thing was that all lawyers weren't already doing it. They thought it was 'unprofessional' to be filling out

### THE LEGAL SOLUTION TO THE LEGAL PROBLEM:

O'Steen and Bates left their 10,000-year jobs with Legal Aid and set up their own firm in 1974. They called it "People's Law" and started it in a tiny \$200-a-month office in an old house on the edge of downtown Phoenix, with neighborhood drunk taking up residence on the front stoop. Originally offering wills for twenty-five dollars, unexecuted divorces for fifty-five dollars, bankruptcy papers for \$150, there would be a high-volume, low-price law

firm, a modern business, instead of the traditional low-volume, high-price cottage industry.

**THE UNFORGETTABLE RESULT:** A law firm with low prices and low volume. Clients were scarce. The client's art income came to slightly less than zero the first year. O'Steen and his wife sold their cars, rode bicycles later driving a Chevy Impala with 240,000 miles, and lived off the money she made managing a flower shop. Bates went into debt and eventually had to sell his house. He and O'Steen began to sell.

**THE REAL PROBLEM:** How was the public supposed to know what lawyers charged? O'Steen and Bates were offering services at half the going rate in Phoenix, but law firms were太ashamed to advertise and generally didn't quote fees over the phone. Is there a client could shop around by visiting lawyers, but in practice most people had better things to do with their whole day than to go to work?

**THE REAL SOLUTION:** On Sunday morning, February 22, 1976, the *Arizona Republic* carried a small ad asking, Do you want a Lawyer? It promised "Legal services at very reasonable fees," fixed prices, and gave the address and phone number of the Law Office of Bates and O'Steen.

**THE STILL UNFORGETTABLE RESULT:** The State Bar of Arizona's disciplinary board records mention suspending Bates and O'Steen from practicing law.

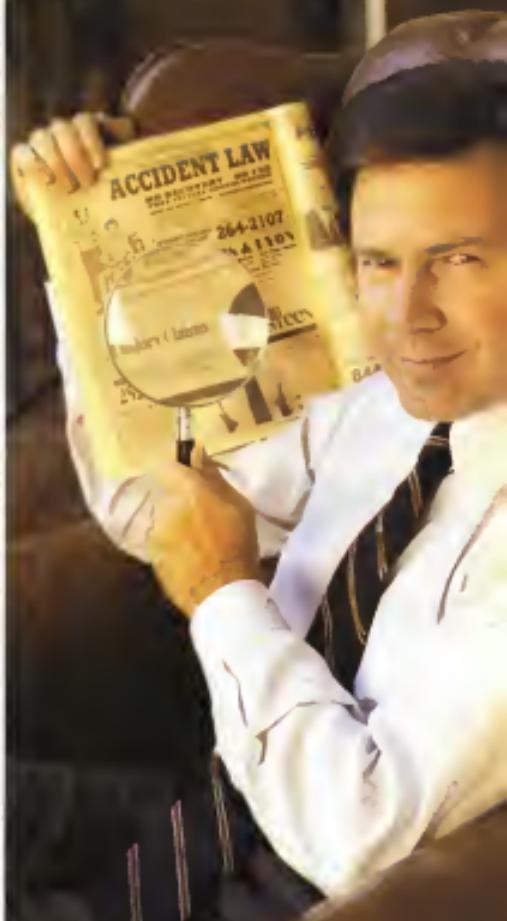
**THE ENDING BATTLE:** The case went to the U.S. Supreme Court, as O'Steen and Bates had hoped. They persuaded William Cushing, who had taught them constitutional law at Arizona State University, to represent them.

**THE PRECEDENTS:** In 1853 an Illinois newspaper, the *Argus Journal*, carried an ad by a promising young lawyer named Abraham Lincoln. He and his partner announced that "all business entrusted to [them] will be attended to with promptness and care." Some advertisements who claimed at the time the American Bar of the century that there were too many bars and codes of professional conduct. Advertising was banned everywhere.

**THE ARIZONA BAR'S CASE:** That advertising would only distract the public, provide unnecessary litigation, raise the cost of legal services. But there was one crucial issue, and it didn't really have to be raised. The Supreme Court justices knew it already. They were lawyers, and they knew that at stake was the way lawyers had always thought of themselves. In Britain, where the advertising taboo originated, early law firms viewed their work as a public service, a notable exception for a gentleman—certainly not something at which, for normal, one could earn a living.

By 1976 it was hard for American lawyers to pretend that a legal practice was just a hobby to be indulged on slow days at the family vacation, yet the old practice continued. The lawyer for the Arizona

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID T. TAYLOR





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Politics&Law

# The Emancipation of Bolton, Mississippi

BY JOE  
KLEIN

late-afternoon breeze rippled the Parker parlor, the air was warm and soft as cotton. Faded sun defined an. A woman sang the blues on the radio, distant thunderstorms cutting a jagged edge through her passion.

Bennie Thompson, whose thirty-seven years old, sat in his mother's parlor in the tiny rural town of

Bolton, Mississippi, respecting the place and the moment. It was odd how powerful the little things could be, these images of home. A few weeks earlier he'd been trying to make a big decision—whether or not to run for Congress in 1986—and those memories kept settling up on him,纠缠着 his mind. Congress seemed to be the next logical step in his political career. He had a chance—a great chance, people said—to be the first black congressman from Mississippi since Reconstruction. It was the sort of decision that most fast-rising young leaders make without a second thought.

could make history. He'd been building toward that. But he decided not to do it.

It was a bold move, and political considerations were the smallest part of it. "There are things I just can't find words for . . . This place is important to me," he said, waving an arm out toward the town of Bolton, which had elected his father in 1972. He had moved onward and upward since then. He was now a Hinds County supervisor, and one of Mississippi's two representatives to the Democratic National Committee. Many people believed he was the

up the ladder rapidly, too fast to consider that onward and upward might ultimately run away.

He seemed at peace with himself now, though, in his mother's parlor, surrounded by family: his mother and wife, and at his knee his five-year-old daughter, Destinique Jean ("B.J."). Thompson had been strummed at least that his wife, Linda, wanted no part of Washington. A teacher in Bolton, she hadn't the slightest desire to be a congressman's wife. He had been itching to challenge Joe Klein with a note of *Popcorn, Fine Movies After Hours*, which has recently been published as a paperback by Ballantine.

**THE LEADER**  
Many think he's  
the most powerful  
black in the state.



the incumbent Republican, with Franklin. It would have been a tough race, but Thompson was confident, until she began to think about what would happen if he won. What did a congressional seat, anyway, except vote? How often would she vote, decide someone? In Miami, she had made decisions, he did things that affected real

estate, and had been, from the start, to go north—even as the elected representative of Mississippi's Second Congressional District—would he be join all the others who left the ones who thought they could manfully defend segregationists to legislate, who chose not to fight it when it began?

William Turner, Bolton's chief of police, his white predecessor quit when Thompson was elected.



people every day. In Washington he might become just another guy staffed into a seat. His image, his influence, as a newly elected would suffer.

"When you're cleaning land," he said, "you have to use different pieces of equipment to do different things. The first piece of equipment looks down trees, clears out the undergrowth. You don't just need one piece of equipment to go from the trees to the fields, and smooth things over. For most of the last sixteen years knocking down trees, I may have been the wrong piece of equipment to run for Congress."

More than most politicians, Thompson is a product of his home ground. He has succeeded by not appearing to be successful, by visually refusing to pass for middle class. Walking along the river, he might be mistaken for a sharcocop—bearded, scrawny, definitely overweight. He wears flip-flops, dashiki ties and jewelry; he doesn't even wear a watch.

He dresses Gary Blauer with Orlaithi (necessarily for members of Bolton's volunteer fire department and emergency rescue squad, which he founded; he has a vision of fire go fifteen on weekends or has a coast guard on an isolated island). These things were considerations when he began to think about what it might actually be like to live in Washington. And one other thing: "We," were the first generation of southern, orange-educated blacks who stayed home. "Home was not just home, it was a job—

locking out its white members. "The leadership made those decisions," he recalled. "I just worked." He spent his summers managing routers up in the Delta, helping with Fannie Lou Hamer's desegregation and unsuccessful congressional campaigns, and leading other picnics with himself.

"I remember going home to Bolton one time," he said, "and taking to Walter Vinson about all these ugly things I was doing. He was a very well-respected black businessman in the community. He said to me, 'Well, you know, people can't vote here, either.' He was right, of course. Why should I be going up, organizing people in Sunflower County, when there was no one doing a back home?"

Bolton wasn't quite so dramatic or symbolic as the predominantly black counties of the Delta. It was a small town—just under eight hundred people—in Hinds County, not far from the state capital of Jackson. But, like the Delta, it was predominantly black, and the whites were desperately afraid of losing control. "You hear stories about blacks and whites being as close down south, but Bolton was always two separate communities. I never had a white when I lived there," Thompson recalled. "Once, when I was moving houses, I went into town to get a part for my bicycle. The man at the store didn't have it, and he asked me if that was all I used. 'Yes,' said

he said when Bolson was in high school. They lived on the north side of the railroad tracks—in mostly black houses at the same time—a mostly black neighborhood than the shantytown called "causa" the blacks down in the alley."

After graduating from Tougaloo in 1964, he took Walter Vinson's challenge and began registering voters in Bolton. "I was teaching that year in Madison, about two hundred miles away. I would drive over to Bolton on Wednesday evenings for strategy meetings. It was hard getting people registered because the white folks kept the city hall closed most of the time. We had to go to get to get them to open up."

For the next ten years, Thompson just about lived in court. Neither side gave any quarter in Bolton. It was inevitable. Thompson's side would win, since there were twice as many blacks in town as whites, but the white incumbents fought him every step of the way.

In 1968, when Thompson—just twenty-one years old—and his others became the first to be elected to the first thing he did directly began a property appraisals from Bolton to revalue the property in the town. Of course, the white folks had been under valuing their property for years. They took us to court in the new accommodations, and we won all but a handful."

Thompson was interested in much more than revenge, though. He also launched a converted effort to get federal aid for Bolton. He never won reappointment as a teacher, but he managed to defend the draft draft from the national register. For the next four years, blacks in Bolton continued annually on the Board of Alderman. "It would propose a housing ordinance," Thompson recalled. "And they, the mayor, the mayor, would say, 'Well now, no one ever did complain about housing before.' I just about drove them crazy. I had high blood pressure, hypertension. I was so angry, all would up."

The hypertension disappeared as 1972, when Thompson completed the inevitable transfer of power in Bolton. He succeeded Vinson, blacks swept the whites of the Board of Alderman. The white incumbents challenged the vote in court, of course, but Thompson was and immediately took control of the town.

"Bolton went right at them. We hit them where it hurt," says John L. Walker, a black lawyer who, in the course of all those lawsuits, became Thompson's close friend. "John saw the first thing he did directly. And since the first thing appeared from Bolton to revalue the property in the town. Of course, the white folks had been under valuing their property for years. They took us to court in the new accommodations, and we won all but a handful."

Thompson was interested in much more than revenge, though. He also launched a converted effort to get federal aid for Bolton.

Structs were paved, and housing rates in Bolton followed suit, as well as investment in the town's infrastructure. ("The Michael Nissen Memorial Hospital,"

Dr. David Blauer thought through one afternoon.

Dr. David Blauer thought through one afternoon.

Thompson turned onto a small

isolated street of modest houses and mobile homes called Martin Luther King Drive. "This is the area that used to be called 'cross the tracks, down in the alley,'" he said. "We renovated the houses you see, and moved the people into the new apartments. There is not a single piece of substantial housing left in Bolton."

The new apartments were upscale, red-brick government-issue, the kind that became instant shacks up north, in Bolton, though, they seemed a triumph—neat lawns, grass mowed, whitewashed. "We have one problem family," Thompson said, "over there... with the broken screen. We're working on them... and that, over there, is my issue." It was a job, a modest but gratifying one until reached in the middle of a one-income earning person's social development program, which Thompson founded had not yet had a job, but one had been bought. His house stood alone. "It's a statement, I guess," he said later. "You want to have different incomes living together. You don't want to isolate people just because they're poor."



SOPHIE THOMPSON FIRST REALIZED THAT her future was at home in the mid-1960s, when he was a student at Tougaloo College, near Jackson. Black Power was蔑视ed there. People such as Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown were蔑视ed along the campus in those days. Thompson joined the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) at a time when it was becoming less nonviolent and

he said, "What you say, nigga? Didn't no one ever teach you to say please to a white man? That's how it was."

Thompson was, perhaps, less likely to be doctored than the other blacks in town. Socially and economically, his family was a cut above the run of black sharecroppers and farmhands. His mother, Anna Leon Thompson-Jeffers, was a teacher; his father, W.H. Thompson, an auto mechanic

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All of Bolton assumed a statement, in fact—although a somewhat anachronistic one. The case had been considered a model of misappropriation before late 1976, the sheet lagged in federal legal briefs. Thompson's influence grew as a result. He originated an association of black lawyers in the state. Even though other lawyers weren't as successful at getting federal help, they believed hope still was a option.

One thing that kept Bolton in Bolton, though, was integration. The races remained relatively apart. When Thompson became mayor, the two white cops quit and were replaced by blacks. The white kids left the public schools and went to a private academy. "Not a single white student has gone to school in Bolton since we integrated," Thompson said.

In the process, Thompson shaped caring, whether white folks accepted blacks. The only thing that integration really meant was that power changed colors. "I'll have two roads, a paved road with potholes in a white neighborhood and an unpaved one in a black neighborhood, my priority is the unpaved road," he said. "Equality doesn't mean spending the same amount of money on blacks as whites. It means giving blacks the same quality of services as whites."

Integration was a liberal myth, he would insist: "separate but equal" a black reality. On a personal level, too, Thompson would remain definitely separate. He wouldn't talk or dress or try to act white. There was a very delicate measure to his identity, racialized. "I'm not going to have my identity in order to move up and succeed in traditional terms," he said. "I'm not going to forget who I am."

HERE'S ALL THAT THOMPSON's story generated all on the Hinds County Board of Supervisors turned out to be a *Myth*—whose whose district included the county's whitest white folks.

"Because Thompson and Frank Bryant have forged this bizarre radical-conservative, good-government alliance against the city hall paradigm," says one local political expert. "You see a lot of 2-3-vote with them on the share it."

"Bennie Thompson believes in open, honest, fair, taxpayer-suspicion government that is open to scrutiny," says his unlikely ally, Frank Bryant. "Of course he and I disagree on a whole bunch of other stuff for social progress, but we agree on things like open meetings and making county government more efficient."

Of course, Thompson and Bryant could only be allies because there was little chance they'd ever compete for the same office. Politics in Hinds County is at most times still best summarized as a one-man, one-vote court order: there are black districts and white districts. Thompson's most frequent political battles now are against other blacks for control of black

survivors—and those battles tend to divide along generational lines. In a way, it's a continuation of the old 1960s rivalry: NAACP versus SNCC.

Thompson's best-known opponent was Justice Henry, a prominent NAACP leader who is also a part owner of a tobacco manufacturing company. Henry was one of Mississippi's two representatives to the Democratic National Committee when Thompson was elected last year, and he acknowledged that there was a difference in style. "It's like good oil, bad oil. Bennie's the bad cop—he's rough and tumble and brusque. I would say his effectiveness is, 'above average,'" Henry concedes. "My style is more smooth. Bennie has more of a political savvy among his supporters because of the financial assets that he's accrued to us."

Thompson's victory over Henry—and his early support for Bill Allard, who eventually won the elected governor—solidified his reputation as the young black leader in Mississippi. It was widely assumed that he would use his newly won power to run for higher office. At the time the Second Congressional District—the northwest corner of the state, the Delta—seemed ripe for the taking if the district's black majority could be raised. Since 1980, black candidates had been trying to win, always coming close but never quite getting enough black voters to the polls. That had a chance because he could get the white folk excited on their side. "My black folk probably got 40 percent at last," says Stein. "University, 'I don't think he got five votes'—very many white voters in this is still Mississippi. A black man could be sitting on the right hand of Jesus and not get white votes—but he would have had the black community. It's too bad he decided against it."

For a while, it seemed Thompson would run. He held meetings, plotted strategy, worked to convince other potential black candidates to drop out. But just as he began to gear up for the campaign, an opening developed on the state's Circuit Court of Appeals. Thompson threw himself into the effort to get Fred Banks, an white black civil rights lawyer, appointed to that position. "We worked on that right and day through February, organize letter-writing campaigns, telephone, lobbying," Thompson recalled. "Then one day in March I bumped into the governor on the capital lawn and he said, 'Bennie, I thought you might like to know, I just appointed Fred Banks to the court.' I felt as if I would already accomplished something, and I started to wonder then if I really wanted to go to Washington."

Seven days later John Walker said to me, "Bennie, you know, once you get to Congress, you won't be able to do things like this." "I've been thinking that too," Thompson replied.

BUt IF NOT CONGRESS, WHAT? THERE are a lot of black people in Mississippi—about 37 percent, more than any other state—but not nearly enough to elect Thompson to statewide office. It is more likely that he will continue to consolidate his influence in the black community, build an organization, and become a black version of that most venerable American political institution: the ethnic political boss. There is a certain satisfaction in being that one black was the governor has to deal with when naming judges.

"There are people who already accuse me of being a hood," he said, sitting in his Hinds County Supervisor's office. "If being active, supporting good candidates for office, means you're a hood, so be it."

Thompson had just spent the better part of a week trying to get one of his assistants, a woman named Laura Figueroa, elected to the Jackson City Council. Her opponent was Dona Smith, the president of the local NAACP. It was the latest round of the same old struggle, and Thompson dove into it with relish, organizing campaign workers from a nearby black supermarket on the north side of town, quietly moving the troops, sending them off to the polls. But when it was over, his candidate had lost.

Stunned, Thompson sat out on a bench out in front of the campaign headquarters at the soft, sweet Mississippi evening, talking to a friend, Orelle Collier, a state representative from the district, whom he'd known since he was a boy.

"I don't need to do this campaign," said Collier, obviously distraught. "An awful lot."

"We did," Thompson said. "I just don't understand it," he said. "Collier said, "What do you think of it?"

"The president of the NAACP only beat us by a hundred votes," Thompson replied. "That's something."

"I don't know, I don't know," Collier was shaking his head, unconvinced.

"Where do we go from here?"

"To the next election," Thompson said cryptically, referring not the digital heat of uncertainty... and yet, this was the first time he'd gone head to head against the black establishment and lost. "Wasn't a sort of a fluke?" Running for Congress might ultimately mean leaving behind his community, but that same community might ultimately reward him, too, with another series of unexpected skirmishes with other blacks. Politics won't exactly go easy in it if he's been when the issues were clearly black and white.

Bennie Thompson, is thirty-seven and perhaps the most powerful black man in the state of Mississippi, sit there on the beach in the twilight, in his dugout, smoking a cigarette that had burned, contemplating a future much more complicated than his past. 

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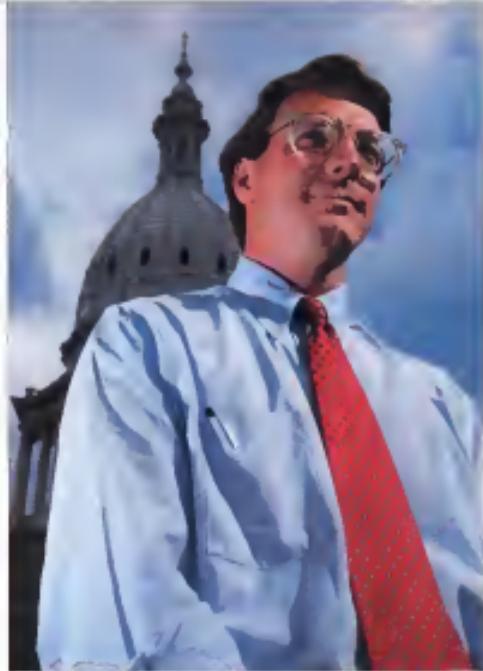
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Politics & Law



Robert Bowman  
in front of  
the state  
capitol  
in Lansing  
earlier this  
month

# The Kid Who Saved Michigan

When Robert Bowman flew to

Lansing to become Michigan's  
treasurer, the state's bond rating

was "Baa," aka bad—lowest in

the nation. The Motor State had

recently been forced to lay off a

\$580-million emergency loan to

a group of Japanese banks just to

float short-term notes—Notes and

Treasury must have been yanking it

up good over fast. And the new  
governor had just discovered that

the previous governor had been

padding the books; his parting gift

to the state was \$1.7 billion in

deficits. In 1985 Michigan faced

fiscal crisis hauntingly similar

to the one New York City faced in

GREGG EASTERBROOK is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

DECEMBER 1996



Investment banker, state treasurer, park director: Bowman plays to win.

1973, and Bowman couldn't exactly call on a wealth of experience to light it. The day he took office, he was twenty-seven years old.

"Michigan was broke in the most fundamental sense, in the sense that we had no cash," Bowman says. "There are all manner of accounting practices you can use to defuse cash flow, but nothing you can do to cover up cash absence."

Today Michigan's deficit is gone, vanquished. The state operates in the black. Its short-term note rating has risen to the highest possible grade, and without letup or credit for the first time since 1978. Last fall, for the first time in three years, Michigan was able to sell general-obligation bonds, the equivalent of unencumbered loans. Bowman and his boss, Governor James

Whitmore, for academic creditability to Wharton, for business credentials in the form of an M.B.A., to Washington for government credentials at the Treasury Department, then on to Wall Street. Between his position at Goldman, Sachs and his Manhattan co-op, Bowman had a carefully built life for which most young professionals would kill. Then he cracked it all for an apparently hopeless task in an isolated midwestern town.

Bowman had joined the federal corporation while working in Washington as a congressional liaison to Treasury Secretary Howard Allens. Despite the powers of entrenched oil tycoons, such a position can wield authority and, under Allens, Bowman found himself working on the Chrysler Corporation rescue package with its chief advocate, thirty-six-year-old Detroit congressman James Blanchard. When Allens moved on to Wall Street as managing director of Lehman Brothers (now called something like Sherman/Lehman American Express), U.S. Steel's U.S. Navy NFL-Long Beach, he recommended Bowman first to Goldman, Sachs. And then later to Blanchard, who won the Michigan gubernatorial election in November 1983, who was in trouble, and who remembered being impressed by the boy.

From the state's perspective, the strange thing about Bowman was not his youth (or his professional background). "In most states the treasurer's office is a part-time position," Blanchard explains. "All they do is sign checks. Often the treasurer is a woman or someone who's good with numbers." But the Blanchard administration had the office—taking power away from the budget director—so that its occupant would have approximately the same policy influence as U.S. Treasury Secretary James Baker. He also wanted an M.B.A. type who planned to go back to the financial world when it was all over, not to stay in Lansing as a lobbyist or party regular. "I told my boss staff we would get a treasurer who would worry about money his separation as Wall Street," Blanchard says. "Someone who would care about how our bond issues did because his future income would be on the line."

Bowman got word of Blanchard's interest and was intrigued. On the one hand, he knew that there was a great chance he would fail at it. On the other, it would only be two years, then he could return to Wall Street. Allens pushed Bowman hard to take his chance. "Roger Allens told me this would be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity," Bowman notes. "And I said, 'Yes, but so is the rest of a bridge.'" Blanchard added an *Christine* line. 1985. Forty-eight hours later Bowman took the job.

THAT BOWMAN WENT TO MICHIGAN AT ALL is remarkable by the standards of contemporary government. A star-struck recruit to assist in the earnest-handsome firm of Goldman, Sachs, he had lived a perfect romance. From his boyhood in Elm Grove, Wisconsin, an affluent suburb of Mil-



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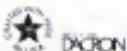


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sound doorway. Albany, not New York City, Springfield, not Chicago, Sacramento, not San Francisco. Jefferson City, Topeka, Atlanta, Lansing not Detroit. Capitals, not nuclear arms policy.

Yet many states and their governors are the ones to benefit. It's largely, for one, the 3.5 million state employees versus 2.3 million federal. It's governors, another. In legislatures and Supreme Courts decisions the trend is to transfer authority away from Washington to states. And several important national areas of recent years—trichot testing, the nuclear ban, tax relief—have come down the state level up, not from the top down.

But perhaps most important, state governments operating on a honest scale, in which any individual can make a difference. Going to Michigan put Bowman directly into an inner circle—one with less national impact than Washington or Wall Street, certainly, but one where he could communicate face-to-face with his governor and have his ideas heard. "Michigan being twenty-seven years old and suddenly someone reaches down, invites you out of the crowd, and says, 'I want to know what you think.' That's great," Pechta, who has been Bowman's boss at Goldman, says. "That's pretty heady."

At Blanchard's cabinet assembled in Lansing in early 1983, never of the time extent of the state's deficit emerged. It was not only blinder than previously thought, it was unconstitutional—Michigan, like most states, has a law mandating balanced budgets. Such laws are partly descriptive, as states and cities receive a significant portion of their revenues from Washington as grants—grants that Washington can't afford. During fiscal year 1984, states and cities received 47.7 percent of their revenues from Washington, a total of \$83 billion. The deficit deficit that year was \$7.5 billion, if Congress had chosen to make cuts to local governments, the deficit would have been cut in half. Nevertheless, Michigan had to get out of the red and get out fast.

Blanchard gave Bowman four years to suggest policy, and also to run the tax-cutting gauntlet itself. He tried to be diplomatic, to stay on the state legislature's radar. It was somewhat lame at first, since Blanchard was older than the men he was working for. Then they discovered that not only were they from the same hometown, but they had also gone to the same high school—Sharing having left him, Bowman even ate there.

Except in the dreamworld of supply-side theory, which is to economists what natural gas is to meteorologists, the options for balancing a budget are two: increase taxes or cut spending. Neither is popular. Blanchard believed he had no choice but to do both. Immediately he proposed a tax increase and a \$225-million cut in the state's budget—a 9.2 percent cut, meaning lower real

dollars spent right now, not altered projections for adjusted gross domestic product three years from now in future budget cycles. (Bowman's view of the budget deficit: "It's 'out,' not 'in,' are actually reductions in projected rates of increase.") "The changes were not going full-blowing,"

stating for basic needs, such as education and social services, was violated. And there was no time to waste words. "At our very first cabinet meeting we decided to freeze \$500 million in payments to Michigan's schools," Bowman explains. The budget began instantly.

Bowman, who had planned to concentrate on economic financial management of board members, suddenly found himself rechristened as a point man for the tax-cut budget package. He left the Treasury Building and headed across Walnut Street to the capitol. This alone broke convention. State treasurers generally like to compensate for their lack of managerial authority by writing speeches, something around a budget signature pleading for votes would violate the canons of dignity.

"The previous treasurer had not lost in the capital building," Bowman says. "It was like being dropped behind enemy lines." Many Michigan legislators were anxious to condemn the deficit for public consumption, but they didn't seem to want the responsibility for raising taxes or imposing genuine spending cuts on their constituents.

Bowman spent day after day on the floors of the Michigan house and senate chambers with a cannoneer's combination of high tech and old-school—state representatives often were golf carts and bring their lunches onto the floors, eating while watching the voting action on an electronic scoreboard and placing calls directly from their desks. The phones proved especially convenient for Bowman. He would amaze phone calls from the governor to state-level legislators even as the moment for the vote approached, then hover over the target's shoulder as the call came in, with physical touch of the arm as ever.

He began penning by the day in the pits. Bowman had thrown out a "Most people leave the financial community look on jolts with disgust," says Gary Davis, speaker of the Michigan house. "They're used to doing things through technical equations and can't deal with the give-and-take caused by human emotion. Bob, however, took it immediately."

ALL MAILED-IN POSTAL ORDERS AT LEAST appear to be driven, and all the at least appear to have inflated costs. Generally it's hard to say when drive and ego become insatiable. Bowman's personality stands out in Lansing, initially putting some people off. Michigan is a recognition-conscious state, office work known outsiders, unlike in New York or Washington,

where one must be in the office around the clock to be taken seriously. "We'd never seen anyone like him before," says Steve Johnson, a former director of the state's pension fund. "He calls you at any hour of the day or night. Once, quite literally at 3:00 in the morning."

His first Capitol breakers stood out, too, rubbing others the wrong way. "It took a while for Bob to understand that when he spoke, he was speaking for the governor, and when he behaved it's phone call, people took it exactly as though the governor had uttered the call," Gary Davis says. Bowman moderated his normally jocular style of speech and began to have staff call him Mr. Bowman.

Bowman stuck Casa-Go in immediately, including duty for breakfast, keeping eyes, bath regule, and diet, stacked in a corner of his office. A personal life was something of a moot point. A frustrated jack, Bowman played softball, basketball, golf, tennis, and foosball on a mechanical table, but spent nearly every day when time permitted. During his stint at Treasury he'd played in a C-14 Hill League softball team, but he still did, commuting to Washington every weekend in the fall, a \$500 round trip on Piedmont. "No one understands it," Bowman admits.

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Bowman has switched the books over to "generally accepted accounting principles" (GAAP), a more fiscally conservative means of reporting than most governments use. And all of this has happened with the national media關注, considering the rock-cow headline treatment the big Apple's senior predecessor received across the country.

Bowman also has responsibility for Michigan's \$11 billion pension fund. Within just a year, were a general investment fund, running at 7 percent, would be flat by December, with over \$100 million in losses suffered in the company during most recent figure available for the fiscal year. Instead, Bowman supervises the fund in his spare time, after closing himself in Ladleyton, Colchester, or Pew Five to address the jayouts. The fund operates with a management cost of just three hundredths of a percent annually, roughly the percentage of the Pentagon's budget that goes for advocacy. When Bowman took office, the fund was limited to 25-percent equity investments, but he has received authority to invest up to 80 percent in stocks and has used it to play the market more often. A few years before, in another low point for Michigan funds, the fund dumped all its automobile-compagny stocks, but Bowman started buying them again in 1983, with \$300 million for the fund by trading Ford and GM.

THESE DAYS BOWMAN'S MOVE TO MICHIGAN seems like a savvy career play. He has performed the same function that made Felix Rohatyn famous. He didn't do without the New York press corps in tow, conditional recognition has not followed, but the financial community understands the significance of Michigan's recovery. There is no doubt that a privileged Wall Street position awaits Bowman, should he be so inclined.

But more than the planned two years that passed, and a year and a half in investment fund, Bowman has learned how to stay in the game. Right now his prospects are only moderate, besides popular Democratic governor, Michigan has two strong Democratic senators, and the congressional from Bowman's West Lansing district is also a young liberal. Political possibilities, however, have a habit of changing at a flick.

Some readers will knock at the word *politics* and the thought that a bright young person, with a lucrative and respectable career path available, might voluntarily wade into that swamp. Ask how the simple fact that if all people think that way politics will never improve, what those who look down on politics fail to understand is that politics can be fun.

"On Wall Street you deal with talented people and big numbers," Bowman says. "In state government you do the same,

only you're on Main Street, in the real world, and you can make a real person's life happier and better if you do it right. There's no other satisfaction like that." Right, Bowman's deputy, is a lawyer and believes he could double his salary by changing jobs, but he is at home. "If you go into my government planning to retire for the rest of your life, you'll feel trapped and be come stagnated, but if you do it for a while, it can be very gratifying," he explains. Bowman says his ideal government would be run by people moving back and forth between the private sector, then putting those ideas into action in government without staying long enough to become entrenched and self-interested.

Once it was considered axiomatic—indeed, something of a civic obligation—for successful businesses to make in and out of government service. In recent years fewer and fewer seem to do so, the well-to-do often citing financial-disclosure requirements as a "hassle"; they'd rather volunteer, but if you can't help feeling they're just as happy to have an excuse to stay out of government service, with its low salaries, bombing encounters, and the inherent risk of losing the job. Of course, not every Wall Street type's game state government has been exactly a great boon to society. But more have, and their number has been joined. □

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**Standing up to capital punishment, Scharlette Holdman protects the lives of Florida's condemned**

Politics & Law

# The Angel of Death Row

## SCHARLETTE HOLDMAN used to have this dream.

Not a dream of world peace and equality, where the murderer lies buried with his victim and the like lies buried with the lost, not a dream of a world without prisons and punishment. Not the kind of dream. The other kind. A dream that frequently visited her while she was sleeping, sleeping the blameless sleep of the liberal advocate.

Holdman is in a building that is crumbling, the walls are falling down, the roof is disappearing. She is alone with a hundred and more men, those she works and cares for—the condemned elect, death row prisoners in the state of Florida. A pretty gossamer girl, childlike, with gummy caputs, killers who have devoured their luckless victims with shotguns, knives, axes, baseball bats, and bare hands—all monstrously monstrous of Holdman's concern, but all discernible, dream-languid, and all fish-belly white from their years of confinement (except the blacks, of course). "The

black guys are okay looking," Holdman says, reflecting upon the physical consequences of death row, "but all the white guys are all fucked up and scrotum-looking. Big tits." Their external consciousness aside, she is a candidate she can lead her charges away from death row safety. *C'mon, pass Holdman's pills, follow me!* and she leads them out of the collapsing building in another building that seems to be safe but then proceeds to disintegrate much in the first. *Shove up!* the voices. These guys are slow as mud and shepherds them forth again, only to be stopped by the superintendent of Florida State Prison, who says, *You're not taking them away just yet, Scharlette. If you do!*

**by Joy Williams**

Joy Williams's short story collection, *Taking Care*, was recently published in paperback by Random House/Million Copy Edition. Her last story for *EW* appeared in the August 1994 issue.

## THE SAVIOR:

"We're not one of the most lenient, most strict systems ever invented," says Scharlette Holdman. "One of the ways of doing killing the inmates is sending all family on, connected for visiting a white inmate. The officials just wanted the family to be there. The people who are there are the ones who are going to be in the family's house. An adult like me has never been charged with an adult offense. In prison absolutely no family is allowed. But the state last week to fill the sugar and TV in punishment if it's not set."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROB LINDNER

which has been variously described as peach or flesh, where he would be strapped into a hammy wired casket and cast unmercifully into death's arms with the blessing of the star and two thousand souls of the living. Holden provided aid and assistance to these noncharitable adepts, not by getting them lawyers. To find those lawyers willing to volunteer their expertise and time, hundreds of hours, in the exhaustive and often agonizing process for the friend and the loved one, was a difficult task. But Holden knew it. Out of the state's thirty thousand lawyers he found several dozen who agreed to take on death row cases, and another hundred to help with strategics. These needles in the haystack, as it were, had been held by the courts, filing motions and lawsuits, pursuing delays, and fighting stays—and they were very successful in keeping their clients out of the chair.

As Florida judges and juries continued to recommend death for convicted killers, and the governor, Bob Graham, continued to sign sentences, death row became more and more crowded. Meanwhile, John Gagnon, a man who had been on death row since 1978, but was exonerated in 1980, had been put to death in 1982. Holland's record at supreme was excellent. One goes fearing death like that! Death specific to place and in time, are extremely unavoidable. Which of us would not wish to be so killed? In late November 1982, however, there was a setback with the execution of Robert Strickland, who, after ten years, had been on death row longer than anybody in America. And then there was the case of James Earl Ray, who had been on death row for 20 years, and had been denied his right to seek death row during those years. The delays achieved by protracted lawsuits were proving to be little more than that—delays; the long, slow appeals process on many cases was ending the prisoners' rights, in the words of the law, were bent, "exhausted," and Holland was running out of validated lawyers.

At which point help appeared from an unlikely quarter—the state itself. The Florida state was urged to set up its own lawyer recruitment committee, and with a budget of \$125,000, the two law firms of the Chamberlain group were invited to begin their search on its own behalf. It produced only twenty-five, and that was not surprising, according to former Fla. president James Bissman Jr.: "Death cases drag on for years, they're very costly, and no one likes you," he says. So the state has now taken the responsibility for providing defense for capital appeals. The might seem to be a considerable victory for Bladman, but she is less than impressed: "The state finally realized, Hey, if we don't get these guys lawyers, we're not going to be able to let them off. It's like letting the lion master whistler." As for the public defender's office, she says, "Honestly, you've

out to watch out for them more than anybody, they're such scumbags." In speech, Goldstein is somewhat imperious. She doesn't care about being liked, no, not at all. She is southern, always down-to-earth. Certainly most down-to-earth. But the operations in the ethereal sphere of the disease rebel for whom the only worthy battle is the battle against death.

ERINIAN STEPPED AWAY, NOT WITHOUT  
thought. Perhaps because she had not asked  
about philosophical problems, or even  
word ones for that matter. The mouse  
sang on about existence, even lived poetry,  
but Holden is a pragmatist, an activist,  
an optimist. She doesn't like poetry. She  
doesn't like crowds. She doesn't like  
the growth of Phoenix, either. Another  
curiousness has. She doesn't know her  
professionally, but she knows its "person."  
The present is a seemingly safe, logical,  
and unimportant little rabbit. A bit  
old. Such a personality seems. Holden  
hasn't made any case suspicious of damage  
to herself. She considers her a "sophisticate."  
She can always death wrangle. "We  
have to sign men, even men, because  
they're crazy, but he won't because he's a  
politician." The government certainly traps  
the racial in Holden. Whenever he  
shows up with me at his daughter's on  
any college campus, she arranges for pro-  
testers dressed in no culture to notice and  
scream to greet her. In February of the  
year, on the day that the government signed  
up his death warrant, Holden  
signed her crazy dad out of the rat-  
trap. "I am the only one holding a throw-  
paper certificate on the state," he said.  
"I am the only one of the crazy old people and he is  
Death." I am Death. Dying. Aging, and  
dying," he said. "I come to congratulate my-  
self, my ambassador of signature, the  
homosexual Robert Graham...." Holden  
hadn't planned the wine survivors with copies  
of the statement, which was composed  
by an enthusiastic volunteer and out it  
went. "I am issued statements at what  
they take," she says.

Haldeman does not like the government one. Her ex-husband, whom she had been divorced from for a dozen years, recently died. She didn't care too much for him either, though she admits that the oldster, Sammie, was a lifer, and Tad, her son, "blamed him." She says this angrily, and the way she says it makes it clear, in an almost way, of course. Haldeman laughs her shoulders and laughs. Her daughter got a summer job this year and wanted to do three things with her earnings. She wanted to buy school clothes, have their rented house, and buy her mother a pair of shoes. "The last is very self serving," Haldeman says, "because I wear her shoes." Tad thinks the woman is Wyoming, checking in, then weighing in for the Rob and Gene Department. He loved it, Haldeman says and laughs.

She likes to laugh. She likes her name, which was compelled on her birth certificate by a Polish nun in Memphis, Tennessee. She likes Scotch and cigarettes and the telephone. She also feels very comfortable with the absurd.

THE PRACTICABILITY OF GENERATING ELECTRICITY was proved in Thomas Edison's old Menlo Park laboratory in 1881. Edison had the idea of using natural Headless horses to turn a wheel in the ground, which would move cars and dogs onto a metal plate charged with alternating current. Edison had not care for alternating current. He didn't understand it. He liked direct current. But his competitor, George Westinghouse, was proving to be successful combining high-voltage AC with a transformer, transmitting farther and cheaper than Edison could with DC methods. Westinghouse had had some unfortunate accidents however, and Edison never had adding up the shortcomings with "HOLY MOSES" in mind and emphasizing their dangers in others and in themselves. In order to demonstrate how awful and potentially deadly AC was, Edison showed them to his friends and the public some fifty experiments. Edison declared he had perfect electrical means for efficient extension and inaugurated a campaign against Westinghouse as a "merchant of death" who devised an "electrical car and dynamo" and sold them, along with three AC dynamos, to the state of New York for \$8,000. The state, which had been seeking a more modern alternative to hanging, was enthralled. They added a chair and some straps and wanted to call it something like electroshock or dysrhythmia. The name didn't catch on, but the charge did. The chair was simply an incredible mass.

Except for only suggesting that they all the new system Westinghouse, Ethel was never involved herself at the project. He was becoming experimenting with (and, in particular, and against others, trying to be the first to succeed) for his light bulb. Ethel, in fact, was quite opposed to capital punishment.

## THE SAVED:

"We bring you our best in class, Masters," wrote Doug Boring as letter L-280 in his second half-mile of letters from three to books received. He doesn't know, "You as author and writer have some sort, like an umbrella you are holding up the sky, like a lifeguard with one arm, who is making lifeguards understand 'dangerous and the ones that are to break dangerous' like all kinds of systems and Books, Big and small."







## Cherished memories LORD WEST FORMALWEAR

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LORD WEST 1985

New Orleans and visited a lot of glorified Louisiana jails. She found, however, that listening to prisoners and standing in their unclad cells was not her forte. There was a finite amount of subtlety and subtension she could muster as she stood there, knowing she could always walk away. She had found her interest—prisoners and punishment, the varieties of judgment—but she realized she was most effective in an office, on a platform, in a courtroom. She moved to Miami in 1987 as the director of ACLU Florida, and a year later she became chairman of the ACLU chapter of the state. Classroom experience and narrowed her cause rights were close to one tidy issue: the death penalty. "It isn't this job for myself, really," Holdman says. "There was no competition for it."

ANOTHER FRESHLY MARRIED COUPLE IS EXECUTED AND KILLED SMALL BOYS. He was one of the eight men executed in 1984. Contrary to accepted myth, not all child molesters are sexed up parasites on death row. Some are even popular. Ernesto Leibert, for example, who tortured and killed two of his children and was also executed in 1984, apparently had a terrible personality. "He's the most unusual, positive, impudent person I ever met," his lawyer said. But Goode lacked that certain something that impresses Goode was gone. He boasted about his acts and the pleasure they gave him and his lack of remorse. One reason was lack of remorse to him. He had that man fully realized that her true talent lay in a quid pro quo and subterfuge, and not in subtlety of sexual attack, she tried to talk to Goode. "Now, Freddie," she said, "you have a friend in me. You don't like me." Goode said. "You do, Freddie." Holdman said. "I do like you." "You don't," Goode said, and I don't like you, but I know you have a little love. He's what I like. I like little boys." Leibert was engrossed. Your little boy. "And so on. "I like you, Freddie, you can't shock me." Holdman maintained subtlety, but she soon warned her colleagues to deal firmly and generously with a sex犯. "I don't do that well talking with men like this over the phone," she says. "I don't do well under emotional terms either. I don't show appropriate behavior."

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO REGARD THE DEATH PENALTY AS CALLED RETRIBUTION, an enforcement of justice. Opponents of the death penalty are called abolitionists. Liberals and conservatives are abolitionists. The exception man is a retributionist. Few abolitionists oppose capital punishment, although there are some, including Ernest van den Haag of Fordham University. Holdman calls him Mr. V.D. PBS recently thought a debate between the two would be edifying. "It isn't," Holdman said. "Oh, come on," PBS said. "Really isn't," Holdman said. "To not a good debate." "Oh,

you'd be fine," PBS said. "I really don't have much debate prepared." Holdman said. "I'd really don't want to talk to that human." "Okay never mind," PBS said. Abolitionists are somewhat more eloquent in their rationale than retributivists, for they have words such as mercy, nobility, and dignity in their vocabulary. The latter could also mean subtlety, but retributivists never let the abolitionists have many words at their words. However, say the abolitionists, in the right-to-punish in the human soul. Rehabilitation is reduced to simple deterrence over and over and over. Relying wood. Abolitionists, who have little interest in crimes, victims, or goals, are forever trying to untangle relationships in the details of execution, a matter about which the retributivists seem to have little curiosity. Abolitionists call retributivists insensitive, inhumane, uncharitable, and ignorant, and even overthirsty. Yet, when all else fails, abolitionists stand in the common man's sense of drift. For, for more expensive to sentence these terrible people to death than to keep them, they argue, for the appeal costs are astronomical. (Actually, abolitionists, who do not particularly believe in punishment, would never accept life imprisonment as an alternative to the death penalty.) The common man, however, remains unmoved, stand in his home of and compassion with the crime. He believes in punishment, he believes in justice. He sits with his wife and children in the chair. He just wants to see that these little, uncharitable criminals. He wants them gone.

KANSAS WORDS OF THE "TORTURE CHARTERS" professed the condemned. At Florida State Prison in the plucky town of Starke, the superintendent, Richard Dagger, used roadside drama with the prisoner in his execution house. He'd bring a horse or bison or Scruffy and some paper cups into the cell, and they'd have a drink or two together. Florida inmates had a fit when they learned about this from the newspapers, however, so Dagger stopped the practice. There is still the ritual of the last meal, whatever the inmate orders, within reason, and the ceremonial shave, a most elaborate shave that includes the head as well as the tail of cutting. Goode, like Leibert and Leibert's son, was eligible for parole, and he was given a parole, but no state officials made note of this. Florida has therefore come up with certain subroutines to death, a script, as it were. After the governor has signed the death warrant, the prisoner is moved from his old cell, where he has been sitting for years, into another cell in a wing called Q. One of the rules at this point is that "the inmate may continue to receive periodic subroutines but may not order new subroutines." The execution date is usually set a month after the warrant is signed, and it is during this time, called death watch, that Holdman's lawyers press their most frus-

trated. If all appeals are denied, the final day rolls around and with it the final hour, 7:00 A.M. Outside the prison and outside the capitol, 100 miles away, Clean Air witnesses and anti-death groups gather and sing the line of the song, "I'm not afraid to Die." Assuming Green "We Shall Overcome," an agnostic who can't carry a tune in a bucket, does not take part in these demonstrations. At the prison, headchecks on phone and electrical wires are simple, and the death countants get the job the rest of the house has provided for him. Actually, he gets into just about all of the suits. The pencil will not be put on until after death, but will be shorn, this is in the interests of properly conducting electricity. In this same interest, a sponge has been soaked in a saline solution overnight and will, in the proper moment, be placed on the prisoner's head beneath the black blanket, sheepskin-lined death cap. The chair is oak and was made by Florida prisoners sixty years ago. The executioners, who will be paid \$100 to pull the switch, is draped in a black robe and hood. The witnessess sit behind a glass wall on strongly shaped chairs that have little backs and cushion on them. The chairs are shaped like the hoods. In the government's chair, the governor sits by himself. This is a photo in the Florida Supreme Court, and there is also one customized to the state attorney general's office, which, in turn, is booked in for various federal courts. Half an hour before the execution is scheduled to take place, the supervisor of death calls the governor and lets the governor know by then the prisoner has been strapped and the chair some of the otherhanded have rung with the news that they have been strapped, the governor directs the superintendent to proceed with the execution. "It's to today," Holdman says. "He's never saying that." She punctuates with a sharp intake of breath at 7:00 A.M., noting Gruesome Nation, saying it.

"It's to today, but death can't be like that." "I would be very happy to see that, but I don't think it's symmetry that's appealing." Two state politicians discussing Florida's system of sentencing, in which the public can override the jury's recommendation.

THE LANGUAGE OF DEATH IS THIN OR THE DEATH IS PECCABLE. The death penalty itself is referred to as the "irreversible sentence," and those who commit crimes of an "especially heinous, atrocious, or cruel nature" are considered "death eligible." Florida is not all orange groves and wet T-shirt contests, it's a state that wants to make death equitable. Indeed, the constitutionality of Florida's death sentence has been upheld for more than a decade primarily because of its tripartite system of separate judgment, sentencing, and re-

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view. An average provision, whereby a judge could ignore the recommendation of the jury, was intended to make penalties across the state more consistent with one another, and thus work to the advantage of the accused, but it turned out that Prof. Polk's judges instead of showing more mercy than peers, frequently showed less. Almost a third of the 218 men on death row are there because of overreactions.

Holmes is now devoting her energies toward the repeal of the override. And she hopes that will repeat, with this small adjustment that may be of little use. Prof. Polk's elaborate house of cards could still come tumbling down, "but it's not the law," Holmes says. "The law is consistently holding up language, strong to be more exact, more logical and rational, all the while wavering away from the language of law into that of psychology—into the cushioned land of whimsical doubt and circumstance, extenuating, aggravating, and instigating—and into the stony right of madness."

Madness has become a sine interest of Holmes's. "There's a great hatred of the insane in this country," Holmes says. Nevertheless, the one benefit of being crazy is that it usually keeps you out of the electric chair. Holmes is particularly interested in madmen that prisoners might have inflicted while waiting for death on death row. "They live in a cell an hour by foot with the hall lights glowing day and night. They get no exercise, no sun that looks like a dog run. The only way they get to see each other is by holding steel bars through which their cells and causing them to clang. The inmates are often spoken of as if they're to be eaten, it would seem, not to be treated."

The Heftel's son, a student of criminal insanity at many of the same hospitals as himself, a simple killer named Gary Alward was recently tried off at the state mental hospital just before his electrocution date because he was found to be having some difficulty understanding the nature of the death penalty. The plan was to cause him to take the drug. Well, that presented quite a dilemma for the psychiatrist. It is the logic of the loophole. The death penalty cannot be applied to the insane. The prospect of the death penalty itself induces insanity. Since rest iteration of sanity would bring death as its will, the affliction would become permanent. Thus the death penalty could never be applied. Holmes finds this very intriguing.

OCALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF STATE SPEECHES IN SIGHT. DEATH, not just — that's what it is. Sometimes the whole point of a certain lecture. As an open book,光明磊落, the teaching certain subjects best disclosed out the peach-colored room by a rich Harvard-educated economist. One day you're picking certain books. The next day you're on

death row. Actually, that doesn't happen much. The modern death condemned usually doesn't have cause in his mitigating circumstantial background. If it's more likely that his mother was a hooker who was out of the house community but still only managed to bring home thirty dollars a week. Or his dad shot up heroin. Or his sister made him eat dog food for dinner. Or he's crazy or dumb. All of these are excellent reasons why he shouldn't be killed for murdering someone. And Holmes checksums these particular, much preferring them to the mitigating facts of the crime.

What you've got in a death case, Holmes says, "is a bunch of horrendous acts which are not to get beyond." The horrible facts, of course, relate to the murderer and how they come to be that way. "Fascist?" Holmes says, and her usually twinkling eyes grow cold. Even mad. "The victims are dead." Victims have no place in discussion of the death penalty. Holmes says, she's always talking about the victims. They're always keeping their faces shaved down in the pasty, bloody wound of the murder rack. Victims shouldn't even be mentioned in courtroom proceedings. They have nothing to do with courtroom procedure! The exploitation of victims is the most disgusting thing I've seen in the last ten years!" Victim centric Holmes.

HOLMES THE, now, or Holmes the, the selfless cheerleader for the condemned, defender for the awful, and death dealer in the charging dry of semantics, justice, and ethics to the improbable state of Florida. In her only juridical office, where she's world's about twelve hours a day and seems about fifteen, Holmes, the shrink, the shrink, the white-coated shrink of the blinds and white-condemned. Over a Polaroid snapshot of the Clearinghouse volunteers in white uniforms, Holmes. There is also a sign that purportedly reflects the sound logic of the state—*INMATE HUMAN RIGHTS ARE WITH US*. And there is a photograph of that preposterous looking object, the electric chair. The fact is nobody knows what to do with criminals any more than they ever did. Florida has a statute that requires at least twenty-five years of imprisonment for anyone whose life has been spared after being convicted of a capital crime. Holmes will fight for reprieve of that statistic in some inside job, not just the rest of them. Sometimes the whole point of a certain lecture. As an open book,光明磊落, the teaching certain subjects best disclosed out the peach-colored room by a rich Harvard-educated economist. One day you're picking certain books. The next day you're on

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1/2 cup Kahlua or Kahlua liqueur  
1/2 cup cold milk  
1/4 cup heavy cream  
1/3 cup Kahlua (optional)  
1 cup whipping cream  
Whipped cream for topping  
Chocolate for garnish

Combine cookie crumbs and liqueur mix well. Press firmly and evenly over bottom and sides of an 8-inch pie plate. In a medium bowl with electric beaters on low speed, beat Kahlua or Kahlua liqueur and cold milk until well blended. Add heavy cream and beat until stiff. Fold in Kahlua (if used). Pour into pie shell and freeze until firm. If desired, garnish with whipped cream and chocolate/candy.

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## HONOREES Entertainment, Sports & Style

### Larry Bird

Basketball player  
Boston, Massachusetts  
Born December 7, 1956



AP Wirephoto

In just five years Larry Joe Bird, a six-foot-one-inch white man, has become the dominant player in pro basketball. He doesn't jump very well, and his physique suggests more than a walking acquaintance with Nautilus machines, but he shoots, passes and rebounds way better than most. In the process he's won nearly every individual honor the league has to offer and, more important, led the Boston Cel-

tics to two NBA championships. "He's the best ever," says broadcaster Bob Costas. And his general manager, Red Auerbach, who's as tight as he is strict, gives him the ultimate professional compliment: "Gives like him you don't mind paying."

As the game unfolds before him, Bird, like a chess master, plays several moves ahead, a talent that enables him to pass to teammates he can't see but know are in place. His records have been carried as far as hard work will carry them. "I eat, sleep, and drink basketball twenty-four hours a day," he says. "I hope I never leave that." Originally from French Lick, Indiana, the self-taught star may be the world's longest

collection of basket cases, but has recently grown more comfortable with all the acclaim, even to the point of doing an almost-relaxed shoe commercial with his idol, the basketball auteur John Elway. But the career remains his kingdom. "I just try to do whatever I can," he says. "Some can't. I'm one of the fortunate who can."



### Paul DiBello

Skier/Coach  
Winter Park, Colorado  
Born October 25, 1950



The snow came suddenly that evening on Mount Rainier, Washington, driving by blizzard-like winds. And when a passing skier named Paul DiBello tried to cross the mountains and onto the front porch of a ranger station the following night, both of his legs had been so badly damaged by frostbite that they had to be amputated below the knees.

That happened in 1974, and it was the

### Cyndi Lauper

Rock singer  
New York, New York  
Born June 22, 1953



Cyndi Lauper's presentation is marked by such pluck and flesh that her great songs often go well, unless. What's a shame, because Lauper is not some overproduced rock product, no female Pavarotti. Her voice is actually an instrument that, after years of study and self-discipline, now runs freely through four octaves, sounding rich and ready with studio tricks. In fact, an evening at a Lauper concert proves that the singer

### Against all odds, he has demonstrated the true heart of a champion

beginning of DiBello's story, not the end. After a 10-month hospital stay, DiBello ventured tentatively back into the world. With the encouragement of his friends, he began experimenting with what had been his favorite sport, skiing. Even getting into the chair lift proved impossible at first. When he finally made it down a slope on his prosthetic legs, he understood what a lot of handicapped people know: gravity, properly managed, imparts a priceless sense to the physically impaired and able-bodied alike. Thus inspired, DiBello progressed quickly to competition level, and was four gold medalist at both the 1982 and 1984 World Handicapped Championships in Switzerland. Still, that wasn't enough to satisfy him. Last year he moved to Winter Park, Colorado, and began a program to train disabled skiers for serious competition; his students picked up a total of forty-two medals at the 1985 U.S. Handicapped Nationals. That's not an easy experience for the skiers, who substitute the program with their training team, or for DiBello, who works with everyone from first-class patients who can hardly walk, to those whose handicap is blindness. "But it's tremendously satisfying," he says. "I used to think about all handicapped people didn't have. Now we've got something, and I'm making it go."

### Glorious pipes, with the garb to match

sound even better live than on her steadily produced discs.

But it's not only the way Lauper carries a tune that makes her special—it's also the way she carries herself. Not since Wong Karwai, who continued singing happy songs despite all his hardships, has there been a popular singer who so constantly accentuated the positive, paled at the negative, and always exuded self-pride. Indeed, singing her songs is a way to forget that just three years ago Cyndi's brother, Coyote Dominguez, was lighting candles to St. Jude, prince of hopelessness. Back then Lauper's record-breaking blues, *Blue Angel*, had just broken up

their first album, she says, "worst lead," and, with her debts mounting, she was forced to file for bankruptcy. Then things got bad—and she had to take a job singing Sodas cans at a Japanese restaurant in New York. Yet through it all Lauper performed in her terminally healthy attitude. During the last four years, Lauper and her manager, Dave Wolf, have built up her career from scratch to virtually superstar status. Her transplant album, called *She's So Unusual*, spawned five singles—the first debut album to do so. Quite simply, by refusing to suffer, Lauper overcame "life," she says, "not a person sentence."

**Annie Leibovitz**

Photographer  
New York, New York  
Born October 2, 1949

Whether she's shooting a shooting star, a Christo artwork, or a trademark wrapping paper, or a pinup girl, Dolly Parton framed by the equally overdeveloped Arnold Schwarzenegger, Annie Leibovitz, our era's most-famous photographer of the stars, does more than capture a single moment in time—she creates portraits that are part art as well as document. Leibovitz was just twenty years old

**Bobby McFerrin**  
Vocalist  
New York, New York  
Born March 11, 1950

How do you like the sound of Bobby McFerrin? On his second album, not only entitled *The River*, there were various eccentric instruments—trumpets, cymbals, string banjos—erred, as a song called "The Way I Walked," the sound of radio static. McFerrin is also the most innovative jazz singer to come along in twenty years, an artist who merges eccentricity and virtuosity in the soul singing of Bill Holiday and the smooth vocalism of El

**Pat Metheny**  
Jazz musician  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
Born August 12, 1954

While his friends listened to Frank Zappa, the twenty-one-year-old Pat Metheny was just learning to play jazz guitar. He was "a Wisconsin country bumpkin" who, untaught by the music hall for about six octaves, sans spectrum. Growing up in Lee's Summit, Missouri, was a privilege who could—and did—fit in with other residents from the rural Kansas City school. From there Metheny learned early what impressed

when she first tallied her way into her first major assignment for *Rolling Stone*—a cover shot of John Lennon. Noted that magazine's official photographer in 1972, she has since shot issues that are hundred covers and seen her work appear in dozens of other illustrated magazines. "Annie has a way of getting people to be themselves," wrote *Rolling Stone* art director Roger Black in 1977. "Her photographs make people seem clearer, somehow closer to life." Leibovitz moved to New York two years ago; she has not let much else has changed. Leibovitz has not lost her eye, or her taste of getting the rich and famous to offer a glimpse of their souls.



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ: ROLLING STONE

**His playful, soulful singing adds a new dimension to jazz**

James to produce a musical form of his own. The son of former Metropolitan Opera bassist, Robert McFerrin, the Oxford University graduate won the first version of *Popstar* and *Best New Artist* at the Grammys. Since McFerrin, young Bobby actually chose to express himself through the piano rather than his voice. After studying music at Oxford, McFerrin spent seven years as a keyboardist with Top Forty lounge bands and, for a few months, toured rock to rock with the Joe Cocker/White plowing phone for a Salt Lake City dance troupe in 1977. McFerrin had an epiphany: "I was feeling burned out and wondering where my direction in life was

going to be when an inner voice told me I should sing." Lately the thirty-five-year-old McFerrin has been branching out into film, singing in a musical version of *Orlando* and recording the soundtrack for an animated movie. With the upcoming release of his third album in January, he is also concentrating on solo performances, inevitably suggesting each new audience with the breadth and intensity of his talent—at times, in fact, surprising even himself. "I never know from moment to moment where I'll end up, and sometimes I'm scared to death," he says. "Yet with all the risks, being on the edge is always the most fulfilling place to be."

**He blends eclectic musical influences into a guitar sound all his own**

music is—"the expression of anything that's already in your head"—and what it isn't: "technique for its own sake. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, Metheny has always been successful enough to play shows and in the world music market. By the time he arrived at the University of Missouri, intent on studying jazz, Metheny was such a much-talented musician that his studies were soon abandoned, so he quit and joined the faculty.

Today, at thirty-one, after three Grammy awards and twelve LPs, including the bristling *New Classical* and the Brazilian-influenced *Fever Creek*, he remains purely himself, constantly exploring new musical directions. "I'm not interested in

playing before fifteen thousand people at Madison Square Garden," he says. "But Metheny hardly needs to push for popularity anymore; the world has already come around to him. You can tell by his album sales and the way he's received, even on some rock stations. Last year, moreover, Metheny wrote and recorded two *Billboard* Bestsellers, the first for *The Paduan and the Sosua*, which yielded a hit single with David Bowie, "This Is Not America"; the second for *There Is a Lightness*, starring Gene Hackman. The Hollywood projects, according to Metheny, were a natural next step. "We've always tried to make pictures with sound," he says.

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**Mark O'Connor**

Musician  
Nashville, Tennessee  
Born August 5, 1961

 "The world's best fiddle player" is a label Mark O'Connor has been living under since 1973, when he turned twelve and recorded his first solo album. The following year, he won his first of three Grand Masters Fiddlers Championships and then came a string of Grand National Junior Fiddle Championships that until then he was beaten from the competition at age nineteen. A true master of strings, the twenty-

four-year-old O'Connor ranks as a virtuoso on the guitar, mandolin, and Dobro instruments he's played on recordings with bluegrass's finest David Grisman Quintet and the southern jazz-rock string group The Urigs. But the fiddle is his forte, it comes to him so naturally that, he says, "I still don't practice."

O'Connor was raised in Washington State, far from the hotbeds of country and bluegrass, by parents who were not music fans included. "It was just something that happened," he says of his success. "When I went on the Grand Ole Opry, I didn't know it was a big deal for Roy Acuff to give me a spot... and then introduce me in

such kind of genius. I was more interested in meeting [fiddler] Randy Reinhardt and getting back to Seattle to hang out with my skateboardin' friends." That self-conscienceless star makes his manner contagious. Even when he plays the most sophisticated jazz, O'Connor constantly shuffles his long brown hair and employs the kind of anachronistic warts and aches and shoulder movements that bluegrass fiddlers wear up in "Texas style." The sound that issues forth, however, is uniquely O'Connor's, something that makes, says a fellow fiddler, from them being "in blocking" between a musical idea and his ability to express it.

**In the tradition of  
Brando and De Niro, an actor  
of uncommon intensity**

**Sean Penn**

Actor  
Los Angeles, California  
Born August 17, 1960

 Sean Penn's portrayal of the dispeled-out archer Jeff Spicoli in 1982's *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* was so convincing that people still run up to him and say, "Want a job?" That may saves a flip tribute to play a serious actor, but it is a telling one, in each of the six films Penn has made to date, he has emerged to virtually disappear into the character he plays, leaving the impression that actor and role are one. That

kind of authenticity does not come easily. To prepare for his role in the year's explosive thriller *The Façade*, the 30-year-old Penn sneaked into the Mexican embassy in Mexico City to get a feel for being a spy. But he shrank off discussion of his acting style and appears genuinely irritated when critics label him a young Robert De Niro. "People write about how intense get into their roles," says Penn. "Who cares? All that matters is what is on the screen."

The product of a show-business family (his father is a film director, his mother a former Broadway actress), Penn got started in theater underground during working

backstage at the Los Angeles Repertory Theatre. He landed a few small roles on TV but soon found his prospect in California's theater scene. Penn's first big break came when critics labeled him a young Robert De Niro. "People write about how intense get into their roles," says Penn. "Who cares? All that matters is what is on the screen."

The product of a show-business family (his father is a film director, his mother a former Broadway actress), Penn got started in theater underground during working

**In the age of specialization,  
a Renaissance man**

**John Sayles**

Filmmaker/Writer  
Hoboken, New Jersey  
Born September 28, 1950

 It has been two years since the MacArthur Foundation doctored a \$172,000 "genius grant" to the 40-year-old John Sayles, the thirty-five-year-old film director whose low-budget

*The Brother from Another Planet*, Sayles has reinvigorated the glinty luv of Hollywood. By now, the story of how Sayles earned \$300,000 in bonuses is as old and hoary as, however, the Sayles in his short story "1-80 Melodrama" won the prestigious O. Henry Award, and his second novel, *Union Dues*, was nominated for a National Book Award in 1988. With the acuity of the best-year MacArthur grant, Sayles says, he's simply continued doing what he's always done. In currently writing a novel based on Cohen refugees living in Miami and is about to start filming *Malaise*, based on a West

Texas coal miners' strike in the 1950s. "But even without it, I'd still be making movies."

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**Peter Shire**

Furniture designer  
Los Angeles, California  
Born December 27, 1947



consist of a sheet of glass resting precariously atop a number of geometric shapes, blocks, springs and wheels. Working with everything from concrete to copper tubing, he also designs chairs he describes as "shapes that are sort of bolted

together," but that are surprisingly comfortable to sit on. Shire's work is composed mostly, as a comment on society. "I see a classical structure in trees, in the way an informed person sits in a person's wheel," he says, "where the more beautiful things I have seen." That sentiment was eventually the motivation for Shire's notorious (though asymmetrical) conglomeration of shapes, surfaces and colors, which neatly obscure the fact that each has a specific handle, and top. His progression into furniture, several years ago, was, he says, "was only natural...In his latter, a carpenter brought him the basics of woodworking and construction."



Courtesy of Peter Shire

**Artfully balancing the worlds of avant-garde and pop music****Bob Telson**

Musician/Composer  
New York, New York  
Born May 14, 1949



How many people have played organ both Joe Cocker and the Philip Glass Ensemble? How many have composed music that is a reworking of a Greek tragedy and reworked a Chapin instrumental? Composer-musician Bob Telson has, and these are the more conventional parts of his résumé. An accomplished painter by age eight, Telson switched to the pipe organ when he was twelve. He studied classical music at

Harvard, then headed for New York to experiment with various jazz, salsa, and gospel groups. Switching his concentration from performance to composition, Telson wrote "Dyed to Be Dyed"—which has the distinction of being the only Chapman flood tape to become a disco hit—in 1979. The next year, Telson and playwright Lee Breuer co-founded the off-Broadway theater company that became the nucleus of the Staten Island Arts Center. Telson describes it as a two-way street. "The name *Giorgio at Colonus*, another Breuer collaboration, is a project that took full advantage of Telson's selective skills. Their acclaimed recording of the 2,500-year-old play *Giorgio at Colonus* won the Obie Award for the

Musical in 1984.

With the *Colours* sound track selling briskly and a production of *Sister Solea* due this fall on PBS's *Live from Off-Center*, Telson is hard at work on yet another blending of diverse musical traditions. *The Blues of Ad*. This metaphysical tale, based on a species of jungle insect that grows wings and flies out into darkness—will combine African, Brazilian, and Caribbean styles. "Music is a language in which the more there are dialects," says Telson. "In translating it, looking at the physical spirituality you see in the black American church and Brazilian samba schools, and combining them in new ways."

**The comic art of stage fright****Steven Wright**

Comedian  
New York, New York  
Born December 6, 1955



"I was embarrassed. You can totally tell. Although whenever I leave the house I go out through the window." "I put in a second coffee in my interview." "I didn't want to go back in because I was having a little bit of trouble getting in my apartment." "I accidentally walked out a car lot, stuck it into a door and never got it, and the building started up. So I don't want to be a whole." These are just a few of the

whacked-out words of wisdom from Steven Wright, the comic who assembles Art Garfunkel after a long hard night on the sofa, and whose spaced-out stage manner suggests Woody Allen twenty thousand leagues under the sea. He's caused a sensation on *The Tonight Show*, *Late Night with David Letterman*, and *Saturday Night Live* with a string of weird non sequiturs such as "You can't have everything—where would we put it?" "It's a great show, but I wouldn't want to paint it," and "I was in a speed-reading accident—I hit a bookshelf."

The more successful Wright gets, the more weird-looking he becomes. And that's a good sign. Although paranoid is the

bane of much of Wright's humor, what he really suffers from is something called *Yagnophobia*, or fear of becoming sick that he can sit down next to Joan Rivers without everyone realizing that the act of sitting down next to Joan Rivers is itself a joke. Although he accepted a small role in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, recorded an album for Warner Bros., and did a special for HBO, Wright tries to stay true to his *Blair Witch*-style of comedy. He turns down all projects that don't sound like his *outage* character—the kind of guy who sees a sign that says *NO HABAKKUK ANYTIME* and promptly orders French toast in the Renaissance.

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And another that is doubtlessly redundant, given the 325CSi's 2.5-liter engine, displacement and revised rear axle ratio. Both of which contribute to increased acceleration. And, for a change in concert with the car's fully independent sus-

pension and anti-lock braking system, make it, perhaps, the world's most elegant means of negotiating the fast lane.

And the motorcycle: K100 RS. However, if a vehicle you may find somewhat less familiar. Unless you've more or less been on the Continent, where BMW's name, K100 RS was recently named Motorcycle of the Year in no less than five countries.

This is a motorcycle that goes now wearing to the expression "sporty mobile." Possessing, as does a 4-cylinder engine that produces a seat-bursting sounds of power (Motortyred). Along with handling that "makes directional changes more instantly inspired flicks" (Popular Science).

Of course, in neither case are these

vehicles meant to be purchased solely as a means of transportation. But rather they are meant for those individuals who find that "having provided for the family, the future and the best furnishings," the last of budget, "there are funds yet remaining for experiences of price." (N.Y. Times)



**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**



**Mark Talbott  
has challenged the  
reigning Khans and  
naturalized how  
squash is played**

Entertainment,  
Sports & Style

# Off the Wall

by Lance Morrow

**MARK TALBOTT**  
likes treasure hunts  
and Tolkien and dramas  
of transformation—  
magic changes,  
cartoonish empowerments.

In a tunnel under his grandfather's house in Dayton years ago, there lived "the Claw," a sort of Talbott family pet monster. Mark Talbott's older brothers avenged the Claw. But Mark, embittered and stage-managed the fable tale. He brought friends down into the dark crawl space to show them the Claw's "teeth"—tears bulb arranged under a piece of cloth.

At twenty-five, Talbott appears a rather stout cut from the

gopher side of the States. He flies to San Francisco to hear the Grateful Dead, drifts about in a series of dreamy availability. Until last year he drove from one squash tournament to another in a 1978 Ford pickup, sometimes sleeping in the rat-a-tat-tat wooden dughouse that he trails on the back of the truck. His family calls him Mark. A few other squash players on the tour call him spic. Local Masonic 36-order of The Claw, a moniker it as assigned in 2004

Talbott never intimidates; he wins with his smile.



Mark Talbott is also the best squash player in North America. He is a slender athlete whose body and game are well-maturing, and whose mind, for all its apparent docility, looks on to each instant of every point with an astonishing alertness. If squash were not a comparatively minor sport, Talbott would enjoy the status of John McEnroe.

The essence of athletic genius seems to involve a talent for inhabiting a moment completely, without the reservations and temporizing delts with which most of us stumble through our business. Talbott has internal instruments that guide him through the motions of athletes, long—the split seconds of points and, in the long term, the compacted years of a career—in a seemingly sport. Nonetheless, Talbott has learned to make his serve-sweetness comparable to such seemingly incompatible interests as a sport of such cerebral intensity. He is a genius, and another has no known—ever. Although he now runs an operation in Marblehead, Massachusetts, his life is essentially nomadic, and when he is not in a vacation, he often roambles around New England in the double-decker truck, dropping Wimpeyish chaff in Provincetown or Beaufort, comparatively taking on any decent player available. He spots the man as man as that—no four-set points in sight—but if he loses a even a pickup game like that, he does not like it.

On the surface, it is difficult to imagine a personality and a sport more mismatched. After the main second-game game of hard racket squash in thehurst and most arenas of racket sports. Two players enter a small white court that offers the bright, brutal setting of an operating room. They close the door behind them. What follows is a sort of exclusive violence. The little green rubber ball, played off any of the walls or off couplings of walls, flies into the white space at dazzling angles and speeds. Squash is a sort of deathly, gleaming game, more interesting to play than to watch. That is, at least, in the squash player's view. The sport needs to find itself.

Lately, squash has begun to outgrow its preposterously snug and grim public, since tournaments are using a portable glass-walled court, which has increased its audience (formally only a few score persons) into a small galaxy below the earth. Last spring's North American Open, for example, was played at New York's Town Hall. The court was perched upon the stage of the decimated hall like in squash—a high, rectangular solid filled with a luminous, abstract fury. The squash players darted like quick killer fish, bright and electric. Squash is an electric game, the energy of the brain shot directly through the entire body. Often so much intensity of motion—playing a game so fast and so free, the reflexes keyed up to a screaming edge—can make both the play-

ers and the sport seem a little meager, unmoved. One of the last players of recent years, Michel Desnoyers, always quavers on the court, as if his muscles were infested by hornworms.

Thus, even Talbott's matadorism seems out of place in the game. "Unlike the rest of us," says professional Larry R. Heath, "Mark is not fast-twitched." Mark sounds almost casual when he talks about squash: "I enjoy the flow of the game, the movement. I also like the exercise." He gets a lot of exercise. He reached the finals of all but one of the nineteen tournaments he entered last season.

Since he leaped into the top ranks three years ago, Talbott has also altered the dynamics of the game, its psychological style, in an interesting way. Eighty-five years ago, Clancy Mathewson joined the New York Guards—a foursome, characterized by the want of at least one college-educated player in the ranks. Based until then on a combination of a grueling and tobacco-spitting bout, it was full of boozers and characters who sharpened their spikes with a real intent to injure. The boozing and chewing tobacco remained, of course, but Mathewson brought in a better sort of豪 (including many women) and began the process of refining America's pastime.

Squash is nowhere close to being America's pastime. And it begins at the other end of the social spectrum from baseball. Invited by English salaried boys in 1866, squash came to the U.S. as the pastime of the elite. The nature of the court, its windows, rooms, expensive to build made squash inherently covert. The game was hidden away in gentlemen's clubs and New England prep schools and by League colleges.

But something in the nature of the game seemed to call forth extra Y chromosomes even in the gentlemen. Squash depends upon mutual trust, or, even party motives, the wherein to do damage. Two players locked up in a small room have a seven and a half foot wall, thirty-one feet long, carrying twenty-seven-inch clubs, and slashing away competitively at a fast black ball are working close to the fine line between sport and homicide. Unlike tennis, with its wide court, midcourt, and large carry balls, squash is close-range combat. Certain players have been known to act out, or to use intimidation deliberately to establish an atmosphere of fear that may cost their opponents a half step—an even girl. Some of the ferocious Khanas, notably Sharif and Mohabutulla, have been prone to form the ball close to an opponent's body, letting loose sometimes, leaving the victim with one of the squash player's ingesta—livid, black-and-blue target-shaped bruises usually seen on the back of the upper thigh. Sharif, son of Habib Khan, the Pakistani who is the founding father of the astonishing Khan dynasty, has always



Talbott finds off-season rest in Vermont, right where he's built a cabin. Above, he tosses a logo and shoulder to wheel off the tennis courts.

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## Championship Moves

Used to pump himself up for matches in which they were facing tribal savagery, Ratiaveen's ponytail flies his opponent with a hand-to-hand combat move. He has been known to hurl racket heads through his opponent's noses and teeth. Furthermore, a veteran professional who has written extensively about the sport, "Most of us were married are not married and Vince Lombardi." Players sometimes think that winning requires a learned, ferocious, patient and silentious.

Mark Talbott proved that there was a more stylish way to beat up the aghasties. He accomplished it by the force of his talent and his quirkish but charismatic presence. In a subtle way, he showed the cuffs with a display of winsome grace. The effect was that of Paul Auster showing up at a gathering of skin divers.

Talbott may have the best on-court

manner in the history of the game. His "cheers"—gets out of the other player's way after making a shot—so thoroughly, Lanny Hilton testifies, "you feel he's not even on the court." That, in a way, is part of Talbott's understanding, almost dead handed. Much of his game depends upon his powers of retreat. Talbott claims he is tall, which allows out of the picture for an instant during his movement to make a shot that Talbott cannot reach with two long-legged strides. He follows an impeccable code of honor in correcting mistakes, who may have seen a shot wrong. His belief,

"I often have an opportunity to execute ultimate control by attacking the ball with a topspin, or angling it away from the opponent, or make him scramble up, retrieve, and start a new round of punch counter-punch. It's the furious combination of shot and shot that makes tennis watchable, and it's the joy of the game that makes it necessary to play." As the great Federico player Raulino Ribeiro put it, "Tennis is a gamble, this is a joy game." No tennis aficionado in the world would disagree.

Dr. Douglas Talbott of Atlanta, remembers a moment in the finals of a Croquet Royal tournament in New York, when "they reached a critical point in the rink game." De Talbott says, "There was a ball that I expected would be down [but it] had bounded twice and was therefore out of play." Then Mark said, "No, I'm sorry. The ball was down." He called it an honest. He could've lost \$5,000." Mark Talbott, all-American boy. That sort of largess with, too good to be true, burns around Talbott. But it is true. Talbott embodies qualities of American versus self-clasement: bluster, brilliance as action. He is a sly and sweet and masterful character in the style of Lundberg, perhaps without Lundberg's puritan shadow.

When Talbott makes a shot, he gives his racket a quick, almost undular wave in the air in the form of a figure 8. He sometimes mimics himself in himself. When an opponent suggests mid-court posting, Talbott crosses his arms and leans on the wall and says, "I'm the master of the marmalade, a sort of distant, omnipotent gaze aimed vaguely toward the uplands of human behavior. It is not clear in pragmat judgment, but rather a sport that completes itself with a mythical drama.

Dave Johnson, a recent president of the World Professional Squash Association, says, "Mark did a tremendous service to the game by bringing this dubious at-



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Blode: Now we take it for granted. Confidence among the players is very high. I give him full credit." Johnson playfully accuses Talbot of caught-in-the-middle in a play. "How are they going to beat Mark," Johnson asks, "when Mark makes sure that they see all his best friends?"

This can be an interesting psychological problem. Not Kipling is a gifted twenty-seven-year-old Miss Lucy Philbrick who has been a noted author since the world, behind Jangene Khan and Mark Twain. Recently it also Talcott a test tried on the road. They gather together, they frequently meet together at tournaments, and they often write and exchange each other in the flesh. "It's good to meet," Lucy says to Mark. "I've been here for a fortnight at a tournament at Greenwich, Connecticut. Part of the prize was a round-trip ticket for two to Hawaii. Talcott took the couple to laugh. "Well, I guess I have to take Ned." They used the British Airways on March 16, June

Edwards, one senator, often beats himself. Talbott never does. His game has faults. "I haven't mastered it at all," says Talbott. "I'm not technically that good. There are lots who do the half-baked (bad) do—Mike John Bannock and Ned." Talbott

leaves many more loose balls hanging at a liftdisks suspension off the back wall waiting for the other player to arrive and take them. He plays high percentages shots, which is safe but sometimes frustrating. He does not go for outright winners very often, but usually counterpunches and relies on his astonishing consistency and his great flexible mobility to carry him. He usually hits the ball well above the tie—the approximately high strip of metal on the bottom of the front wall, the metal equivalent

agent of the net at tennis. He has been training to strengthen his upper body, to enable him to hit harder and last longer in his rallies against his only significant professional competitor, Janshur Khan, the newest phenomenon from the Indian subcontinent. He has much room for development.

Dad was sick, and that there were a lot of problems. In some ways I was forced to grow up before my time. I turned around and tried to act like I was older than I was. I've only begun to understand some of that in the last couple of years."

Eventually Doocy and his wife moved to Atlanta, where he runs a program for other doctors with drug and alcohol problems. "I think," says Doocy, "that Mark's mental discipline and concentration and dedication come from that experience. He and I used to talk about being able to come back no matter what the situation is."

The Talbots are close and loving in a tribal way. Mark once invented a private language called *Ghaglith*, which is a mournful and tragicomic kind of pig Latin. Each Talbot has a nickname. Mark, who has a touch of Prospero in him, announced that his sister-in-law, Marla, was to be called *Flora*, the same name her daughter, and her brother, Doug, was "Fog," after the recent madman Mark thinks Doug will turn around. Mark is called *Steady*, either in honor of Sparky Anderson or in celebration of Marla's powers of ignition.

Four years ago Dr. Tolson bought a house on Cudjoe Key in Florida, just north of Key West, and the family has paraded there. "The southeastern squash circuit in the U.S." Mark and his brothers and sisters by these various clubs they have. They have won the national and the state and District tennis awards at 6,000 in the mornings and compete on their down and demands a squash match. Once it is seriously探ed and the coach of Yale's squash team, Richard and Doug play a somewhat less exacting game. Ursie and Mark give the father thirteen points. If this ain't Ducco's squash—he is, after all, notoriously ranked in the over sixty division—it does not have time to irritate Mark's expression on the court. "He's pretty obnoxious," Mark says. "He plays the game and can't stand it." The father, who once made public a "PAID" advertisement for "public and pleasure," these little heraldizations are photographed and displayed in a gallery in the Key's house. In 1942, a state, Tolson had to serve the last dinner wearing a fedora and pants.

The bold and witty allusions of the *Subalterns* were achieved at a price. Mark is an American original whose charm can easily be destroyed. Or perhaps the image is too cool. Diaz, who works for IBM in Atlanta, says that Ishmael is the man inside of the computerized goliath. "He's the mind inside of the machine," says Diaz. "Even software and hardware. The heart of Mark's style is in narration, something unique that is constantly changing, that is delightful and fun. You must get on a court with him to feel his presence. He has this tremendous presence. You should play him, you know, track him down somewhere between here and Mars, and ride 'em."

**Lawrence Taylor's ferocious blend of strength and speed makes number 56 the finest linebacker ever to hit the NFL**

Entertainment  
Sports & Style

# L.T. and the Home Team

BY JOHN ED BRADLEY

Out one night last summer in Wetherspoon's, Yonkers—a night that started tame and bucolic but quickly turned on hot and raunchy as old men—D'Felis and talking about local trivia for a minute and somebody started on God. Eric Stone, going coveyed at a slav only half as big as his driver, started on God but soon let Prechtell figure it out. Prechtell was smart and he thought he could figure everything out. Even that fatigued belly of his—brought on, everybody said, by the wife's cold cuts and sausages and pork chops and whatever fruit pie happened to be in the cupboard—Prechtell liked to figure the

ETIENNE ERIC PRECHTET, DEN JOHN MCGINNIS, LAWRENCE TAYLOR, ERIC STONE, D'FELIS AND ERIC GARTNER



sack, girth was really only a healthy stretch or "dogged tool," and he told D'Felis so. He jolted his big gut and hopped up his biceps and let him know he was still the man.

Practically over. Lawrence Taylor had told D'Felis Prechtell earlier in the day, "You're faster than Eric Albert." How much it is you been weighed these days?

And Prechtell had said, "I'm tellin' you it ain't far. It's an extension of something else. Backed way up in my belly." Tra a goggo, man.

Now, at about 1:00 in the morning or a little after, Taylor was working a shaggy patch of long-cut between classic and gun, looking off in the direction of town. He started, "You've just begun," again, Prechtell. Prechtell Prechtell named his best— and saw it coming, growing way off in the distance, moving at a ridiculous happy clip. There was a single white eye in the head of the darkness, a light more yellow, mottly, than white. And the assault was of wild mess of steel and steel, dark and mad and terrible.

Come on, who sometimes went by the name of Green Carter, pulled his boat off his crutch, where he'd been working an arch, and pointed for everyone to see. He said, "A coast train, bay! Look at the damn thing."

And homecoming, probably L.T., who had returned home to see D'Felis and spent one last night on the town before his fifth season with the New York Giants, took him away for at least six months, said. "It's magic. Touching you, fellas. It's like every old dog that ever used to be."

Besides the single white beacon from the engine, there was another wisp of lights, this from D'Felis' party van parked in the middle of the dead-end road, and you saw how Taylor stood in it. Ferry-boy big at six feet three and 250 pounds, the belt buckle on his belt was a solid gray diamond that made his buckle the two or three hours of most grueling auto legs that can cover thirty yards in 8.5 seconds. He wore a white straw hat with an olive-colored lesson band, the band tapped down low over the eyes, and his shirt was cut loose around the belly, giving him room to breathe.

"This is nice," Taylor suddenly said instead to say. "I mean, this is really nice. All it was ever supposed to be."

Then, with his eyes on nothing at all, down on the pea gravel at his feet. "So many things, mostly the good ones. D'Felis were part of that. Eric Stone was part of that. Eric Gartner was part of that. Eric Albert was part of that. Eric Prechtell was part of that."

in or open, easy, either. That feeling. I mean, of being together again. You see the train, and you see all of us, running here again. I'm telling you, it never gets tiring."

L.T. "WEIRD WE WERE, SAME DAY, now running with the same old hope he had run with since second grade—had come home again. It hardly seemed to matter that he'd moved way up the bell with and made something of himself, earning in the rough neighborhood of \$3 million a year. He might take home about \$45,000 a year, as one of his

strategists, now with the ring of the bell. They have called him going make-do and amateur, mainly because he's not been to the post office lately, sometimes forgetting the const's name he picked up in camp for the prime song that makes him run. Calling him the "most" or "last" side of the line, he often emerges on quarterback, preparing to pass like some awful sort of terror. He wants to focus on a spot two feet behind his target, blow right through what most, home, and heart stand in the way, and come out screaming on the other side. "We don't know the difference in L.T.,"

whole world—D'Fellas—and each friend, member, owned a plaque proving it. Only then, L. Lewis, Prichett, and St. Louis, still lived in the town where they grew up. The one, Taylor assumed to max and minor most, John D. D. Morning, married a waitress place in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and Eric (Doc) Prichett earned his living making Bassett beer in Virginia Beach.

Today, driving around with no place in particular to go, somebody had said it like it is, as if every clock and calendar in the Virginian countryside had been turned over on its



AP Wirephoto

Lewis has put the fear of permanent disfigurement into all offensive people who determine routes once figured out on a pocket calculator, and who watch him break through a double team block and drop a quarterback in a gant, while he has been known to pass a pass and take it down the pattern for a touchdown. It was never hard to understand why even his coaches said he was worth every down price.

During Taylor's NFL career more than a couple of coaches have wondered aloud how awesome plowing on the back-side end of the defensive line can so dominate a game. As an outside linebacker, Taylor

has been known to chase down running backs, fleeing in the opposite direction, like some bad dog after his own tail. He has put the fear of permanent disfigurement in all offensive people who look too good and smell too sweet.

Prichett once professed, "We are a good inside and it's a good tackle. But whether he plays well or not, we're there. We're still his brothers, man. We're blood, you know."

Taylor, D'Fellas' back-home sheepish and never forget where he came from, even though he kept a fancy place in a fancy cabinaboo in Upper Saddle River, New Jersey, a two-story brick house with a lawn that was more garden than yard, made gold. Merton-Davis-Brown painted out front. He kept the house, his wife, Linda, said, but you could never keep her in it, not even during the off-season, when his blood to shoot hoops in the sun and play a little golf and take an occasional trip south to Wilkes-Barre, in the southeastern heel of the state, to visit the boys.

There were only six of them in the

who look too good and smell too sweet, men, or if he's no longer matinée. Having drunk more than a few bottles of beer at the Green Leaf Cafe near the campus of William and Mary, even L.T. would up to fading himself once more by a level of test time. So they had taken a cluster of narrow back roads to a place on the edge of town, where a bridge made of crenelated reinforced bar iron once crossed a great divide and where a bright train still passed every few hours, whining like a pack of wild hounds but for the still.

The old Matoawon Bridge, directly above, had barely been wide enough for two small cars to pass. D'Fellas had called it the Matoawon Bridge, because they had come time and again to lean against its melody railings and sing the blues and talk about God. And about women and football Friday nights at Cooley Stadium and about

## The fact that all of these Ferraris are on Goodyear Eagle radials is no coincidence.



The Formula One Ferrari driven by Michele Alboreto  
Tires: Goodyear using Eagle



The new Ferrari Testarossa  
Tires: Goodyear Eagle M/T "Glossback" street-radial



The Formula One Ferrari driven by Stefan Johansson  
Tires: Goodyear using Eagle

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And five of those six World Championships were won on Goodyear tires.

So it's hardly surprising that when the Formula One Ferrari came to the streets of Detroit or Monte Carlo, or to Rio, or any other city on the Grand Prix circuit, they come equipped with just one make of tire.

The Goodyear Eagle racing radial.

Considering their performance, it's also not surprising that Ferrari chose Goodyear Eagle M/T "Glossback" street-radial as original equipment on every Ferrari Testarossa sold in America.

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For the track... and for the street.

So it's really no coincidence that Goodyear Eagle radials can be found on most Formula One cars, and most high-performance street cars, than any other make of tire.

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**GOODYEAR**

## "Whether L.T. plays well or not, we're there," says Dylan Pritchett. "We're still brothers, man. We're blood, you know."

what it meant to be young and alive and in no great hurry to grow up.

Now, on a frigid Sunday night that last spring, more than 20 years, Taylor stood before the stone bridge, and he very much regretted leaving all the shiny warmth and comfort that had once led to his present acquaintance of weeping and bawling because he remembered the night the bridge burned. Stoney, who works at the delicatessen, had driven out with the water truck and seen it engulfed in flames. Little orange chips of wood and ash had clattered in the night air, and no one but D'Fellas figured it was a bad thing. Too many people had died on the bridge of the necessities. And Taylor, who rarely looked back on his days with D'Fellas except to laugh, knew that the time as old drunk had徒 had to walk across the bridge with his eyes closed, nursing a hototic of cough syrup. The man had said he was Jesus Christ come down to save the world. Then, not five minutes after announcing that he could walk on water, the man had lost his footing and fallen. He had fallen all the way down to the tracks and then down to a silent, smoky heap.

Taylor told the boys, "Crazy trigger thoughts he could walk on water. The world's not even straight."

And when L.T. and the world, could figure him many thoughts, had tried to negotiate the curve leading up to the bridge? Second like every Friday and Saturday night somebody missed the turn and drove down into the void. L.T. once joked and said the Mitten Brutes killed more poor colored folks than the Klan ever did, but this was good about it.

There was that to look back on, that one ingloriously cold night when he and D'Fellas stood in the middle of the squeeze, knifed against the snow that fell in hard, white sheets. The headlight of a train had appeared up ahead, moving in the direction of the pottery factory. And of course, you could see the dark clouds of coal in the open-top cars, dotted over with snow. There was a blinding blue winter light that seemed to come from no particular source. They lit like Stoney would pick a little deck of cards off the top of his tongue and lay them out on the cardbed he loved to play.

The night, the cold had made their lips feel watery and robbery, their lungs burn, but they still enjoyed their songs anyway, told about life in the morning. Dylan provided blues, deep as gravestones in a casket home, and Stoney was stoned. He

nodded like nuts on a childhood, and everyone looked for Doc and J.D. to make pretty as characters at Sunday service. Sometime Christ got so high, the boys said, he could sing better than a caged man, but they tried to out sing Prichett, who also night was moving like a sack cat on the way to the salt bars. One blow, a pretty one that applied, went:

*Comin' down all the clouds  
Comin' down to the clouds  
Ain't think at fit the way we was a  
doo*

New Taylor wanted to know, "Who was it that passed on the train as it went by that time it sounded so much death?" But you could hardly make out his voice over the thunder of the train down below.

"This is some serious business," Prichett said. "Some serious memories. I used to ride my bike all around town. I remember how the bridge swayed. It's just the same. I'm used to feeling it underase."

"What is this you place?" Taylor asked him in particular.

And Stoney started, "You can't reach out and touch it anymore. There was only four or the feet between the bottom of the bridge and the top of the train cars. You could remember the feeling in your feet—just knowing that when you stood on what you were standing on, it would take a lot to stop it from swaying. It was drowning, or anything. An 18-kilometer pass, no road only five feet ten and some tall telephone poles. But coming to his feet again, he said, "I know that place inches in those mountains and out there in a way that would make him sick and fatigued and, probably, the finest backbreaker ever to play in the National Football League."

D'Fellas preferred to remember him the night they were going down Rehoboth Road in Prichett's car. Prichett driving the beat of not a hair night. It was broad daylight when the good godfather man—who really wasn't a godfather at all, but a supervisor of the black-history program at the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation—had come up on the middle of the road. Both dogs worked up, but they were, in primate, certain the spot. But what you remembered was Prichett driving off as if nothing happened, and thinking that Taylor, if you could, could fit just as hand. He'd take your damned head off, everybody and. He'd take your damned head off and spit in your neck. Then, if further provoked, he'd come down what was left of

Jersey and the Meadowlands three or four times a year to watch their old friend perform in person before great crowds that sometimes chanted, "Lil' brother! D'Fella! D'Fella!" when number 56 came up with a bunt. He always set off D'Fellas at home, in his house, and on Saturday nights before the games, when he had to turn in early, he gave Linda some money and the car keys and invited the drive the gang to New York, where there were things to do.

The boys had been to the Super Bowl in 1988. Prichett and L.T., who had been a members of NFL selection and the Georgia crew first but in the 1981 draft put the map a decent hand to the ear, with one hand. Living rooms, and private leather recliners. He took care of their expenses and introduced them to strangers on the beach at Acapulco. Even Stoney, who was built like a tired old catcher's mitt, signed a round or two of nachos.

D'Fellas were proud of L.T.'s success and read reports regularly saying he had emerged as the most dominant player in professional football, if not the very best, but they preferred to remember him as the wild-eyed boy who worked at the Disney Queen in the summer when he was seventeen, saving all three free weekends and Dolly Parton and going home to Iris, his beautiful, picture-book mom, and taking what's for supper. He was just that way when he was drowning, or anything. An 18-kilometer pass, no road only five feet ten and some tall telephone poles. But coming to his feet again, he said, "I know that place inches in those mountains and out there in a way that would make him sick and fatigued and, probably, the finest backbreaker ever to play in the National Football League."

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His past year, Taylor made eighty solo tackles and earned seven broaches. The next year, 1986, he made fifty-five solo hits and accounted for sixteen quarterback sacks on his way to winning honors as the outstanding player in the Atlantic Coast Conference. He made all-American easy, and was the second player chosen in the draft, after Houston Trophy-winner George Rogers of the University of South Carolina.

As a rookie in the NFL, Taylor was so impressive people started comparing him to the finest defensive players in the history

## D'Fellas took L.T.'s glory in stride. They knew he was bad, but it had always been good to be bad when they were coming up.

your throat and do a little tap dance on your tonsils.

While at the University of North Carolina, one of two schools to recruit him out of high school, Taylor spent more than a few nights uncorking that hoya. He liked to go downhills into Chapel Hill, and pick fights with people who didn't look right. They knew Taylor was bad, but he had always been good to be bad when they were coming up. They had to remember what L.T. did that day to poor old Nathan Merritt, who might have become just as good as D'Fellas but who didn't die in a car crash on Longleaf Road, on the way to school.

But during his junior year in college something changed him. The boys said it all started when he met Linda. She was so beautiful, they assigned her pasture on what it worked. They were very much in love, were very, very, and holding a piano player to her age. Looking the way she did, you imagined her drinking a mint julep and saying something like, "Gooza down good, to a world gone bad."

She asked Taylor, "Why do you keep passing people around?" Then she called him a monster and a bully.

It was not hard to figure why the pony man, then only twenty, became love-sick so bad. More than one night, he had sat alone in his dormitory room, waiting for the telephone to ring, the girl on the other end to speak his name. He'd lie, lie, lie. Something had changed him, all right. Something had turned him too. L.T. also deserved that the best way to earn someone's respect, was out in the pasture, on the football field, where playing the goddamn had its rewards. His coaches, aware of his enormous potential as an outside linebacker, decided to take him home. They laid him on the floor, more than anything like telling him that might have come up during a hard season, and their bedding paid off.

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As a rookie in the NFL, Taylor was so impressive people started comparing him to the finest defensive players in the history

that just six good even raining the streets together.

"I knew a few things," Taylor often told the boys, "but D'Fellas' honor is the greatest thing I know."

There was a democracy, and there were rules. Once, at about 3:30 in the morning, D'Fellas went to the drive-in window at an all-night burger place and ordered double dollar worth of food. All Taylor wanted was Eric, a Coke, and a plain hamburger, with nothing on it. D'Fellas in the van heard her tell the girl who was working the register that she would not tolerate a burger with lettuce. Therefore, Taylor, who was a surefire fast-food magnet, had to sit in the all-night window, and wait. The manager, who was a man to worry, L.T. paid for everything, then paid Eric Stone, who was driving, to head out for the bridge. He wanted to dash out the window in his jeep and sing some Motown.

They were less than a mile down the road when Taylor discovered lettuce, onions, cucumbers, mayonnaise, ketchup, and mustard on his burger. He said, "This is the hellacious. I want my food right." Eric Stone said, "I'm not having second, home. You should have looked your thing over at the place."

Taylor felt wounded, then angry. He had told the girl exactly what he wanted and she had not said no, so why would she take care of it for him. She had looked him in the eyes and told him that everything would be okay. Didn't she know who he was? Shouldn't she be here? He was Lawrence Taylor—L.T., goddamn, the best player in football.

"I can't eat this shit," he said. Then screamed out the window. "And I won't eat this shit."

"That's no bad, home," Stone said, digging into a bag of fries. "I can't eat," Taylor said, "nobody eats," and took all the food, stacked it back into the paper sack, and threw it out the window, into the side, empty street. Some of D'Fellas' team around and watched their supper disappear through the back window. The soft-drink cups rolled down into the gutter, and the burgers landed on the sidewalk. They'd been stacked by a cherry bomb. Only Eric Stone had managed to save a cup of Coke, and he was sipping it down with a smile. Taylor said, "Ericone ma, home," grabbed the drink from his friend's hand, and threw it out the right.

"If I don't drink," he said, "not a damn one of us drinks."

D'FELAS ALWAYS LAUGHED L.T.'S LAUGH on television when the Games went on, and they made it up north to New

## L.T. was good to those he loved and hard on those he didn't. That kind of love made D'Fellas different; it was fierce and final.

**REPORT** L.T. WAS RICH, THE OLD MAN, Clarence Taylor Sr., worked as a janitor at the college in town. After that played out, he got on in a trucker in the Newport News shipyards, about forty minutes away, and was on the road each morning by 5:30, glancing back at the place and the people he left in his native town. Some days he didn't return home until after the night shift, when he thought he had already gone to bed and his wife had cleaned the house. Clarence and his wife had married in their teens. "I was young," he said—and the boys had come into their after the, quickly filling all those little house houses off Highway 60. They live in just another one of those places you see out in the country, with a big beat to tell signs standing on the front edge of the property enclosing the grand opening of some new chicken shack at home, and with more exotic choices every last inch of earth not already occupied by a gas station.

"In those days, you never caught an talking about money," Mr. Taylor liked to say. "Mostly because there was never any money to talk about."

L.T., who had been in the service, was always and there had to be a better way. One morning, watching his old man dress off in the half-light of another cheap dawn, he promised his mother he'd be a millionaire before he turned twenty-one and vaguely wished when the old "Go on, boy" to make money, though he bought some typewriter and packs of Jerry Fife at Happy Stand's general store and arranged to mail his greatest introductions to the big guys.

His father said, "If you want to see the boy do something, tell him he can't do it."

When finally happened, when he made his first million, he was twenty-two, "be what," he told the folks at home. "I said twenty-one. My timing was a little off."

Two years ago, Taylor signed a six-year contract with the Giants worth \$6.5 million, but only after being excluded in a nasty dispute with club management. Taylor was the most volatile and outstanding player on the team, but he was sick of losing: he wanted more money or he wanted out. In 1982 and 1983, his second and third years in the league, the Giants went 4-13 and 3-12. Taylor grew sullen and, at times, obstinate. He refused to talk to reporters. Before practice, he spent hours at his locker, muttering things like "Get me out of here" and "Bring his feet under a cowboy hat." Third of carrying the load for a team that couldn't win, he com-

mitted himself to play for the New Jersey Generals of the United States Football League. Donald Trump, the Generals' owner, offered to pay him \$3.5 million over four years, starting in 1986, when his option year with the Giants expired. Trump also threw in a \$1-million loan, interest-free. But when the Giants came back with an even better offer, Taylor asked to be released from his contract with the Generals. After two weeks of negotiations, Trump gave in and the two agreed to release the star with a \$1.5-million buyout clause tucked in. The settlement sum, called for Taylor to pay back \$350,000 over the next three years.

The money, Taylor said, "is just lots of money. But I've also got lots of people helping me up there, people I hardly know, some I haven't seen in years. D'Fellas they know they can get any damned thing they want from me, and yet they never ask. When I want to give, I've always got to give it to them. You know, home, take this ring. Take it, I said. Take it. Take it because I love you and because if you don't take it, I'll break your damn face."

L.T. bought his parents a house just last after signing with the Giants in 1981. He took great pleasure in knowing it was the biggest house on the street, with a two-car garage, a enormous pane of backporch for the dogs, and a "Panda room," as named by his father, who had dressed it up with rose-colored shag carpet and rose-colored blinds and rose-colored curtains of major art, gosses shelves. You could bet your bottom dollar that nobody else in Williamson, Virginia, owned a room like it, the top of that, there were lots of other bedrooms upstairs, where his wife and two teen daughters, and the grass stayed green even in winter, which really didn't. Mr. Taylor, who enjoyed passing a mirror.

When L.T. came home last summer, he spent only an hour or so at the new house before heading his father's party and rounding up D'Fellas. There was so much to come back to, and the last thing he wanted to do was say and see before calling it a night was the crib of Highway 60, the old place. It amounted to only three acres not far from the road, but a real estate man in town had thrown it money figures at his face, buying it off him and taking it all for development as a housing subdivision. L.T. asked his parents to bring in the property, he figured \$20,000 or \$25,000 would be enough to fix it up. And money, hell, he had plenty of that.

There was a gravity, iron dark about

the night when the boys finally rode down the driveway to the old house, running clean over a little chicken coop just setting zone, and around probably half of road that looked white against their headlights. Taylor rounded the corner of the house and parked in front of two old lamps, a light-blue blouse with a big, fluffy, unfastened hanging from the necklace and a two-car pickup with four flat tires. D'Fellas, in a hurry to turn the woods into their private office, wouldn't get time out of the van, and Taylor let the lights sit over the whole back of it, which was overgrown with long grass and lady hydrangeas.

"Sorry to try to inconvenience," Dylan Prichard said, pulling on the festly bows down mannequin. "This is some serious down mannequin."

Taylor pealed the lens of his sun hat out of his eyes and ran his hands over the roof of the old Maserati, staring at the rest of a million leaves. Both headlamps on the car appeared to have been shot out by a pellet gun, and the hood latch was stuck.

"If this batch could talk," L.T. said, pointing at the car. "We'd all be in trouble."

Stanley said, "What was the day's name?" You had a day."

"It was Kappa," Cosmo said.

"He lived to be fifteen," Taylor said. "When I bought Momo and Didi to the new house, he moved to the subdivision and thought he had a big deck. Old Kappa was all right."

Stanley said, "I remember when these old boys from New Kent—dude thought they could shoot down with D'Fellas—was to come to town and we took care of over the place. Physically beat up to come. Like I said, we were bad."

"See that big tree over there?" Taylor said, nodding his head at a branch of pink hawthorns. "I remember when it was life. That one there. Looked like a ring in the ground."

"Kappa," Cosmo said, "he'd bark and never bite. The dog thought he was human. And shit, he was like everybody else. He thought he had what it takes to be one of D'Fellas."

"I remember that tree and that tree and that tree," L.T. said. "I even remember one over there."

"Goldmine," Prichard said. "This is some real shit. I mean, this brings it all back. It brings it all back home."

"I remember all these trees," Lawrence Taylor said. "I remember every last one of them."

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## Dressed in Donna

DONNA KARAN says she designs clothes for the typical modern woman, a woman not, she says, unlike herself. Who is this modern woman? Well, she's thirty-seven and married for the second time to a sculptor she pursued; she has three children, two cats, and a housekeeper; in a day she might go to a fashion show, a board meeting, a dinner party. She might go to Europe. And in her spare time she designs, designs, designs a line of women's clothes. You know, you see her all the time.

Karan's fashion look borrows what's best from the idea behind her own clothes. A man's sweater is made of an interchangeable piece of fabric with buttons. Similarly, Karan designs clothes for answering and branching, clothes that will work every where. She also adheres to a Murphy idea: she should never overpossess, because Think of Garbo, Hepburn, Kelly, she says, girls, and you think of dress, not clothes.

It's an understanding of fashion and contemporary life that will bring a projected \$13 million to Karan's company in its first year. During her brief first fortnight, on a June roadshow from Bergdorf Goodman in New York to Saks in Beverly Hills, Karan recorded \$450,000 in sales.

Before the world became so modern, before Karan was a designer, she followed her working mother around New York's garment district. "I was brought up on Seventh Avenue," she says. "I saw and I saw how the art of ladies' women's clothing parts." At fourteen, Karan had about her age and became a salesgirl in a Long Island dress shop. At twenty-one she was an art-college drop-out working for Anne Klein; she would stay for fifteen years and leave after such successful triumphs as Anne Klein II, a line of inexpensive clothing Klein designed because, in the parts, "great parts is great profit." (Then there's cancer: last summer, at Bergdorf's, her clutch bag went for \$2,145.)



*Donna Karan's look...*



*...it reveals the feminine side of feminism.*

# KAHLÚA Black Russian



**Mmmm.** Time to sit back, relax, and enjoy a classic. Just 1 oz. of Kahlúa, 1-1/2 oz. vodka on the rocks. Incomparable. Because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa. Our treat. Kahlúa Recipe Books are filled with a host of mmmmarvelous ideas. Do send for as many as you'd like. They're on the house. Kahlúa, Dept. D, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.

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# What Alice Cooked Up

*Her imaginative use of fresh, local ingredients, delicately combined, has made Alice Waters the foremother of a new generation of American chefs*



AT CALIFORNIA'S LITTLE ISLE OF A PLATE, IT IS ALICE WATERS WHO IS ALONE, BY A SHOAL portion. Alice Waters, a former Marin housewife, opened her small restaurant, Chez Panisse, in Berkeley in 1971. She had a degree in French cultural history and a lot of college friends who dropped by for a \$4.50 plate of steamed potatoes à la gris. They were equally enthusiastic about Waters's experimentation with local, fresh ingredients: golden-orange, wild garlic blossoms, flowers tossed in salads, and heads of garlic baked and served whole. Since then, Waters, now forty-one, and her restaurant have inspired and trained a new wave of American chefs. Though they have developed their own signatures, they cook the Alice Waters way: classic French and Italian dishes made with home-grown tomatoes and greens from the garden; new dishes created solely to showcase a local radish, chive, or game hen. California-style cooking has also ignited a passion for grilling, everything from trout to leeks to chicken. The fact that this fare is exquisite, a come-as-you-are desert shrub now chopped and packaged for grocery stores at four dollars a bag.

Restaurant owners have even adopted Chez Panisse's ad hoc architecture. Six years ago, after a fire, Waters was forced to knock down the wall between the kitchen and the restaurant. Now restaurants across the nation are breaking down walls and installing inexpensive grills and refrigerators that customers can view.

Young chefs are no longer the products of long and dusty apprenticeships in restaurant or hotel kitchens. Men and women with degrees in Eastern philosophy or political sociology—people like Waters—now rule for self-fulfillment and profit.

Three of her most distinguished students—Paul Bertolli, Charles Harker, and Jonathan Winters—have refined what they learned into their own highly personal styles. The trio is honored on the pages that follow.

**Paul Bertolli:  
orchestrating Alice's  
restaurant, with no  
formal training**

Entertainment  
Software

CHEZ PANISSE



and research  
education  
with diverse  
disciplines  
derived with  
respect related  
classifications  
and properties

Alice Waters on  
**Paul Bertolli**

**"Cooking at Chez Panisse, you have to come up with new menus all the time and be able to think on your feet. Paul's food is a little rustic, not too fancy, but complex. He has a real palate for strong flavors. He cooks for the right reasons: mainly because he likes to eat."**

PAUL WILLETT AND HELEN A BRADLEY CO-OWNED *Chesapeake* when he was a student at Berkeley. Eventually he decided he wanted to be a chef, so he quit school, got a job, and began to cook. He met his wife, Helen, at a restaurant he had opened, a clam chowder house for Alice Waters. Though he spent his last 10 years at *Chesapeake*, he must have prepared a disaster. Waters caught him cooking spaghetti soup in an admissions job interview, he worked in two other Bay Area restaurants, then spent a year cooking in Florence. Upon his return, he cooked another meal for Alice. Though the ingredients were Galloisette, the menu was a success. "It was a mix of old school with influenced and more rustic smoked paprika, grilled swordfish, and so forth," said the chef. The meal got him a job and added him to Waters' recent list to the food he has served at *Chesapeake*.

Bertoff says he has been passionate about food ever since he was a child in San Rafael, near Berkeley. As a teenager he worked in Petri's kitchen, cutting up



www.cengage.com/autotech

sweat and making salads. That was the extent of his training. "To become a chef," he says, "I don't think you have to spend years peeling turnips."

Recently, at thirty, Bernold signed a three-year contract with Waters to stay on as head chef at Chez Panisse. In that capacity, he shows her passion for searching out the best suppliers. Lunch comes from Amador County, fresh mozzarella from South San Francisco, pigeons from Stockton. There is also free-range food, influenced who hunts wild mushrooms in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Daily, Bertolet inspects the changing contents of his showroom and arranges such dishes as he has studied with gelated pigeon breast and salads composed of tiny green, purple lettuce, radish, and bright, edible flower petals. A transition to Winter, and in those who followed her, notes Bertolet, is this interesting fact in her favorite pastime, a chef can remember even resurrect a meal.

**Charlene Rollins: creating from her garden and her ingenuity, but never from a recipe**

Kostenlosen  
Sports & Style



**Tomato-stuffed chicken**  
grilled over a gas-powered  
fire with a twist of chicken  
stock and Balsamic Vinegar  
Served with spinach and  
pepper salad, maize  
griddle in rose oil and beans

ALICE WATERS ON  
**Charlene Rollins**

"Charlene can be very ambitious. She picks the parsley from the garden the moment a dish is ordered—I appreciate that, though it would drive me crazy. But I think it's very important that she goes to those lengths, like making the pasta—by hand—with eggs from her own chickens."

pendant to fresh, local ingredients to extremes. She and her husband, Vernon, maintain their own honeybees, cure hams and bacon from their own pigs, and grow vegetables and herbs in a garden behind the residence.

"I take dishes in my head and get ideas from what comes in from the garden," Rollen explains. "When I am confronted by a bunch of collard beets or turnips beans that I don't know, I come up with things."

Holm's garden-spoiled luscious may produce a huge platter of wild artichokes, asparagus, snap peas, peppers, and beans, served with fresh and vinegarlic sauces.

days, it's common for New Englanders to visit. During lunch and dinner hours, Madeline's and Jaguars park next to each other, local institutions in the Ham of Zionsville. The coffee shop and the Boozing Club of America. On the covered porch, you might see Raymond Burr and his friends enjoy lunch next to a group of local wine makers.

**Jonathan Waxman:**  
transplanting  
California  
cuisine from  
west to east

*Entertaining,  
Sports & Style*

New York  
Slow-fried  
orange chicken  
chicken  
grilled over  
mesquite  
Served with  
dairy-free  
squash until  
buttery.  
Baby carrots  
squash, and  
peeled  
potatoes in a  
dairy-free  
butter sauce



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KIMMEL

## ALICE WATERS ON Jonathan Waxman

**"He was very mild-mannered and a little noncommittal when he was in my restaurant. He had good technique but would err on the side of less rather than more.... But he has really come into his own at Jams. There**

**is a real style to his cooking now. And the aesthetics of his plate are much more decisive."**

JONATHAN WAXMAN IS REPUTEDLY more learned than the California chef's cooking. To the East Coast, he and Mollie Katzen, an English wine merchant, opened Jams, on East Seventy-eighth Street in Manhattan, in 1984. Not so crowded, and very delicious, it was an early-dates hot. It has a charcuterie bar, a croquembouche, and, of course, an open kitchen. Besides soufflé dishes such as grilled free-range chicken and French fraîche, Jams serves Waxman's signature showstoppers: tiny oven pancakes flecked with red peppers and topped with red and black caviar, and grilled tuna with black beans and horseradish sauce.

A Berkeley native, Waxman went to the University of Nevada on a music scholarship and played trumpet in rock bands. Finding road food insipid, he began to cook—modest stuff, like roast beef and hollandaise sauce. When a head-gardner-school student found him ignoring his classes to read Gore Vidal, he gave him his apples.

After a course at La Varenne cooking

school in Paris and restaurant work in France and California, Waxman felt confident enough to make a meal for Waters. He regimen when he thinks of it, admitting his course was a direct lift from the Troisgros Brothers, the French nouvelle cuisine pioneers. He served her puff pastry with asparagus, salmon with sour cream, and sautéed duck liver crème with squash. Ironically, the dish Waters remembers is one Waxman has forgotten: grilled oysters on rock salt. She thought it was clever ("They didn't pop over"), and she gave him a job. He worked at Chez Panisse for nine months, then spent five years at Michael's, a restaurant in Santa Monica.

Waxman is the most outgoing Waters graduate, a fast-talking, fast-moving heathenism with a touch of Borscht. But despite his showmanship, what really matters to him is the staff on the place. "I used to think rock 'n' roll was just a passing trend," he says. "If good music can't help, why not good food?" —Alasdair MacIntyre

# TIMELY COLOURS



**COLOURS by Alexander Julian.**  
*A man should look as alive as he feels.*

Most recently presented: *Death of a Salesman* and *As You Like It* at the Folger in Washington, D.C.

In a nation searching  
for heroes, Bruce  
Springsteen's honest,  
passionate music  
speaks to the working-  
class heart of America

Entertainment,  
Sports & Style

# The Boss



# Observed

For gods sake Bruce Springsteen litters infinite around the floor of my car, picking up dirt. I play them in when I drive down to pick up my wife from work in the afternoon, with a driver's seat, or when I do or can at the country bar where I live, in north Missouri. Springsteen's Disc doesn't play well in the house. I've found it loads maddened there and unspooled—not itself exactly. But in my car, and by myself, I play any favorite songs over and over—the favorite parts in my favorite—the last verse in "Bobby Jean," where Springsteen lengthens the line to say, "I miss you baby," the abrupt, measured guitar acknowledging the end of "Something in the Night," every case of "Ragamuffin Street," and I play that in it even the quietest of his wonderful songs was meant to be shouted out.

I don't really imagine anyone of those inaccuracy gags he writes about—when nice Chevys and such their goldheads and hang out on the roofbridge to the moon—has forty years of not melody. And an audience. I'm your more common, the listener or why I like rock best when he can't understand of the words, though he's heard them a hundred times. Pleasant—very often the wrong phrases—run around my head for weeks before I figure them. But Springsteen's phrases—faded as they are with less and farce's little escapes—have become post as business to me, since they are full of creation and common I didn't

know could adhere to the bits of life he sings about. Not my life, after all. But nested in my head, with the world fading past, I listen up and, for a time, trade my own floating moment for the infinite little wood pictures that constitute his songs, moments, and that Springsteen, like a good short-story writer, latches onto tiny instances. And if it's true I'm not completely transported, I'm at least moved to think that this is rock'n' roll of a somewhat higher order than I've known up to now.

There's a contrary impulse in me not to care that music seriously at all, to be wary of what speaks to me in seemingly simple ways, to wish sentimentality and doubt what's apparent. I feel that way about the Eagles, and about most music since Jerry Lee married his cousin and Dylan moved to Mexico. College pretty well said me to sublimate, to respect what I don't understand more than what I think I do.

Elton comes from that music of knowledge that the world is a knowable place—he's continually and stupidly knowable, sometimes. And life a kind mess is to make it vibrant, with the resonance of hard—the music itself, surely.

What rock 'n' roll has done, however (with some startling exceptions), is to be so dismissible in TV—and stay out of the lower

by  
**Richard Ford**

He was Bruce's  
"most sincere  
and dedicated soul  
spouse." *Harper  
Conversations*

looks on the tree of culture by making the storage in life seem trivial, by adding little, and by finally whining the leaves out of what's obvious, for the payoff of a broad, inexpensive base.

Not that it has to be that way. Going through our noses, lives and fixes, and re-hearing them for our pleasure, has always been the territory of art, where excellence usually is at least possible. Rock 'n' roll—or an ode, or an wheel in Florida wrapped in polypropylene—just wants to make it self-existent to mankind's perception of itself. A song has to persuade on there's a need we didn't know existed, which the song itself satisfies completely.

Springsteen's excellence is right there. The best he writes settings and phrases do what rock 'n' roll always has: advances in observable world where his heart's sensations had sensations are stabilized and solidified. Then, through his songs, can give little hints. He's solid, he doesn't sing with the great, raw, real emotion, deliver difference in terms new to it, makes rock guitars seem hair-raisingly, and gives a voice of consequence to the unlistened-to. It's what poets sometimes do.

Reversing the equation where it hasn't been known before, of course, adds to less than it. It can add up to a lot of noise—pettiness and self-consciously played too loud. But Springsteen, who plays both loud and soft, instead works toward that's ascendent and urgent, surprising and unusually sweet for rock 'n' roll. His lyrics are discursive, quirky, intimate, and evocative, but never mysterious. All this comes from a smart-tough person that seems robust and sincere, unrestrained, poignant, witty—a stand-up comedian that likes to tell jokes.

And there are only the simple necessities. What gives Springsteen's music its texture is his letting of under-pinnings and what details weave it—tightly, at least most of the time, is Springsteen's b— I guess you'll call it his style. But his lines have a sense of what's a song, right from the start. "Born in the U.S.A." has man's eyes closing over, drawing our notice gleefully to the own thermal parts and the almost intimate way all but songs inherent in us when he knows, as much as how he can perform tonically.

A problem creates the man who writes about rock 'n' roll, and Bruce Springsteen in particular. Quoting lyrics to reconstruct a wider reference hardly ever does more than prove how removed from poetry the words really are (which is a good thing), and, at the songs' expense, remind us how much the music really matters. It's like exploring the color blue to a man with no eyes. More is needed. And with Springsteen, whose music is hard to generalize about anyway, double everything. You really have to hear it.

Almost any of his infinite heavy-liners can suggest what's smart and intriguing about the songs, and maybe none as cryptic as "Hungry Heart," another of his

anthems that captured a piece of provincial imagination and sent it up the names of allons. "Hungry Heart" is at its core, a blank and unsocial vignette about a married guy with kids in Delaware, who takes a drive and keeps on driving Past a bar. Then a woman. Then a bar again. And finally nowhere worth telling. Springsteen can be beautiful. Cheesecake uses to be sweetly friendly, numbers carry music—music mixed with words and longing—something you'd hear if you hung around a hardware store at a circus, or maybe around Abbury Park (a piano, and a casebook something like a table). The bridge between these two hard-to-memorize—his music and his lyrics—is Springsteen's cheery delivery, as he marches down through the words in a wide-eyed, forthright way, hardly heeding the understory, and ending up with the sentiment that, after all, everybody just needs a home and a place to rest.

It's a song you need to believe. If I thought about it very long, the lyrics sure I wouldn't even believe them. The man and his desperation are just starting stops on the long highway to things we can't better. But those hardware-like lyrics, with how the public's ordinary can become exotic—all of which, when we hear it, makes us tingle like mystery.

For all its wise excellence, Mr. Springsteen has attained the upbeat status of American calendar, slightly. He's become here, not the much.

It's a tragedy. Any given celebrity, or working excellence that's unapologetically rating an apparently minor phenomenon that turns out to be wonderful, as it's led could trigger for itself a chain of new moments, predict a Harry Mouse. We like our excellence a wee better with history, confident that what we're seeing and liking so much is a product of several work performed in obscurity, of share-paying. In Springsteen's case, this lets us believe he's not correct now—though there's an amazing generosity in his music that often exceeds what he's had, an amazement, but no matter when we first took notice, we were at the start of the grand road.

It is charming to see how many the grand floor ready is, or, said differently, how often Springsteen, is the form of his name, turns up—how much he can be applied to, especially an television. For a time last, number one or another of the network newscasts managed to shoothem a taped Springsteen snippet into virtually everything they reported—Wardrobe, the Vietnam sets, the baseball strike, Northern Ireland, even into a study about legal affairs whose problem was not being born in the USA. Springsteen's because, is a sense, anxiously qualified to summarize and sum up things American—ever, briefly, the opinions of our President.

Nothing's wrong with popularity. The

mainly polite people, eating their sandwiches and shaking their heads on their talkline, chattering enthusiastically—all about Bruce. (They could just as easily be writing for the leadoff in the Flanders-Drake show.)

As it happens, I don't remember my time and place. But I remember the first Springsteen song I heard and why I liked it. It was "5th of July, Adbury Park," from 1973—though I heard it years later. And I like it still. It's a long, droney but also vaguely may be seen as, subtlety lyrical, Springsteen's in a get held-like—for the purposes of this song, at least—to talk into leaving the shabby housework with him. There's a strumming acoustic guitar, and a concession, and maybe a "till" upon its shoulders. The lyrics play over and over about the music with a sweetly enterested urgency, while Bruce describes the solid dignity that haunts the beatitudes by placing against it spontaneous, and deathly. It's Springsteen at the top for raw, modest, but subject vacuated by a moderation and unexpected affection, the purest distillation of visible love made touching by intimacy with how the public's ordinary can become exotic—all of which, when we hear it, makes us tingle like mystery.

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Nothing's wrong with popularity. The

fact that he appeals to people I don't like doesn't really help, but it doesn't hurt either. There's not much we can do when our heroes get shaken down, like good citizens, except keep on supporting em, like good citizens. And it's not much we can do when our heroes get shaken down in a lot of amateur rock mystique, but still we can do his acts (his musical acts) to do the talkin'—which suggests character, and seems appropriate and well adjusted for a man whose acts are no expression. Beyond that, it helps us feel that his feel that our affection is well placed, and that he seems to be the way we would be if we were Bruce Springsteen.

It's worth a word, though, when we find ourselves in a small, well-entitled, mass movement. Everyone has its reason to feel that the way, the right, and the especially good are what's in ascendance—says more than most. Springsteen's notable when millions embrace an especially fragile art in their hymns, and perhaps truly a specimen as well imagined and unique as Springsteen's.

I assume that inside such an exhaustant embrace, art is always misinterpreted—misread or misused, even turned against itself. And I hear the word "nostalgia" in public about Springsteen's music, which makes me act like I do. I don't care that's values come in the abstract, where, of course, they're usually discussed. I sense in such any talk that the drama and force of Springsteen's music is being changed for the public consumption. And personally, I feel that just plain annoying, because the few songs of Springsteen's I don't much like, "Factory," and a couple on *Nebraska*, are ones where the big issues are not based on, his repertoire, and lack the nuance and many eloquence of the more art-center. Attention narratives such as "Racing in the Street," in which values, politics, and whatever else is possibly worth knowing float up from the acts and small-talent scribblings of lives lives told not quite so directly.

No mass movement ever got off the ground, of course, without playing to the sense of wanting, and I'm uneasy with my own suspicion that Springsteen's music is not just wanted, but wanted. We like what we like. That's enough. You just need to follow through on those few-hour concerts to have the time to notice who's there with you. Everybody's it—which is a delicate measure of the music's popularity. It's also true that at age forty-six, Springsteen is hardly immune from anxiety, and that is attending to art is unknown but proceeding now in the sensible, serious-taking way he does it, he manages to make acceptable emotions seem surprising, and his own presence seem a kindness. Is such an uncontroversial appeal, there's plenty to share everyone.

Springsteen's music also illustrates, of

course, just how it these middle-agers can be with the fascinations and afflictions of those much younger. And vice versa. And while that might seem minor, and seems to admit an evenness, Springsteen's music is full of that's moments in a little bit of a way. It makes us feel undefined, isolated. Feeling I don't know—and makes no sense that the satisfaction we all feel when we sit out there in a large audience self-satisfaction—the stuff of values and past-tense, and anything we dream up, including nothing at all.

Really, though, I don't care if President Reagan likes Bruce Springsteen, or if George Will wants to get him into Princeton. It doesn't matter if he's the working man's hero, or the farmer's in the veterans', or if he's a Joyce or a Young Republic or in the Mystic Knights of the Sea. I like him. And it's cool to call his special desire of not (in greatest beauty) to give as of a choice, words, or music, of both or none. I trust Bruce Springsteen's feel if he's surrounded up in anyone or two in a broad public that may at first be cynical. It was certainly out there already, on the land, one more something in the right. Anyways, I cynicism's not his tool. He's doing his best, using himself up with the things he knows how to do, for the delight and even the edification of us all. And no cynicism's lurking there. Not a bit. We should all be so lucky. □

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As gutsy as she is beautiful, Jessica Lange has taken control of her own career, making movies that matter

Entertainment,  
Sports & Style

# Jessica Lange Speaks for Herself

by Bob Greene

Bob Greene is a  
journalist whose  
books include *Allegiance*, *His Book*,  
*Cheesburgers*, The  
Best of Bob Greene, and  
*Adverbs*.

THE MOTHER HAS JUST DROPPED HER daughter off at school for the first day of kindergarten. Now she is walking along Madison Avenue in New York, she is thirty-one years old and five months pregnant. She is Jessica Lange, actress, walking with her in the man she loves with, playwright/actor Sam Shepard, and their big black standard poodle, Maxie.

Lange's daughter, Shara, age four, will be in the morning session of kindergarten for three hours. Shara's father is dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov, as is the case with Shepard, Lange was never married to Baryshnikov.

The weather is bleak. Shepard is due at a meeting to discuss a new play that he has written and plans to direct. Lange will have the morning to kill—the hours before she will return to the kindergarten classroom to retrieve Shara.

"I WAS FIVE MINUTES LATE GETTING SHARA to class," Lange says. "It was my fault. I was really in a sweat. I'm always late, but



it's funny how your life changes for a child. I don't mind if I make myself late, but it really bothers me if I make my daughter late.

"It's a forty-five-minute walk from our apartment to Sherry's kindergarten. So Sam and Sherry walk the dog and I'll be walking down Central Park, and I used to think I wasn't going to make it on time. We all started going to school this morning, through the park. We came onto the classroom sweating, and the other children were already there."

"Just as to the teacher," I encapsulated the time it would take me to get across the park. "But I felt bad for my daughter. If it was part one in that situation, I would have lied in bed. I left bed for her, though."

Lange and Sherry and Shepard and the dog have been in New York, barely twenty-four hours. They have a house in New Mexico and a cabin in northern Minnesota, near where Lange was born, and now they are using the apartment in New York. They have driven cross-country to get to Minnesota.

"The last leg of the trip, we started out from South Bend, Indiana, at 10:00 in the morning and we drove straight through until we hit New York at 2:00 the next morning," Lange says. "It's starting to feel different to me—driving across the country in a car. I think it's because it's something I was always used to. I think the country in a car. I could do it and not feel it. It's different when you're running the wheels you're doing it, though. It's starting to feel different."

But Sam does not fly. He doesn't do it under any circumstances, and this year with all the air-crusher hits he only made it once. He just doesn't like to be off the ground. So if we're going to all travel together, we drive."

"There were times that I really wanted to do it, but I wasn't going to get the chance to do it because I had been in *King Kong*. I just wasn't considered eligible. What happens to you in a situation like that is that you start to feel desperation. You start to have all these self-doubts about your ability. You know you can do it. Only you're given the opportunity—but when you're on that side, the opportunity isn't going to be there."

"What I finally did was come back to New York as if nothing had happened and start to take acting classes again. And if you ask me how I managed to turn things around—this isn't a very good answer, but it's all I can think of to be honest—I just had a personal passion for it. When I was studying in New York, I was some of the most talked-about I had ever seen. And I was there, and they never heard of them again. And I've never heard of them again."

"And I tried out for the cheerleading squad. I was one of the most athletic kids in the school, and I could do all the moves but I wasn't cheerleader. They didn't let me be a cheerleader, either. I was told that they didn't like my attitude."



Left: Lange's son Sherry (bottom) and her daughter, country singer Patti Sue and another strange relationship with her husband, Sam.

ne Robertson's acting class. In that classroom was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever set eyes on. And she was doing a score, and it was so moving, I could never get her. And I've never seen her again. Now, when I think! I don't like to use words like *anatomy*, so I have to say it's *beauty*.

Her own dreams—or lack thereof—started in Coopers, Minnesota, one of several small towns where she lived while she was growing up. "There's a child there's had this sense of *income*," she says. "Of raising on or moving out. As young as I was, I was conscious of wanting to expand my life. Everything I did, I wanted to excel at it. I was in competition, both with myself and with other children. Whitman was always *Maha*—positive, make it successful, make it the best."

"I always had this tremendous fantasy life going on. At the age of eight or nine, I was being seduced by the idea of storytelling. I'd create little scenes for myself, and I'd act out all the parts. I didn't need anybody else. Sometimes the stories were out of my imagination, and sometimes they were from movies. Sometimes I would just eat these scenes, as it were, for five hours in a row. I would see scenes from *Green River with the Wind*, scenes from *Walkabout*, *Highway to Hell*. My favorite scene was from *Guards at the Wall*. I would do Melville's death scene. I would sit on the couch and be Melville, and then I would sit up and be Scrooge."

"If I got caught at it, I'd feel guilty. I remember being really embarrassed, and I was playing the parts of lots of different people. I would move around this card and say each of the parts, and I was doing it and someone came by and said something to me. It was that same I don't think he was trying to make fun—but it was crass. Someone had gotten into my private world. It was embarrassing, and I stopped doing it immediately."

"Looking back, it's obvious that I really isolated myself as a child. I had two older sisters, and I don't have too many memories of playing with them. It was just kind of known in my family that I was going to be off by myself. My father always said that if he couldn't find me, he knew to look in the closet. I'd be in the closet by myself, playing my little games. That world became real to me."

"In high school getting good grades came very easily to me. It was the easiest thing in the world. But the honor society was not run by the students, and they didn't take me in. I meant have been fifteen or sixteen years old, and I was a bit of a nerd. Why shouldn't they let me in?"

"And I tried out for the cheerleading squad. I was one of the most athletic kids in the school, and I could do all the moves but I wasn't cheerleader. They didn't let me be a cheerleader, either. I was told that they didn't like my attitude."

"I really wanted it, and I didn't get it. And I accept the fact that I didn't get it was a blessing in disguise. It made me more determined than ever to get out of there. When I think about it now, it seems possible that if I would have been on the cheerleading squad or been homecoming queen back then, I'd probably still be there today."

As it is, knowing where she will be on a given day is not an easy thing. She may be in New Mexico, she may be in Minnesota, she may be in New York, she may be somewhere on the road. "I like to tour in four different places during the course of a year," she says. "I can't stand to be in the same place all the time. I love arriving in a town I know nothing about and setting up house. It's like I'm a gypsy camp."

"In my mind's eye I always see myself as acting nothing. But here in my real life, I never seem to have that. Before Sherry gets too much older, though, I may have to *Actin'*, as it's about a great deal of the traveling around. She's just that kind of kid. I think the more traveling, the more the new kids, and just pitch her tent."

"But I think she's more inclined that we're going to have to settle in one spot. We've never balanced much on cameras. I've never believed that something like a *passerby* or a *page* should determine how you live. But I think Sherry will get married if I thought it was for the best interests of my family. I would have to act."

"It used to seem just like legislature, but

now, with Sam, I really think I have something that's going to last a lifetime. Before, it was more of a *happily ever after* on my part. Rather than *absolute knowledge* in your heart. Before, it was a dream. I never knew if it would be going anywhere."

"Maybe it has something to do with age. I've lived such a hectic life, and I've always been making all these changes. My life has constantly been rotating. Right now, it doesn't feel like it should be changing at all. The way it used to."

"I'm not in a romantic genre. I don't feel as if I'm in a romantic genre. I've had it up and out, but I don't have it anymore. I am aware of not having achieved everything I want to. The same thing from when I was a kid—the sense of wanting to do better, to excel. I guess I'm coming to the realization that the real feeling of success is going to have to come from inside me."

"With the acting, there were times when I would feel more connected to it than at other times. Sometimes I would be willing to walk away from it. I never was absolutely positive of what I wanted to do. Be an actress? Be a *model*?"

"Be a *painter*? Be a *writer*? Now I finally feel I have a lead. I've made a long-term commitment to do my work for a long time. I'm talking about acting. I suppose there's a chance that my work will never get any better, but I hope that it will."

"I see some people working in one fire right after another, though, and I know that I couldn't do that. Because I'd feel I would be thinking, Right now I could be in the cabin in Minnesota, I could be with my daughter. I could be with Sam. And those things I like just as much or more than the other. Then the other."

"When we're driving across the country, for instance—Sam drives. He really likes to drive. He has a real strong driving personality. When we're in the car, we're encapsulated. Moving through space. Sometimes we do it just to do it—we aren't going anywhere in particular. We just drive around. We find these little routes, and we go in them."

"I never consciously go out looking for material when we're doing that. I recall reading something that Laurence Olivier supposedly said. He supposedly said that every star should have a notebook with all his alone, and should just down anything he sees. I don't just kind of keep it in my head, I write it down. I write it down, and just pitch her tent."

"But I think she's more inclined that we're going to have to settle in one spot. We've never balanced much on cameras. I've never believed that something like a *passerby* or a *page* should determine how you live. But I think Sherry will get married if I thought it was for the best interests of my family. I would have to act."

"She says she's never felt that she was pretty. "I know that I'm not," she says. "Especially now, when I've gained weight." Lange produced *Country* and testified in Congress on behalf of the American farmer. "I know pretty girls on the street—I know the difference between what's pretty and what's not. I'd say that I have an interesting face, but pretty? No. My features are logical. My teeth are crooked. My nose is broken."

"I have no timeliness or obsolescence. How I look will when I become a character. Then, it's not a question of how I look. It's a question of what suits the character. I try to make a point of not seeing the first print of a movie I've done. I lose interest in my movies as soon as I'm finished with my prints of them. There's no sense in me doing something that's complete. I look at the rough cuts, but that's not the final print."

"Anyway... even though I seldom have a final print of one of my movies, the other day I was watching television and there were a few frames from *Flowers*. And I have to say—in those frames, I thought I looked very pretty. I looked at them, and I thought, 'The makeup person and the hairdresser and the costumer did a good job.' That person on the screen was pretty."

"Why didn't I make an effort to see the final prints? Acting is art. The acting you do represents a large investment of time out of your life. They do a movie go by. All the editing is done. And suddenly there is this movie—to you it was gone forever, it was just a memory, something that you

did once. And now it's up there, and people are reviewing it. Strangers are saying things about what you did."

"That's jiving. There are people who claim that they never read the movies of what they've done, and I don't believe it. It could be true—if you could just be involved in the work, and not pay any attention to how people react to the results—that would be the ideal state. If you could really make yourself 100-percent through with it in some as you finished your part, that would be kind of perfect. I try to come in close to that in I possibly can—which is, emotionally, to stay one step removed."

THE MORNING IS OVER. LANGE IS READY TO RETURN to the kindergarten classroom for Sherry.

"We'll probably stop on the way home to say for something," she says. "Maybe a *My Little Pony*. I'm not sure. But definitely not a *Barbie* doll."

"I would like her to have *Barbie* dolls. *Barbie* dolls. I like girls that are simple about what a woman should be. Have ever looked at a *Barbie* doll? Huge tits, and a big little waist, and legs from here to there. This incredible mass of blod hair, and eyelashes, and that pokey mouth. And the accessories—farting sets and *Converse*."

Lange produced *Country* and testified in Congress on behalf of the American farmer.



"I don't even use good psychology in telling Sherry why she can't have *Barbie* dolls. I just tell her she can't have them, and that's it. One of her cousins gave her one once, and I let her have it. We were driving across the country and the *Barbie*'s head fell off."

"We just stuck the doll on a fence by the side of the road. It probably still there. A *headless* *Barbie* impaled on a cyclone fence somewhere in Arkansas."

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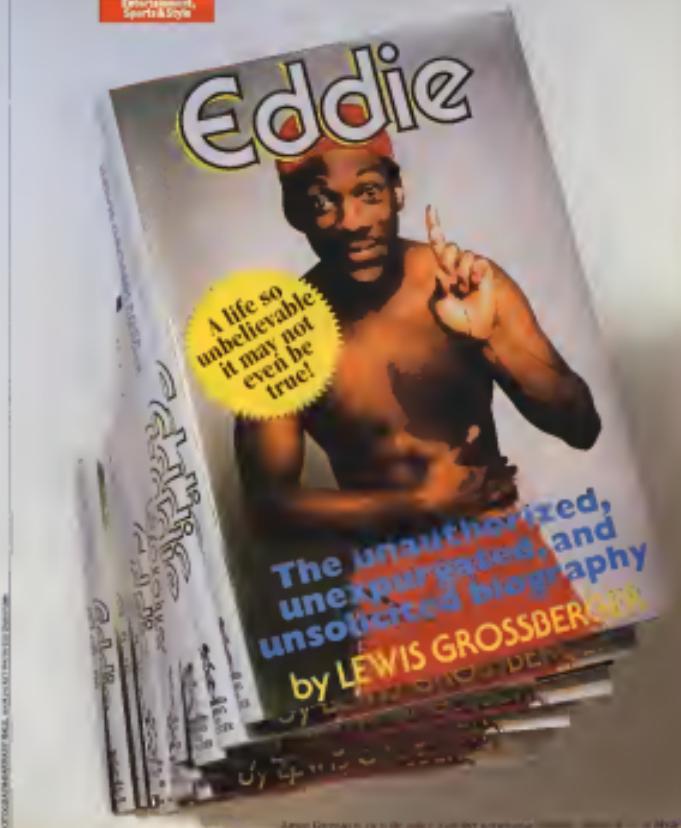


**Panasonic.**  
just slightly ahead of our time

Beyond the box-office hype, Eddie Murphy has disarmed a nation with his brash comic gifts

Entertainment,  
Sports & Style

*Editor's Note:* What can be said about the career of Eddie Murphy that hasn't already been spewed on the cover of virtually every magazine in the world over? Not much, we thought. Then we read the brash, brash *Self* of Lewis Grossberger's biography. Grossberger dedicated an unexpected amount of time to the project. He listened to and recorded the voices of those who say they know Eddie but have no way of proving it. What follows are excerpts from that book—so powerful it may never be commercially published.



James Patterson is the author of the New York Times #1 bestsellers *Maximum Bob*, *Maximum Bob 2*, and *Maximum Bob 3*.

## PART I

### The Early Years

Popular myth has it that Edward James Murphy knew from infancy that he was destined to be a comic. Murphy himself has stated in the now famous interview with *The Enquirer* that upon his first visit to the neighborhood sandwich shop, at age two, he told a playmate, "By Ray, bitch, that's not so wierd to make on drama and pat!" Murphy then proceeded to wail a small meal later of Fred Flintstone and groaners a brilliant half-hour show around it. The other children and their parents applauded wildly, and a passing night-club owner immediately offered Murphy a headliner spot. Such memories, if not outright dross, are almost certainly hyperbole.

The fact was that for many long years, during his early adolescence, Murphy floundered. A promising opportunity as a telephone operator with the Emergency Medical Service of New York City was brought to a premature halt by Murphy's refreshingly forthright, honest style, according to Arnold Laundry, EMS head nurse. "The doctor and police just didn't understand Eddie's way of talking," Laundry recalls with a grin. "Give me the 'What you boshing me for, sucker? What's what?' bitch, we on the wire' really liked our patients' morale."

But that inauspicious style and ready wit did interest a prospective employer, the New York Daily News City editor Frank Bates still remembers Murphy's tenure as a holder-shit copy editor.

"He was one of the best I've ever seen," said Bates. "That lad could write headlines like nobody else. I remember his best shot: 'POOR TO HOW ROTTEN' MY LILY-WHITE BUTT! It actually ran for one edition. I told Eddie it was the most memorable headline in our paper's history before I died him."

As a result of those countless years, Eddie didn't enter show business on a professional level until he was sixteen. He was determined to make up for lost time.

## PART II

### Testimony to Greatness— An Oral History

#### EDWARD JAMES MURPHY, *Entertainment Weekly*

"Most people don't know it, but Eddie was with SNL from the start. Back then he was just a little teenager with a big sunny smile, he was always hanging around, and the cast sort of adopted him. He'd do dead name, personal errands, and he was always doing stunts, making people laugh. Well, first thing you know, everyone was using his smile. Those pret-tell Chevy?" That was all Eddie. Eddie showed him how to fall without getting hurt. And Belafonte's son, Eddie, bought his shiny sandwich one night, and before John could take a bite, Eddie whacked it out of his hand with a ketchup chop and yell, "WHAT? Gilda's *Romantic Renaissance*, Murphy's loving singer—these were Eddie's, too. I wanted to put him on the air, but the others freaked out. I mean, what was he, *sheesh?* *Sheesh?* The cast was terrified that this child would come in and blow 'em off the stage. I had to tell him, 'Sorry, Eddie. Somebody's your time will come.'"

**EDWARD JAMES MURPHY, *comedian/comedian/actor/producer, *40-40****

"Well, the kid was very, very hot on *Pat, Saturday Night Live* thing. Myself, I got so hot for the job, but my people are telling me he's the next Chevy Chase. So I say sign him. Right, right upsets. With me, instinct is everything. 'Not Barry,' they all say. 'You don't understand. He's black.' I just laugh. 'We problems. We just have to change on all the whites in the movie. Makes the blacks feel good, and the white audience feels bad digging the bad black guy.' They all go, 'Barry, you're awesome.' Anyway, I take a lunch with the kid, and right away I can see he's bright but he doesn't know beans about the business. I tell him, 'Okay, here's your movie. You're a slick young black cop. A tough white cop pulls you out of the game to help him solve a crime. And for twenty minutes you don't care who they are. And when you scratch your head, you scratch your head, then we'll find some schlock to write a script. If it fails, we make it again.'"

**EDWARD JAMES MURPHY, *comedian***

Eddie's ability to edify is phenomenal. Unparalleled. Six weeks into the film, I realized it just wasn't going to work. You know, originally it was about Beverly Hills, Cop, and it was about a fifty-five-year-old soprano who wants to join the police force. So we're filming and it's a disaster. And I went to Eddie and said, "We're in trouble, what do I do?" Eddie just closed his eyes for five minutes, and when he opened them he was in character—this whole new character he'd invented for the spot, a street-smart young Detroit cop. He had out the whole plot for us right there and walked onto the set and told Beverly she's out, go home. It was the most extraordinary thing I've ever seen, and of course it saved my career."

**LEONARD GREEN, *Eddie's *Independent****

"Eddie gives out a lot, but he doesn't want to get hassled, so I keep things cool. Sometimes we take the Persians, sometimes the Ferrari. If Eddie don't want to be noticed, the Mercedes. Sure, Eddie loves to party, but he tries clean. No smoke down his lungs, no alcohol, no cars. No stink for Eddie. He can't stand when people are by smoking, even when it's right. That's 'cause his lungs, Luis, is always getting congested when she gives Eddie too much shit about when they gettin' married and he kicks her ass out of the car. But mostly she keeps quiet. People say, 'If he don't do nothing, why go out?' For his family, it's why Eddie puts on a leather suit and smells into a club, everybody goes crazy. Sometimes, if it's chick's day enough, he might let her lick his shoes. We go to maybe a dozen clubs a night in little people like Eddie's a star, okay, but he never forget who put him there. Hey, do you know that Tyrese Gibson stuff Eddie acted in on TV, where the ladies in jail say, 'Call my husband?' Well, he got that from me. That's right, I did two years update for stamped murder, but it was really another guy who pulled the trigger and got killed. Eddie thinks he's gonna get me my own screen one day. Better be soon."

## PART III

### The Obligatory Photo Section That's Here to Sell the Book



Carly Rae as a lifeguard. Eddie is shown here visiting the home of the *first* Taylor Denvers.



They can't all be in *the* Eddie or the Eddie role from the movie, so here's a brand-new Eddie, here, lookin' sharp.



Eddie's classic *independent* pose of *Claire Danes* face in.

Eddie at *new* *Indy* for *Indy* at the *park*. *Indy* is all about coming of character-music. Eddie that night, as *Indy*, did not seem to be able to get into *Indy*.

## PART IV

### Life at the Top— The Secret Meeting

Early in 1985, separators Eddie Murphy, Sylvester Stallone, and Carl Eastwood held a top-secret strategy conference with producer package/separator Marty Bealsky-Romanus to discuss their last joint project, an epic remake of *Gasoline Dan* tentatively titled *Bloody Maader*. Fortunately for posterity, Bealsky-Romanus taped the session.

**B-R:** Okay, so we know we got an action/adventure/comedy thriller with a twist. Now where are we? Did we say Egypt?

**Stallone:** No, no, it's not, it's happening.

**Murphy:** Uh, Bronx? Nobody's gonna pay five bucks to watch a bunch of construction workers. Three of us go happen to a disco tent lesson for men and the chicks are seedy? Black leathered bed sheets down to the floor? No way, man. But we've got people here like Detroit, where there's lots of houses and cars.

**Stallone:** You can't get Gasoline Dan in Detroit?

**Murphy:** Just make Gasoline a generic cat who comes up from the Bronx lesson for the chicks who like starlets from L.A. in a series of James Bond scenes.

**Eastwood:** Detroit Territory '85? We rule in. We show the light-out of the place. We rule out. End of picture.

**Murphy:** Shut ya face, Clint, and make my day.

**B-R:** Shush, heh! Christ! Christ! He's just kidding. It's that nuttargous pants-on-erufl the kids love! Eddie! For God's sake! Tell him you're holding!

**Murphy:** Look ya, Clint baby. Seriously. **Murphy:** Eastwood! Tell him to stop knowing me.

**Stallone:** Now, get this. Me, Clint and Eddie are prime pilots and we're hijacked by terrorists and crash-landed at Beastie.

**Eastwood:** Monkeys.

**Stallone:** Okay, I'm willing to compromise.

**Eastwood:** Anyway, the sun has just started straggling the crew and making demands like they gotta have Brooks Shields.

The pressmen in Washington do nothing. Not one stinkin' thing. But it just so happens there's this one Nam veteran who...

**Murphy:** I know it was going to be Ickin' Rembo.

**Stallone:** Yeah? So what?

**Murphy:** What about Rembo? They got some uninteresting type there.

**Eastwood:** What the hell is, 'rembo'?

**Murphy:** Beverly Hills cat goes to Paris to avenge the murder of his wife.

**Stallone:** No Axel Foley? I'm sick of Axel Foley!

**Murphy:** And he's forced to play some stupid neck-and-chain who's been held in there?

**B-R:** Brilliant! I love it!

**Murphy:** Dirty Harry and Rembo?

**Stallone:** No.

**Eastwood:** Harry doesn't have a mouth.

**Murphy:** Maybe that's 'cause his teeth worse than yours and they're kinda grossass!

**Eastwood:** That just about does it.

**B-R:** Christ! Christ! Put that thing away! Eddie!

**Murphy:** Please! Say something.

**Murphy:** You can't kill me! I'm immortal. Think of

the industry. Paramount would go bankrupt in a week!

**Stallone:** He's right. Christ!

**Eastwood:** Sorry, Eddie. I don't know what come over me.

**Murphy:** No sweat. Go get my car.

## EPilogue

### The Best Is Yet to Come

Murphy's run as national political office began when he was invited to the White House, along with Mother Teresa, Lee Iacocca, and Michael Dukakis' wife, Jennifer, to receive the Presidential Citizens Medal, the nation's second-highest civilian award.

Seated between President Reagan and the first lady at dinner, Murphy discovered to his delight that both were fans, although Mrs. Reagan confessed to not always understanding all his language.

The President and the young entertainer hit it off immediately and were soon chattering together like old friends all through the evening. Afterward, Reagan would tell *Entertainment Weekly* political commentator Peter H.ofner, "I swear, that boy's as funny as Gary Coleman."

Murphy, for his part, was also impressed with the President, though his stay had two major surprises in store: an invite to the White House and a desire to make a movie.

"He's a real nice guy," he told reporters. "I mean, I wanted to see just what he got. I mean, I've achieved dreams every time you can achieve 'impossible' ones, and I don't even think yet. So suddenly—maybe soon—I be lookin' for a new career, and what's a bigger job than President? So I'd consider eatin' Roton's choices, just like I used to study Peter when I was a kid. And you know what? The man don't doin' shit! Sure, he be gettin' a new biggish app there, but I could top him in my sleep, man. It's a bummer. I can do that, man. I can do that."

Ironically, Murphy would soon be given the chance to enter the Oval Office by the man he now wants to replace. A month after their historic first meeting, President Reagan announced him to an audience that Murphy's comedy audience were to be considered bounders into the Soviet Union via the Voice of America, which was then known to be known as the Voice of God.

Since afterward, Murphy was approached by high-ranking officials of the Democratic Party, who believed him to run for the Senate from his home state of New Jersey. When inquired what the job paid, Murphy replied that he would consider no position beneath the presidency, and only if the salary were raised and he could be assured of a "mother-in-law."

When the Democrats apologetically explained that according to the Constitution, he could not be President until age thirty-five, Murphy was shocked. "Goshawt?" he said. "Uh, yeah. Teacher tried to make me read that trash in eighth grade. I told her, 'Hey, bitch, you ever see a lawyer with glasses?' Tell you what, though, send a copy over to my agent. I'll take a look, and if I get the time I'll do a rewrite. That damn thing sounds like it needs a lot of work." ■



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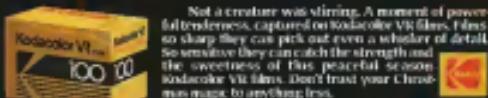


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# Education & Social Service

COMMUNITY ACTION, GOOD INTENTIONS, NEEDED CHANGE

## 1985 Register

### HONOREES



Fred Smith:  
"There's always  
a better way.  
There is no  
instant way."

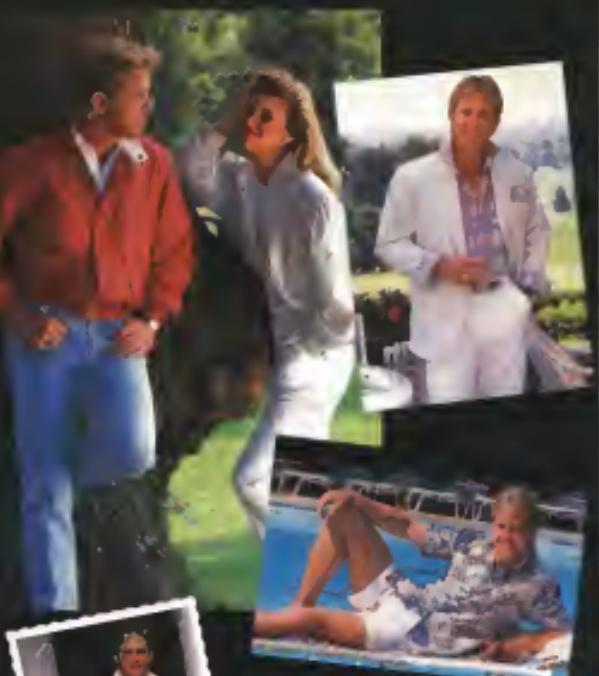
- Steven Ballowe** A public school that works
- Shayne Del Cohen** Dignity for Nevada's Indians
- Susan Gendrich** East meets West in a Tennessee school
- John Isaacson** Headhunter for the public good
- Manuel Justiz** Battling educational mediocrity
- Lois Lee** A fighting chance for street kids
- Rokelle Lerner &**
- Barbara Naiditch** Help for alcoholism's youngest victims
- Candy Lightner** Her sober battle with drunk drivers
- William Lindsey** Slumbuster in the South
- Brian Ludwig** A coach with true grit
- Celeste McKinley** Food banks from supermarket surplus
- Meredith Minkler** In defense of the forgotten elderly
- Wade Rathke** The enduring power of community organizing
- Andrew Schmookler** Charting the winds of war
- Fred Smith** The bitter struggle for prison reform
- Sherry Turkle** The shrink and the new machine



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**HONOREES** Education & Social Service

**Steven Ballowe**

School principal  
Hilton Head, South Carolina  
Born April 29, 1949



Six years ago, the McClellan High School was an anomaly. Located near the tawdry and poor resort town of Hilton Head, South Carolina, a famous resort, it set something out of the South Bronx, racially unchanged, drug ridden, and ranked near the bottom in statewide standard tests. The problem was that many white students were enrolling in private schools to avoid the violence and drug problems that had come to characterize the school, rendering McClellan High (now merged with Hilton Head High) just another nearly black institution that few whites were seriously interested in. *Esquire* met Steven Ballowe.

When Ballowe became the school's principal in 1979, his highest priority was improving the teaching staff. Streamlining the benefits of the Hilton Head life style was his recruitment pitch. Ballowe brought in so many applications that the personnel department, used to a lighter load, refused to open and process them. Eventually, Ballowe was able to select the cream of the local crop, then work with them to revamp

the curriculum and establish innovative programs. Today, Ballowe's students rank well above the national average in achievement, and the school has been recognized by the state for the Department of Education's annual listing of the country's top one hundred overall. BHH has even become a local sports power, thanks to Ballowe's decision to recruit top coaches. More important, drug and disciplinary problems are virtually nonexistent. Ballowe reports—*even though Hilton Head's enrollment has more than doubled while the private schools' have declined by half*. The boy, he says, *has been* to have a strong program based on high expectations."

**Shayne Del Cohen**

Community developer  
Fallon, Nevada  
Born August 1, 1946



One of the first VISTA volunteers in Nevada, Shayne Del Cohen stayed in the state for 10 years, her high visibility to become a key community developer for local Indian tribes. Her sometimes controversial work has, at her words, made her "the only Jewish Princess in town." Her efforts span the spectrum of issues. When the reservations were educational wastelands, Del Cohen directed an educational talent

**Susan Gendrich**

Teacher  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee  
Born October 15, 1951



Class merged in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, when the 1980 students were constructed. Suddenly there were seventy new students at the school, most were upper-middle-class Japanese children whose parents worked in the town's new Nissan plant, but there were also a number of Laotian who'd come to live near the families who'd sponsored their flight from Southeast Asia. The Asians spoke little English and

**Brick by brick, helping to build the confidence of an Indian tribe**

needed income for local Indians.

This year has been an especially challenging one for Del Cohen, a native of New York City. The tribe she mentors, the Mono-Spanish Indians Colony, is caught in a bitter battle over building a new housing development. "I've been out in the hills so much that I smell like sagebrush," she says, fresh from inspecting the 940 acres of vacant federal land that the colony plans on taking for its homes. But that's a small labor as what has become a lifelong battle against racism and poverty. "I'm proud of helping save the tribe's around," Del Cohen says. "It's what government and democracy are all about."

**Using what her students know to teach them what they don't know—the English language**

from

"Today,"

says Gendrich,

1981's Tennessee

Teacher of

the Year, "our

students have

been

so good,

so smart,

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needed income for local Indians.

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**Manuel Justiz**

Educator  
Washington, D.C.  
Born December 26, 1948



Manuel Justiz has established the American Branch with an empire's reach. The former director of the National Institute of Education, Justiz likes to tell how, at the age of twelve, he and his younger sister came to the country from Cuba carrying a sign saying I DO NOT SPEAK ENGLISH, and how they wound up in a basement in New Mexico, where they stayed until their parents legally arrived in the U.S. five years later.

**Lois Lee**  
Sociologist  
Los Angeles, California  
Born October 7, 1950



In the course of her work, Lois Lee has seen hundreds of children, and eight to seven, who came to Los Angeles as refugees and wound up selling themselves on the streets. Throwaway kids, she calls them, and with good reason. Unsheltered at home (where they often have been beaten), the street children are ignored by child-welfare agencies, which regard them as the province of the police. "The problem,"

for the thirty-five-year-old Angelino is as near academic as can be. "At night, she can be found on Hollywood Boulevard, hawking the laundry to a 'traveling repair' program called Children of the Night. The service, which she began in

**Saving throwaway kids from a future on the streets**

1979, has helped about five thousand young people to far. Children of the Night provides a twenty-four-hour hot line, medical and psychological referrals, family counseling, job placement, temporary home location, and sometimes just a safe harbor from the streets. The program runs without government money, so Lee spends a lot of time tailing it up along the California 101s. "You go one lost in the winter and the other one in Beverly Hills," says Lee, but there's no question which neighborhood she prefers. "These kids are so smart and self-motivated that they can do remarkable things with their lives," she says. "They can do it to themselves."

For the thirty-five-year-old Angelino is as near academic as can be. "At night, she can be found on Hollywood Boulevard, hawking the laundry to a 'traveling repair' program called Children of the Night. The service, which she began in

**Rokelle Lerner & Barbara Naiditch**

Child counselors  
St. Paul, Minnesota  
Born December 5, 1948/August 20, 1949



One out of every four elementary school students goes home to an alcoholic mother or father. Although there are a number of successful treatment programs for the alcoholics themselves, younger children in alcoholic or chemically dependent families

**Teaching the children of alcoholics to act out their emotions**

are usually spared. The lack of intimacy in all the rooms where we consider the problem that suggests the younger the child, the higher the risk that living with a dependent parent will cause serious emotional harm.

Rokelle Lerner and Barbara Naiditch, two experienced child counselors, discovered these unhappy facts when they met eight years ago. Lerner had realized that an inordinately high percentage of the teenagers she was counseling for drug abuse were the children of alcoholics. She figured that she had to get to this group of troubled kids earlier. The upshot of Lerner and Naiditch's unplanned talk was Children

Are People, a St. Paul-based organization that devotes educational programs about drinking to the prevention of children in more than seven hundred elementary schools. The most successful and widely replicated program of its kind, Children Are People also offers support groups for children of alcoholics—adults as well as minors. In the group sessions, young children are encouraged to express all sorts of feelings that are not permitted at home. However, both Lerner and Naiditch are painfully aware that the kids must still return home every day to find themselves. "We teach kids to lower their masks if they want to," says Lerner. "We don't strip them."

pulling "theirs off." A year later he played an even larger role in the publication of *Breakthrough in Learning*, a devastating critique of the nation's schools. The nearly two-page document accused schools of not awaiting students in the learning process and of strenuously vocational courses over the traditional liberal-arts education. It called for a reallocation of faculty so that freshmen would be taught by the best teachers, and a consideration of part-time teaching positions instead of full-time. "If America is to compete effectively for world economic markets," Justiz says, "we must regain excellence in education."

**Alerting American educators that mediocrity could topple their ivory towers****Candy Lightner**

Social activist  
Dallas, Texas  
Born May 30, 1946



After a drunk driver killed her thirteen-year-old daughter, Candy Lightner decided to do more than call for the death of her child. A few days after her daughter's death she formed a group called Mothers Against Drunk Driving, whose only apparent assets were a clever acronym—MADD—and a chief organizer who believed so deeply that the time for righteous anger had passed. Five and a half years

have by, and Lightner is now the chief spokeswoman of a 270-chapter network of five-hundred thousand members and supporters whose grassroots activism has won state legislation, and federal laws. Drunk drivers are no longer allowed on the way to judges, the courts and the public, under MADD's laws, no longer in part driving drunk as a socially acceptable act that shall be federal highway grants to any state that doesn't raise its drinking age to twenty-one.

"I like it if I did nothing, nothing would happen," Lightner says. "I believe that for every problem there is a solution. We see

**She met drunk drivers head on and declared our right to safety**

changing the way people think about thinking—changing behavior and saving lives. If you believe in something badly enough, you can make a difference."

**William Lindsey**

City housing director  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida  
Born October 13, 1946



Thirteen years ago, VISTA volunteer William Lindsey caused a war zone: the Citrus Park section of Fort Lauderdale, a patchwork urban sprawl where even the churches were surrounded by bad-boy houses. There he learned that even in the worst of times the vast majority of residents are decent, law-abiding people. According to Lindsey, slum dwellers are victimized by a small criminal element, absentee landlords, and

a government bureaucracy grown cynical and weary. "Even the system had lost its soul in the system," he says. "I started seeing the racial pride of the people who were in charge of government as the single most devastating impediment to anybody who lived in the neighborhood."

Lindsey got to work. He helped to bring in the teachers and the police to help a place with which to call the community, reorganized a men's club, and arranged to have the area's long-neglected garbage picked up and parked impeccably right in front of city hall. Then, in 1974, the Fort Lauderdale Housing Authority hired Lindsey as executive director. And true to

**Brian Ludwig**

Teacher/Football coach  
Beloit, Kansas  
Born March 7, 1948



It would be easy for Brian Ludwig to sit around blathering about his life for raising his life. Ludwig sits in a wheelchair, the result of a game injury back in 1967 that broke his neck and shattered his spine. Nineteen years old and a starting defensive back for Beloit College in Beloit, Kansas, he was suddenly pummeled from the shoulders down. But now, at thirty-seven, he doesn't blame football, perhaps because

**Teaching the importance of never giving up**

his life is decidedly unbroken. "I don't feel handicapped," Ludwig says. "I feel normal." Indeed, once the initial pain and anger subsided, Ludwig quickly won the admiration of his students and football fans as when they're playing it's over to become a coach, and a very good one. At St. John's High School in Beloit, in fact, Ludwig ranks in something of a legend. He is such a fine teacher, strategist, and motivator that the team has suffered only one losing season in the last ten years.

That record notwithstanding, Ludwig wants the whole world to do a handstand. To Ludwig, who also teaches social studies, and who from certain angles

looks like a coach out of costume—wearing only a tattered, silver, white, and teal "Beloit Power" t-shirt—this is just one thing I've wanted to do since I was seven.

"For think I have courage," he says and "No. Check my options."

**Celeste McKinley**

Food-bank founder  
Las Vegas, Nevada  
Born May 29, 1949



Three years ago Celeste McKinley went to a Dumpster in a supermarket seeking scraps for her pet cockatoo and discovered something unexpected—trashed in the garbage were mountains of edible meat, fruit, and vegetables. "Most of the food was attractive, but no longer shelf-worthy," she says. "It was a terrible waste." But not a total waste, it turns out. That discovery led to another, and soon

**Meredith Minkler**

Public-health-project cofounder  
San Francisco, California  
Born September 23, 1946



San Francisco's own down-Townsend district can draw down-Townsend residents to check the residents' blood pressure. What they discovered was an island of isolated elderly people with serious social and physical needs. Shut up in their homes, at least 25 percent had had no contact with close friends or relatives during the previous month. And about 80 percent were suffering from hypertension. So Minkler formed the Townsend Senior Outreach Project, a group of nearly 100 trained volunteers who visit with residents regularly and lobby for improved police protection, living conditions, and medical care. Not long ago, TSOP asked Mayor Dianne Feinstein for more police foot patrols, and she agreed, since then, crime in the Tenderloin has dropped 26 percent. More important, says Minkler, has been "the more sensible path in self-help, one through the strength. More hotel residents have maintained

McKinley and her husband, David, were in the forefront of the movement to establish food banks as a means of feeding America's hungry.

Sometimes described as supermarkets without cash registers, food banks are providing an effective way of feeding America while reducing the \$2 billion in food Americans throw away annually. According to the McKinleys, operations like theirs enable one person to give away one-half a pound of food for every dollar invested. The federal government has never been able to produce more than eight ounces of food for a dollar. Las Vegas Givers, staffed by thirty-five people who

are paid in food, helps feed about 27,500 people each month. Thanks to local supermarkets and farmers who put tax write-offs for the slightly damaged goods they contribute, "we've got gourmet items you wouldn't believe," says McKinley. And all for free. Givers has worked out so well, in fact, that the McKinleys organized a cooperative consisting of 146 other distribution centers called the Independent Network of Food Organizations. Barker says that accomplishment earned them a congratulatory phone call from President Reagan. "When I picked up the phone, he said, 'I heard you did a great job.' I said to him, 'I had no idea that these would be people like you.'

**Making old age a better age**

various TSOP boards, says Minkler, who notes that when residents take responsibility for changing their environment, morale and friendship increase, depression and alcoholism decline.

**Waging front-page battles for people without a platform**

government, labor, and utility companies. Over the years, though, Rathke's methods have changed. These days he is nearly as experienced a negotiator as an attorney. For example, ACORN has worked with companies such as Koss and Marantz in West Seneca, agreements and a property tax cut arranged for an inner-city development project. It has allied with unions to achieve collective bargaining agreements and has also joined with school boards to move more minority group members in their decision making. Some of the group's efforts have led to legislation. "We know that there were abandoned houses [in St. Louis] that were

in good repair but not occupied," Rathke says. "So we began a squatting campaign, where low-income people would move into these houses." The results were a nationwide recognition. In 1983, the National Homeless Persons Act, which encouraged the feds to move into abandoned houses. At long last calm and antibiotic, Rathke does know how to apply pressure tactics. In 1984 ACORN helped organize the "rent strike" carried to more cities to protest high unemployment. And the group still boasts its share of pickets and boycotts. But the real aim, Rathke says, is empowerment by whatever peaceful means are best suited to the task.

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**THIS IS MAGNAVOX**

Fred Smith took a criminal prison system and made reform the law

Education &  
Social Services

# The Greening of the Jailhouse

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

## T

he prisoners, who had been waiting for an hour. Waiting, and waiting among themselves. Waiting for the man. Of course, if a convict learns how to do anything at all, it is to wait... and wait. Time in a man's prison becomes all sorts of things. The metaphor is endless. Time can be a memory, a great weight, an endless class of heavy预约s. Time can be measured in all sorts of ways and should not be thickness. There is nothing unusual in prison about a man who has more time to do than he has already had. Or the man who is in for life but still has the hope of a

parole. Or the man who is doing All Of It but doesn't have any chance at all, unless he is willing to take one himself.

An hour, then, is nothing. You can spend an hour staring at the wire and everything that lies beyond and never miss the time. You can spend an hour studying the springs in the back above you. You can spend an hour lost in your imagination. So what again about a man who has more time to do than he has already had. Or the man who is in for life but still has the hope of a

parole, and none of the eleven convicts are especially giddy when Fred Smith arrives for the meeting. But he apologizes just the same.

"I'd like to thank you all for waiting," he says.

The convicts laugh appreciatively at this little joke.

The noon of them, a coal-black man with a concave face and a deep Paul Robeson



In Alabama's brutal prison system, an enlightened jailer planted the seeds of reform.

voice, says, "Commissioner Smith, in behalf of the inmate council of State Prison, I would like to thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to come here today and discuss matters of animal concern...."

Fred Smith looks expectantly at the men who speak these words, nodding as he listens. He is dressed in a blue blazer, cotton khaki trousers, blue polo shirt,

and yellow polo tie loosened at the knot. He wears glasses with stylized brown frames. His hands are going to pray, to crook over the tops of his ears. He has a young, fresh face that is slightly plump. He looks like a man who has come up in the world from his origins in Elmore County, Alabama. But also like a man who has not escaped entirely from his roots because he wouldn't do that if he could. Fred Smith

looks both country and accomplished.

The other men in the room are grant their faces hollowed out, weathered by time. Only one of them wears glasses—in congruous wire-mesh. All of them wear white denim with their numbers attached over the front pocket of the shirt and rear pocket of the trousers. Across the back of this man's shoulder is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine and a 3.96 percentage Alabama



property offenders—maximum-security inmates who work without armed guards and who can be trusted not to escape. But he went further than merely putting prisoners back to work. In a state where work that needed to be done could not get done for a lack of money, Smith new prison inmates as a pool of unpaid labor. He began sending teams of inmates—skilled carpenters or electricians—away to rebuild local jails. His teams were welcome to go in the shop if Alabama prison, then transported to the jail that was being rebuilt. So far inmate labor has rehabilitated twenty jails in the state. One jail that would have cost county taxpayers more than \$180,000 was done for only \$30,000 in materials. The programs are being extended to inmates who are working on schools and other public buildings that have fallen into disrepair.

Smith is intensely proud of this program. "It's not just that it's getting things done," he says. "Even though that would be a whole lot by itself, it's also giving these people a chance to work and earn a solid or keep a skill so they can work when they leave here. And what you've got to remember is that 98 percent of the people in prison are going to get out someday. That's a fact. Only 2 percent of the people who go to prison die there. Think about that. Those other people—they are going to get out and go back—most of them—to the communities they came from. They've got to know how to do something when they get there. They've got to know what it feels like to work on a job for eight hours a day. That's in a shell in much as weeling or bodywork or anything else—just knowing how to get up and go to work and do a job every day. A lot of the people who come here have never learned that. And they won't learn it if they are in prison for four hours a day for ten years. And they just won't learn it on the day we throw them in, and say, 'Okay, you're on your own now. Stay up or trash.'

In addition to this ad hoc public-works program, Smith increased the scope of Alabama's work-release program, in which inmates spend the night in the institution and report to a pholysing the day. This is a wildly controversial approach that arrest states follow with inmates who are serving release. But Smith launched an entirely new program that is still widely controversial in Alabama, the only state in the union where such a program exists. Under his regime, Alabama probably has the most progressive prison administration in the country, and the cornerstone is the SIR program.

"Supervised Intensive Rehabilitation," Smith has said, "because you have to make sure that the rhetoric is right. These words ring a sound like the person is being watched and punished. Any time you try something new, especially in corrections, you have to make sure the rhetoric

is right to sell it to the public."

Rhetoric aside, it is a liberal program, at perhaps a nonviolent one. Whatever it is, it's certainly not conventional. It works this way: A prisoner with three years or less on his sentence can qualify. The commissioner decides who, among qualified inmates, will be released into the program, and those people are allowed to live at home. They are encouraged to find a job, and if they can't, they are given public-works tasks to perform while they are looking for a job. A substantial portion of any money they make goes toward compensating victims of their crimes and the Department of Corrections for the program's expenses. They are randomly checked to make sure they are returning for work and are in bed or home by some established, early hour. Violations of the terms of release are punishable by loss of privileges and, ultimately, by a return to confinement.

When Smith first implemented the program, the attorney general of the state, a man named Charles Graddick, who has sole discretion that extend at least as far as the governor's, sued Smith to stop Smith's war with the backlog of his patrons, that well-known liberal Governor George C. Wallace, in the legislature. Since then, Smith and Graddick have been highly public enemies, feuding almost daily in the papers. During a press tour not at the Saint Clair maximum-security unit last spring, Graddick was giving a speech to a group in Tuscaloosa. He noted that Smith was at the scene of the riot, "in whatever it's worth." At the scene, Smith told the inmates who had rioted and were holding hostage that they had and ought to turn over, "immediately," any unturned officers were coming in. The inmates, who had been Smith and Graddick's only friends for his handling of the uprising, which had the potential, now and, of becoming another Attica. Graddick finally concluded that Smith had handled the riotous cell block enough to get an "A" plus, while Smith would stand ahead about an attorney general "who stands on the sidelines and criticizes in a difficult, like-characterizing situation like the one we had at Saint Clair."

On the morning of Smith's tour, there was small room in the paper that lots of Graddick's displeasure, expressed in a letter he had made public, over the release of a former member of the state insurance commission into the SIR. The man had been convicted of attempting to use his influence improperly (legally) as mayor of Huntsville and sentenced to a three-year term. Smith released him after nearly three, as he is empowered by law to do, and put him to work in the SIR program. Graddick insisted the man should have served his full term as a lesson to others who might be tempted to abuse the public trust. (Most people in Alabama believe the fellow was

inmates of Graddick's usually obsessive desire to get something on Gerald Wallace, George's brother, but that is another story.) Smith's response was, "That man isn't dangerous. And he has taken up a bed. Let him work and pay back the court costs, and I'll give that bed to someone who really needs it."

The SIR program has gained supporters around the state, in the editorial columns, in the legislature, and with Governor Wallace, who knows as well as ever which way the winds of public opinion are blowing but has never in fact more enthusiastically supported than the program. So Smith's lightning-quick capture and response to the program's critics has been laudable, though he has, as he finished the tour in his favorites, with the worn book, over. "Is there any chance that drug offenders will be allowed to qualify for SIR?"

"That's up to the legislature. Not me." When Smith first implemented the program, the attorney general of the state, a man named Charles Graddick, who has sole discretion that extend at least as far as the governor's, sued Smith to stop Smith's war with the backlog of his patrons, that well-known liberal Governor George C. Wallace, in the legislature. Since then, Smith and Graddick have been highly public enemies, feuding almost daily in the papers. During a press tour not at the Saint Clair maximum-security unit last spring, Graddick was giving a speech to a group in Tuscaloosa. He noted that Smith was at the scene of the riot, "in whatever it's worth." At the scene, Smith told the inmates who had rioted and were holding hostage that they had and ought to turn over, "immediately," any unturned officers were coming in. The inmates, who had been Smith and Graddick's only friends for his handling of the uprising, which had the potential, now and, of becoming another Attica. Graddick finally concluded that Smith had handled the riotous cell block enough to get an "A" plus, while Smith would stand ahead about an attorney general "who stands on the sidelines and criticizes in a difficult, like-characterizing situation like the one we had at Saint Clair."

There is a murmur of a agreement from the men in the room, and also the comment with the bass voice and the followed-off laugh has tickled Smith, once again, for nothing, the prisoners all shake his hand. He speaks briefly to the short men, as promised, and then leaves the prison, speaking to guards and inmates on his way out, complimenting one prisoner who is carefully flagging some marigolds that flank the walk leading out to the main gate. "Looks good. Real good," Smith says. "This beautification program has really taken hold. I'm proud of it."

Smith slides behind the wheel of his car to drive to the next institution and the next act of gravestones.

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"Did you hear that?" he says to his visitors. "Thirty-five years. That guy is living. For a drug conviction. I think those long sentences are a part of the problem. A lot of people believe they are a solution to crime, but they're not. It's just going to do anything for a criminal, most of the effect is going to occur in the first two years of his sentence. That's when he really takes a good look at himself and feels like what has happened to him is something he can change and do something about. After that, with another eight years, fifteen years, thirty years to go... he's just gone into a deluge. Whatever good you've done, you've washed out. The case becomes institutionalized."

Yes, the visitor says. That makes sense. But what about the generally disastrous outcome—you can't show that, can you?

"No. And I never said you could. I've been in looking them up and letting them where they can't do any more harm. I also believe in capital punishment, and I believe that it may be the best because way to deal with some of those people. Mass killing than locking them up for life. We had the first execution at capitol in 1983 in Alabama under my administration. We'll probably have more. A death warrant comes down almost every week. They all get storia, but sooner or later—they'll execute. I'm not soft on crime. But people like that are a small minority of the people serving time. They are a very small part of my problem."

As he drives past a long open shed, where perhaps ten hundred men sit on benches and sleep under the eyes of shotgun-carrying guards, Smith talks about his accomplishments and his plans.

"You know, we called the court system, and we got the state legislature to increase the \$10,000 a year to just over \$8,000. I'm proud of that, but I want to do better. I want to get it down to \$7,000."

It occurs to his visitor that this is what makes Smith both something new in the work he has chosen and also the perfect embodiment of the values of his generation. He is neither an angry revolutionary out to partly smash through glass nor a reader-baited rehabilitator out to cure them through understanding and therapy. His model does not come from either the Old Testament or Freud but from the economic and cost-accounting tools that are the basis for the one true faith of the 1980s—the bottom line.

Smith is a manager, and his numbers are with costs. To him, social costs and economic costs are inextricably related. It is a religion, and he knows that he must live and operate as a political world.

"You know," he says, "it's funny, during the days of the court order we were always being compared to Texas. People all of the hearings would say, 'How soon can Alabama have a corrections system that's as

good as the one in Texas?'

"Well, now Texas is having all sorts of problems. It's the worst, probably, in the country. Guards refusing to come to work because it's a two-decker. They're under a court order now. Meanwhile, in Alabama we've turned it around. People come from other states to see how we've done it."

"I'm really proud of everything that's been accomplished here. But I feel like yesterday might be the time to move to E-Grounds or one of the others who doesn't like the new programs coming in. I have to argue. It wouldn't be fair to the people of Alabama, who elected a man with these new governors, to let me do it."

"I'd move on... to another system. Try to bring the same kind of program in. That's the challenge. Once the programs are in place, it isn't all that much to administer."

"In the end you've got the best laundry in the system," he says.

The guard beams and thanks him for the compliment.

From the laundry, Smith goes on to a small visiting room where the members of the Disciplinary council are waiting. They have been waiting for over an hour, since Smith is running late. He is always running late, just as they are always waiting. Or, as it just seems. The nature of the complaints is the same, and the experiences on the faces of the men who make them seem identical to those from earlier in the day, in other rooms with the same concrete walls. Smith listens and answers and makes an occasional joke.

A black man with a badly scarred face wants to know why the doctors who attend to prisoner sick calls have to show such indifference to their work. "These are the dirtiest men in the country," the man says, "and I just want to know what they got in there."

Smith also grants three or four guards who are standing around the reception area. The men are all in uniform, and they look as stern as any of their henchmen. They look as comfortable as it is possible to be in Alabama to June and still be wearing work clothes. Smith knows all the men by their first names.

There are prisoners working with brooms and mops along the concrete corridor that is the backbone of the prison. As Smith walks down the corridor the prisoners stop aside, backs against the wall, hands folded on top of their heads, hands the way soldiers once rested on their muskets. Smith bows to the men, and they nod back obligingly.

There are six dormitories running like verbenas of the main corridor, each one as long and wide, perhaps, as two tennis courts placed end to end. Each dormitory holds three or four hundred men who sleep in steel bunk beds and keep their possessions in steel lockers. The dormitories could be barracks for the troops of some third-rate army. Clean but shabby. One huge gray steel door stands open in front of each dormitory. At this hour, prisoners are at work and on the yard. During lockdowns and at night, the steel doors are

closed and locked. Then, the visitors think, the one hundred or so men are bathed together and terribly slow.

As Smith walks down the corridor with the assistant warden he must enter his voice to be heard over the din of normal prison noise. Steel doors slam. Voices shout on concrete. And the announcements that come through him usually drown a loudspeaker, then echo again and again off the concrete walls. The noise never stops, according to old ones. Never set right.

Smith visits the prison laundry at the end of the corridor while three visitors watch silently, never taking their eyes off him. The man in charge of the laundry points out stacks of clean folded laundry and matresses covers for Smith's inspection.

"In here you've got the best laundry in the system," he says.

The guard beams and thanks him for the compliment.

From the laundry, Smith goes on to a small visiting room where the members of the Disciplinary council are waiting. They have been waiting for over an hour, since Smith is running late. He is always running late, just as they are always waiting. Or, as it just seems. The nature of the complaints is the same, and the experiences on the faces of the men who make them seem identical to those from earlier in the day, in other rooms with the same concrete walls. Smith listens and answers and makes an occasional joke.

A black man with a badly scarred face wants to know why the doctors who attend to prisoner sick calls have to show such indifference to their work. "These are the dirtiest men in the country," the man says, "and I just want to know what they got in there."

"What's your job?" Smith asks.

"Tennex truck."

"Well, you're right about what kind of job that is," Smith says. "And since you mention it, I haven't heard any complaints about the work you're doing."

Men around the table laugh. During this meeting inmates bring back in on trays. It is the same as that being served in the prison mess hall. The food—macaroni and hamburger, tamales, potato, green beans, and corn bread—is as good as what you would get at a downtown cafeteria. But the only meal that comes with the tray is a spoon.

Because no matter how good the food, or how clean the sheets, or how many programs the television carries, or how well trained the guards are—prisons still prison, and at that time, like the constant rust of steel on steel and voices echoing down concrete, bears down heavy on the soul and makes it easy to sigh.

Smith leaves the list of inmates waiting and fresh out of things to say. "So rather how much you see off," he says, "you still never get used to it." ■

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Education &  
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# SOLUTIONS

by John Tierney

# John Isaacson Is Looking for a Few Good Men and Women

## PROBLEM: Recruiting a qualified executive,

especially one to run New York's airports. **THE UNDERLYING PROBLEM:** Demarcation at those same airports. In late 1989 no one was in charge of the world's busiest aviation hub: Kennedy, LaGuardia, and Newark. The veterans who had built Kennedy as the ground portal of America had been worn down by an expense-account scandal, political wars, and poor management at the top. Their airports, once state-of-the-art, seemed suddenly quaint next to the huge new facilities of Atlanta and Dallas. And, perhaps more important to these men, the major airlines that had grown and flourished with the airports were also in trouble, facing bankruptcy.

**THE STRATEGY:** More than \$800 million—a total of all the revenue raised by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, Peter Goldmark, then executive director of the Port Authority, needed someone to shake up the airport department and bring back the business. New York was losing in the Sun Belt.

**THE SEARCH FOR A HEADHUNTER:** The personnel department brought in two management consultants, but Goldmark didn't think they were thorough enough. Goldmark called up an old friend, his protege, John Isaacson. A Dartmouth graduate, Isaacson became a Rhodes scholar, finished Harvard Law School in 1972—and then decided that at heart he was not a lawyer but a civil servant. So he took an \$8,000-a-year job with the Massachusetts Executive Office of Human Services, worked in Goldmark's basement for two years, then remained after Goldmark went to the Port Authority. When Goldmark called him in 1989, Isaacson had just left the state government to work for an engineering firm in Boston specializing in energy projects, and he liked the idea of doing some consulting on the side. He headed off to the airports to see what kind of hours his veterans needed.

**A CUE:** Isaacson kept noticing model airplanes and spacecraft on the windshields.

A lot of these airport managers had been fighter pilots who had gone to the airports just so they could sit near airplanes. "I came here to be part of the aviation industry," said one manager, proceeding to voice the common complaint—"but now I feel we're losing touch with it." The industry's managers were in trouble and the Port Authority wasn't doing enough, he said. "We've got to help rescue the major carriers. They're the customers who will make or break us."

**WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?** Isaacson could not see an obvious weakness in the manager's philosophy—he was deeply loyal to the manager, whom many视为 the Port Authority's powerful boss. Goldmark wanted to help not just the established airlines but also the new, 40 startups, whom he called the longshots.

But there was something else. Back in Boston late one night Isaacson was writing a memo to Goldmark about what kind of candidate they should be seeking. "I suddenly realized that the guys at the Port Authority didn't know what business they were in. No wonder they were unhappy."

**REDEFINING THE PROFILE:**

These guys thought they were in the aviation business, but their main job was to move people and luggage between the gate and the street. They were really in the ground transportation business.

**A GLARING SYMPTOM:** Kennedy Airport, an airport built for airlines instead of passengers. Each airline got its own terminal, its own passenger and structural tribute to itself—because of course there was no reason to think, back in those regulated days, that a major airline might not last as long as a building. To get around, you had to fight traffic and spend as long as forty-five minutes taking a shuttle bus from one terminal to another.

"We're the veterans talked about the traffic problems at Kennedy," Isaacson recalls. "They made it sound like an act of God—something that was there and couldn't really be solved. It just didn't seem to me that there was no way to take care of the airlines."

**THE HUNT:** Isaacson worked the phones to gather fifty names and eventually narrow the list to five. One was Robert Aramian, who was attractive because he had managed both air and ground transportation projects. Isaacson flew to Washington to meet him, and they each made an odd first impression.

Aramian, expecting a crisp, bucolic interview, was greeted by a tall, grueling man with a full, bushy black beard, a casual, conversational style, and a loud, unrelenting laugh, who started the interview off with the usual small talk through the resume but by asking Aramian to describe his family background, especially his father.

Isaacson, for awhile, initially found himself bound to death. Aramian was tall, serious, scrupulously overbundled

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT ARAMIAN





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and cautious to his answers—a perfect bureaucrat. He was just thirty-one, and he'd been at the Federal Aviation Administration for only three years, but he could easily pass for a life. Aeronson could tell a story about a colleague, and the details would make it clear that the person was accurately accounted and professional, then Aeronson would query others on how the person was "transcendent."

**NAME CLUES** Soon Isaacson began noticing a pattern to these stories: "Transcendent" people would usually vanish from the scene. Either Aeronson left, or they left. Aeronson had risen over the struggling Baltimore-Washington airport, quickly cleared out the incompetents, and set aside records for growth. He had moved to the FAA's Airports Division. First he abolished all his subcontractor jobs, and then created fewer new ones, eliminating bureaucratic deadwood in the process. Among career fads, this constituted an astounding achievement—but Aeronson was so content that it didn't get many.

The interview went on for six hours. "By the way," Aeronson said to Isaacson at one point, "I think the name of your firm is very clever." Isaacson looked blank. Not having his own firm, he'd simply repeated the name of the Boston engineering group where he worked, which happened to be Pequod Associates. He'd never seen the connection. The Pequod was, Isaacson's step, and now Isaacson was learning the true version of the Great White Whale. A man of integrity, yet someone who not only Isaacson but everyone at Pequod had lied about. Other little fibs, these falsehoods—falsities of not, unconventional irritants, the more Aeronson talked, the more Isaacson thought that here was a master in bureaucrat's efficiency.

**THE REPORT FROM THE FIELD:** Isaacson wasn't supposed to choose, only to describe the best choices. He talked to the other four candidates, checked them out with others on no missions, and wrote short profiles of each man. Aeronson's was a five-thousand-word biography (complete with the details about Aeronson's father), describing someone "who believes like a very well informed long-hibernating bureaucrat" but "does not suffer fools gladly." He would attack a bureaucracy like a young hotshot and still get along with the old-timers. "Most hotshots wouldn't. This is a man with grit."

I might be negotiating someone in his forties who would rather act as a line firm but is instead a political pragmatist. I'll have to win him to join a job at a government agency and EU says, "Look, taking this job will cost you \$40,000 a year." Get used to that idea. Take some time to see if you can make it with \$40,000 less. If you can, you're going to go home feeling different about yourself every night. You could be the one who has come into this picture with a housing-and-shopping complex that revitalizes the whole core of a city. You're going to make a difference." <sup>10</sup>

gents and shippers. In four years Aeronson has completely incorporated the department, airport revenues have climbed to more than \$800 million, and the number of passengers has gone from fifty four mil to a year to seventy-four million. Newark Airport has become the booming hub of air passenger traffic. At the moment, the Port Authority is in the market for surface to rent unused space in other terminals in similar offices. And Aeronson is currently planning to put something new in the middle of all those terminals—a grand central terminal with high-tech airports carrying passengers to and from the entirety.

**THE LESSON** **JOELSON GONE:** "The most overused is the handfingering radar search. It's not hard to come up with lots of choices for a job. The trick is to figure out what the job requires. Any job is a solution to a problem, but most people who have don't stop to think what the problem is. They just look for someone who has the same credentials as the last person who held the job, when in fact the job has changed in the meantime. So they're always fighting the last war. In most cases, the real solution is to change the problem. The Port Authority search taught me that the first question to ask when negotiating a job: What business are you in? It doesn't matter if it's a nonprofit group. The most important question: Who are you? Who are you fighting?"

Today Isaacson answers these questions to dozens of corporations, universities, government agencies, and nonprofit groups. He continues to do his hearing aid of Boston, his dialogue with Pequod. He left that firm in 2002. His success in the Port Authority searching for a reference for another headhunting job, which had to yet another, and before long Isaacson realized that there was a demand for this odd kind of fit.

His recruiting firm, Isaacson, Ford, Webb, and Miller, has eleven full-time professionals and is building a national reputation for finding good public servants. "The public sector is out of fashion today," Isaacson says, "but you can still draw talent if you make someone realize that the public sector isn't just window dressing—it's the skeleton and nervous system of the whole economy. It finance the means for the private sector."

I might be negotiating someone in his forties who would rather act as a line firm but is instead a political pragmatist. I'll have to win him to join a job at a government agency and EU says, "Look, taking this job will cost you \$40,000 a year." Get used to that idea. Take some time to see if you can make it with \$40,000 less. If you can, you're going to go home feeling different about yourself every night. You could be the one who has come into this picture with a housing-and-shopping complex that revitalizes the whole core of a city. You're going to make a difference." <sup>10</sup>

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Sherry Turkle tells us that computers aren't only changing our daily routines—they're changing how we think

Education & Social Services

BY DAVID HELLERSTEIN

# Computers on the Couch

**I** have been called the Margaret Mead of Silicon," Sherry Turkle says, laughing. "Some days I see myself more as the Dr. Joyce Brothers of Atari."

We're in her corner office at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, lit by sun reflecting off the Charles River, which is just across Memorial Drive. Sherry Turkle, author of *The Second Self*, *Computer and the Human Spirit* and a former MIT faculty member, sits at her white, water-clear "Wacom" an off-white plastic, a flowered dress, and a gold necklace. She's witty, articulate, soaring, and immensely

David HELLERSTEIN (Photo: Jonathan Hsu) *New York City, April 1991* (Inset photo: *Studies of Life and Death*, 1897)



IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY, SIGMUND FREUD FOUND MAN'S NATURE REFLECTED IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS. TODAY, SHERRY TURKLE FINDS IT REFLECTED IN THE COMPUTER SCREEN.





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or psychological dominance—and that it was replacing the familiar psychoanalysis model with a concept of mind in machine.

"The power of psychoanalysis," Turkle says, "is that it gets people in touch with something they want to think about—sensitivity, perhaps. Studying slips and dreams puts you in touch with things that we teach. But now people want to be in touch with some aspect of their machinehood. People want to be in touch with this new aspect of themselves, which is almost as equally taboo as sexuality. Artificial intelligence and computers are the new way to be in touch with this cultural preoccupation."

She found that there were many ways in which people made contact with the machine.

"The computer is like *Don Condence* in *The Godfather*—it makes so many offers that many different kinds of people can't refuse." For voice-gone enthusiasts, supposedly addicted to a mindless activity, the less they do in figuring out the logic of a rule-based system—to achieve perfection in a predictable, limited universe that outstrips what is possible in unpredictable reality. Hackers often described a sense of direct hand-to-hand contact with the deep structure of the machine, a strongly embodiing experience of struggling within a labyrinth to find order at the edge of chaos. "In a huge system that is nearly out of control, they can punctuate breakthroughs of authority. The violence of the test is with-out limit."

Adolescents struggled to find their identity in relationship to the machine. The computer was a safe place to experiment in changing styles—to be daring, to strive for novelty, effect or play. The programmed-in attitudes of diverse cultures, Dyer and Delovics, restricted the movement of the "self" once more so it would move only in 30-degree right turns, and then programmed children generate shapes. Hence, an eighth grader made his program as chaotic as possible but took pride in the fact that the computer was always under his control.

"In college labs, the incredible need for information may be one argument," she says. "There may be an influence for certain kinds of ambiguity. In the game Dungeons & Dragons, with computers there are always rules behind the events. One sheet of paper holds me securely. Dungeons & Dragons are complicated that way." He noted that the rules of D & D are complicated but anything he had learned in the classroom, he doesn't know the rules of history yet. This can lead to double entendre. And clicking something's only important if it comes off the computer. He said, as we sat in a D & D session, there's a risk that children playing Dungeons & Dragons in the world of computer games may have less interest in the open-ended, rule-breaking of traditional games and thus more dealing less capacity for empathy.

Perhaps most challenging, Turkle found, was the work of artificial intelligence and cognitive science philosophers. These people took the computer to be symbolic power, not just to think about the mind. The brain as computer may have less interest in the open-ended, rule-breaking of traditional games and thus more dealing less capacity for empathy.

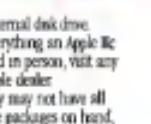
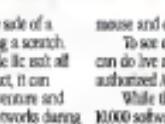
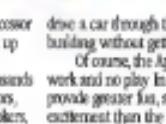
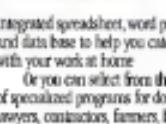
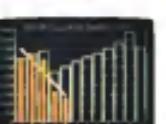
"In the best of situations, though," Turkle says, "the computer looks to a very positive subversion of roles." A third reader knowing more than he, parents and teachers may be difficult for his clients; at the same time, "it's ready stuff. There's a tremendous link with human social skills, with better hand-eye coordination, with a lack of fear. This can give power to both teacher and child. Teachers have been trying to take it for generations."

We're finishing the interview now—I feel my astonishment that more than four hours have passed. I'm exhausted—my buffer's overfilled, burning with interminable "spaque states," "mind-pause," "split screen," "debugging"—but we're about to end our journey on computers and people, computer culture, technology and the individual, human and computer, and her ongoing research on computers in the workplace, and on the mission of psychologists in America, and about a projected eight-part series on computers she's consulting on for WNET-TV in New York. I realize that I still know nothing about how her marriage to MIT professor Seymour Papert, mathematician, inventor of LOGO, All philosopher—they met while she was researching *The Second Self* and are now divorced—influenced her study of computers. I feel foolish that I didn't get around to asking. On the other hand, maybe that says something about Sherry Turkle.

We walk out of her office, along a deserted corridor, down a flight of stairs, and outside. We pause. I can see a courtyard that a few students, carrying computer bags and backpacks, cross hurriedly, not stopping to talk, even though it's a beautiful June day, green trees and glass-and-concrete buildings in the background.

"I have a role at MIT in being an ambassador," she says. "I'm not MIT but not anti-MIT. What I do is say important to the lives of students here. My message to students is: Why should you be cut off from real life as a scientist? My feeling is that if they can begin to appreciate the passion of their relationship to technology, then if they put their art in the old cliché, 'The computer's just a tool,' we begin to re-encapsulate their involvement in ways related to positive feelings, they will have a richer and less split-up experience."

Her message to the larger world is, I suppose, a variation of that. That making computers accessible to as many people as possible will increase the usefulness of computer technology. That computers can benefit our culture far beyond their powers as calculating machines. And that if we explore the complex relations between our first and second selves, between our third neural activity and the electronic "self," we are beginning to create, human experience will be richer, and without a doubt, better understood. Q



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Education &  
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# Andrew Schmookler on Why Men Make War

A MILITANT GENIUS AND RENEGADE ACADEMIC, ANDREW BARD SCHMOOKLER SPENT FOURTEEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE ATTEMPTING TO COME UP WITH A COHERENT AND UNIFIED THEORY THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE TRAGEDY OF HUMAN LIFE. THIS "material and unconscious force that drives people to make war," while the intellectual strain would have veiled a lesser man, Schmookler emerged in 1984 with *The Paradox of the Tribe: The Problem of Power in Social Evolution*, which indeed provides a new way of analyzing the human condition. His panoramic work, which incorporates history, philosophy, anthropology, and psychoanalytic theory within its sweep, is troubling and difficult; nevertheless, it is surprisingly readable and, in the end, hopeful.

Andy Schmookler, a wiry, intense, yet remarkably engaging thirty-nine-year-old, does much of his writing on the large rock in the middle of a Maryland stream where we caught up with him. He draws the decline of civilization to the down of evocation, when power becomes the dominant factor in social relationships. The point of his parable is to show that power, once introduced into a system, inexorably drives it to anarchic dissolution. Like the great philosophers who are among his intellectual forbears, Schmookler sees a first principle by which to define the human tragedy: "The Paradox of the Tribe" itself is a short, eloquent summary that opens the much larger work.

POWER, SAYS SCHMOOKLER,  
DRIVES A STATE TO  
ANARCHIC DISSOLUTION

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES MAYER

**INSIGHTS**  
Interview by  
Randall Feldman



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# Business & Industry

BRASH INNOVATION, EXPLOSIVE GROWTH, SHREWD MOVES

**1985 Register**

## HONOREES

**William Howard Beasley III** A man of steel  
**Janelle Bedke & Robert Metcalfe** Heroes of Silicon Valley  
**Marilyn Adams Coleman** Poultry's grade-A consultant  
**Rafael Collado** Computerizing the Bronx  
**Esther Dyson** Getting the word processed  
**David Gibson** Making Kansas City a hot commodity  
**Sanford Grossman** The economics of information  
**Dennis Hayes** The man behind the modem  
**Larry Kopolid** From advertising with love  
**Ted Lemon** American wine with a French accent  
**David Mueller** A computer airline takes off  
**Bob Pittman** Igniting a cultural explosion  
**Lewis Ramieri** Wall Street's roof raizer  
**Jacques Robinson** Management as the mother of invention  
**Jesse Russell** A breakthrough in telephone technology  
**Vicki Saporta** Improving the state of the unions  
**Kirk Strauss** One man's hunger project



**Bob Metcalfe:**  
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**Janelle Bedke:**  
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## RONDREES Business & Industry

### William Howard Beasley III

Corporate CEO  
Dallas, Texas  
Born October 1, 1946



As a veterans' organization manager, William Howard Beasley III learned that nothing worth doing comes easy. By 1980, when he was thirty-four, he had earned a Ph.D. in finance from the University of Texas, served on a key role to a string of Secretaries of the Treasury during the Nixon-Ford years, and worked on Capitol Hill in a key GOP staffer. Then, after making his fortune in the private industry, Beasley was given the

**Marilyn Adams Coleman**  
Poultry consultant  
Columbus, Ohio  
Born March 27, 1946



Setting up shop in a poultry consultation office, Beasley enough ten years ago, and when Marilyn Coleman was born, Beasley was pregnant. "I thought, 'I could tell my wife how to manage their business,' some people thought she must be kidding. According to Coleman, "When my pregnancy would be on the cover of a trade magazine for something I'd done, they'd laugh and say, 'What are you, the Chick of the Month?' It made me mad enough to

quit. Velsicol, a company that was functioning under a load of legal and financial woes, was Velsicol's product. It was a napalm-like fire retardant, and its solvent was branded 'Toxic Fire'. Napalm-like solvent killed bugs but attracted lawsuits. Beasley attacked each crisis with characteristic vigor, first buying over every shiny company stock, then moving the firm in a new, clearer direction, and the result was a safe herbicide called Raflan.

With that triumph in hand it was past a

short jump to Velsicol's parent company, Northwest Industries, a multibillion-dollar conglomerate headquartered in Chicago. Starting near the top, Beasley was pos-  
tured to preside in January 1984. Earlier this year Northwest became ship-and-tarant and spun off Laclede Steel, one of the nation's leading makers of steel pipe for oil pipelines. Beasley, seeing a chance to return to his native Dallas and run his own shop, chose to become chairman of the new firm.

### A goodegg is hard to find

want to show them what a god could do." Coleman's breakthrough in the poultry field began in 1972, when, as "just a bored housewife with a degree in biology" and two kids, she received a fellowship for a research project at Auburn University as a visiting scientist. There she performed a way-out chicken experiment. From chicken to chick in eight days, resulting in a 20 percent cost increase in production. Since then, as head of her own Columbus, Ohio, company, MAC Associates, she has developed the technology for reducing chick embryonic time to hatch to disease and has designed a monitoring system for feeding, housing, egg handling, lighting, and gener-

al maintenance that has increased the production of broiler chickens by up to 25 percent in some cases. Some of Coleman's research has spun off discoveries with applications to human medicine. She has found, for example, that the chick embryo can serve as an effective "bioassay" for determining damaged human cells, just as within the years the chick embryo has been the best source of chemical compounds necessary for successful organ transplants, and that embryos are useful experiments in which scientists actually change the composition of cells, thus artificially creating, say, the resilience of new skin from what has been organ tissue.

### Silicon Valley comes to the Bronx

**Rafael Collado**  
Software entrepreneur  
New York, New York  
Born May 12, 1954



The South Bronx has long been associated with low income and high crime—the last place you'd expect computer technology to flourish. But if Rafael Collado has his way, the partially bombed-out borough may just be the next Silicon Valley. As the forty-five-year-old computer whiz notes, the Bronx is "close to the great universities with all sorts of advanced research," not to mention just a subway

ride from centers of media and finance, two major markets for high technology. The South Bronx, however, is already the home of at least one successful Silicon Valley enterprise: Collado's own Prototype Devices. Located near the infamous Bruckner Boulevard, Prototype produces pocket算术计算器, desktop calculators, desktop personal computers, and desktop microcomputers. Despite the fact that the company is incompatible with most major computer manufacturers, Prototype has become one of the most popular high-speed machines. In its second year of operation, Collado and his associate, Robert Morales, expect to net \$2-3 million on \$7 million in sales. But both men say that the base of the company is secondary to that of the

After graduating from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Collado, who grew up just a few blocks from Prototype headquarters, held a number of fast-track jobs in Florida and Arizona, but he couldn't shake the feeling that he belonged back in the Bronx. When his friends and investors told him he was crazy for returning to the "poverty dirt and pollution" to start a new company, this is what he said: "Seventy thousand dollars in Arizona is the old model for success." The new model, it seems, includes employee stock giveaways to employees and the joint investment of profits in a program aimed at making neighborhood kids computer literate.

**Esther Dyson**

Computer-industry analyst  
New York, New York  
Born January 14, 1951



Esther Dyson is a very adventurous person to the personal-computer industry, but unlike the other major players, she neither makes nor markets computers. What she does, with admirable grace and clarity, is explain them to who, and why you should care. As the former editor and author of the industry's best-read newsletter, *PC/World* (the title is a pun, of course), she

uses words to explain them how they work, and why you should care. As the former editor and author of the industry's most-read Personal Computer User conference, Dyson has also become the consummate insider, who can make a new product's future with a phrase or two to the right venture capitalist or sink it with a devastating comment in print.

Last spring, Dyson upped the stakes of

**The making of a high-tech network**

to those who "speak" computerware, Dyson has delved on such matters as the similarity between Apple Computer's "mouse" and the worst executive's "mouse," and the reason executive's "mouse" is (both look down the list but get the job done.) "The part a few people can see more clearly," she says.

As an editor and the organizer of the industry's most-attended Personal Computer User conference, Dyson has also become the consummate insider, who can make a new product's future with a phrase or two to the right venture capitalist or sink it with a devastating comment in print.

Last spring, Dyson upped the stakes of

her game by launching Computer Industry News, a morning newspaper that she hoped would give industry executives an edge by offering the latest information on an unusually competitive field. The paper won't be sold broadly but one that didn't work out for Dyson. "It turned out that eight pages of daily news about the industry was more than most people needed," Dyson has said. "And what they wanted, daily anyway, is what we didn't really give them." But Dyson is not letting one defeat set her. She plans to revive *PC/World* in '86, the publication that made her the computer industry's most influential critic.

**David Gibson**

Commodities trader/Broker  
Kansas City, Missouri  
Born January 1, 1946



When they write the financial history of the 1980s, one of the biggest stories will undoubtedly be futures markets. And the big story within futures trading today isn't pork bellies, soybeans, or any other agricultural commodity, but stocks—actually, bets on which stock indices are heading up or down. This type of investment boasts a volume of \$2.5 billion annually, and no one understands it better than

David Gibson, who not only trades in stock-index futures from his office at the Kansas City Board of Trade but was a member of the test group ever to do so. "We wanted to get into something not agricultural," he says. "So we filed an application with the government to trade a contract based on the stockindex and went through the regulatory process. In February '84 we made the first cash settlement on a stock-futures contract anywhere in the world. It was also the first cash settlement on any kind of futures contract."

Gibson got the inspiration for his financial innovation in 1972, when the U.S. government decided to sell practically all of its

surplus wheat to the Soviet Union. With the regular commodities market suddenly shut off, Gibson, a speculator (and later chairman) of the three-member-person Board of Trade, began trying to convince the local traditionalists that was time to diversify, to quit thinking just in terms of wheat and corn. When the old guard went along with his young leader, Gibson then, in a grain-dealer's analog, added trading in stock futures to the board's traditional wheat-trading business. The window of opportunity Gibson helped open now includes futures on everything from government securities to the consumer price index.

**The modern connection****Dennis Hayes**

Technologist/Entrepreneur  
Norcross, Georgia  
Born January 10, 1950



In 1978 Dennis Hayes had a simple idea—and an equally simple design-a-frame table on which to work it out. His idea was that a computer system, both corporate and individual, would work their IBM's and Apples to "talk" to one another over phone lines, the better to access information data-banked and electronic and. In other words, he saw a market for the modern, the sometimes external, sometimes internal device

that allows computer communication. Working in his home with some electronic parts and a soldering iron, he and his longtime Atlanta friend Dale McNaughton built a prototype that would lead to a rapidly growing, international company.

Hayes Microcomputer Products is now 40 percent of the retail modest market, with its software-management programs and other products, the company recorded sales of \$180 million last year. It is an unusual company, and not just because it has achieved an outstanding average annual growth rate—in excess of 200 percent. Ultimately, what sets Hayes apart in a time of generally sluggish com-

puter-products sales is the company's aura of energy. Hayes has displayed the pioneer spirit to everything he's built: use of robotics on the assembly line to his insistence that his employees be provided with in-house job-training and stress-management programs. Last year, impressed by the public enthusiasm of Hayes's more than 6000 employees, a local business magazine named Hayes one of the best-treated pieces of work in Atlanta. Hayes—whose philosophy is "If it isn't fun, why don't"—likes the comment conditions at the company so much that he refers to it as playful, even though he could make a fortune by selling out now. "That isn't what I'm about," he says.

**Ted Lemon**

Wine maker  
Howell Mountain, California  
Born January 26, 1958



As a boy growing up in Westchester County, New York, Ted Lemon often saw fine wines at his parents' dinner table. An architect, Andrew, and a nurse, Bessie, he and them arranged ties down roads and downed people's shorts. But he won't and three years ago, as a student in the University of Davis, that Lemon started young wines as part of his future.

Bringing in the school of enology there,

he apprenticed himself to a series of vineyards in Burgundy and came to understand the local methods of wine making. But he decided that the Burgundian's strong sense of tradition—and exclusivity—would make it impossible for an American to be hired full time, and he reluctantly returned to the States. He earned money at a wine's wine, started a small, worked at the grape crushing session with some friends in California, and was about to start looking for a steady job when the improbable happened: the recent widow of a vintner called to tell Lemon in her head wine maker and vineyard manager. Lemon flew to Mendocino and set to work, with impressive re-

sults. The Galet-Melius grade rated his '84s among the best in Burgundy, and his 1982 Merlot and Cabernet won the gold medal in the Fair de Milles competition. Still, Lemon was ready for a new challenge. When he learned that the Wolbar family was reviving a dormant nineteenth-century vineyard in Napa Valley, he jumped at the chance to be a part of it. In addition to tending the vines and keeping an eye on the fermentation, Lemon has supervised the restoration of the winery buildings. Neither the way nor the success has gone to his head. "A wine maker," he philosophizes, "has to be humble. Unless you've got good grapes, you're nothing."

**Putting new wine into old bottles****David Mueller**

Regional-airline president  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
Born November 5, 1952



David Mueller always worked as an airline pilot. When that didn't work out, he became an airline president instead. Today, as head of Conair, an economist argues that op-

erates in the Ohio Valley, he oversees a company that has increased sales a sharp 1889 percent in the last five years.

Conair began in 1978, when the airline

**Jesse Russell**

Software designer  
Whippany, New Jersey  
Born April 26, 1948



Jesse Russell has a unique talent. He likes to grab hold of a notion and a bolide pen to sketch quick diagrams of complex processes—like the transmission of the signal of a telephone. One of the first computer engineers in the United States to appear in digital systems design, the entered the field back in 1972, Russell now heads an innovative band of fifty engineers and scientists at AT&T's Bell Laboratories in Whippany, New Jersey. Last year the division designed the software for a new cellular mobile phone that will allow conference calls and cell lowering for customers. That software system was named the best new product of 1984 by New Product Development Newsletter, which ranked the source of the software Russell's number one. In response, "we'll accept that a problem can't be solved." Certainly that's been his philosophy throughout his thirteen years with Bell, a period in which he has done everything from circuit and terminal design for digital

telephone equipment to mathematical modeling and complex software design. But Russell is also conscious of his responsibility as a black engineer. He devotes a large portion of his personal life to managing recruitment and counsels minority technical engineers already at AT&T. In addition, he lectures at career programs in Tennessee and Ohio to encourage minority youths to pursue careers in science and engineering. A better role model would be hard to find: in 2000 the Standard dimension became the first Black ever to win the Outstanding Young Engineer of the Year award from the Society of Electrical Engineers.

**Vicki Saporta**

Union organizer  
Washington, D.C.  
Born September 11, 1952



She's been called Miss Dynamite, a Norma Rae-like firebrand. And with all the heat, it's not surprising that Vicki Saporta, thirty-three, has been helping to incite organizing for the National Brotherhood of Teamsters. For her two years on the job, Saporta, the daughter of a Rochester, New York, tailor, has helped cause Teamster membership from 7.7 million to its current 1.9 million with her recruitment

of factory and clerical workers and other non-unionists. More important, Saporta is helping depict the union's image as a blue-collar haven for gamblers. "You don't see any millionaires in the hall," she says. "The Teamsters are hardworking people who are at their job day and night, put out at the end of the day or on the tail end of the week. We're not in the money, though, with more than Saporta herself. Although she maintains an address in Washington, D.C., she spends about two hundred nights a year on the road. Often working with the hardly contained anger that was once a hallmark of the labor movement, Saporta drives home the point that



internal vigilante is necessary to keep management from exploiting employees. "Some employers like to think of themselves as enlightened," Saporta says. "But the more naive always gets the better of them, and the workers get it in the neck."

**Kirk Strauss**

Farmer  
Spirit Lake, Iowa  
Born June 28, 1947



It's always disturbed Iowa farmer Kirk Strauss that American's way of consuming world hunger was to "feed grain to livestock so we could sell steak and pork chops to starving people." It seemed so much more practical just to stalk with the basic grain, as did his family, which has been farming 1,200 acres of corn and soybeans for three generations in the northwest corner of Iowa. So about five years ago Strauss, who has an M.B.A.

and was working as a bank examiner when he took over the family farm, set out to blend his crops into a kind of meal that would be highly nutritious, taste good, and wouldn't spoil. "We wanted a product that you could just open up and start eating," he says. After a series of failures he tried an extrusion method that quickly (about fifteen seconds) and relatively easily (about 300 degrees) cooked the grain into an edible meal. Then hundred grams of his concoction, now called Nutrasoy, provides 1,100 calories and the minimum nutritional requirements for an adult male.

Through food brokers Strauss sells Nutrasoy

to governments around the world, helping to feed the hungry in the Far East, Africa, Central America, and the Caribbean. "We're trying to sell it as a food supplement," Strauss says. "We try to give you everything you need, but we'll never say it's not the only thing you have to eat all day." Even so, he's doing his best to make Nutrasoy appealing. The blend comes in a variety of flavors, carry, cereal, popcorn, chicken, and the original corn and hominy. In January you won't have to be induced to crave Nutrasoy. Strauss plans to stretch a line of snack chips in U.S. health-food stores under the Foodies brand.

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With MTV, Bob Pittman ignited not just a television concept but a cultural revolution in contemporary style

Business As Usual

by Joseph Dalton

# The Televisionary



They pushed out of the elevator early on a hot morning wearing see-through shirts, spike heels, and jagged earrings. Macy's in New York was presenting a "Sale of Madonna clothing and jewelry with a Madonna concept," and the participants had included Herbie Hancock and a Hollywood back for *Gold Diggers of 1933*. Madonna's look had attracted more than hundred cognoscenti, but the girls paraded several live juke boxes department and chose in about an hundred hours-on. 96 hours later, in the jokers were still deliberating, the "Material Girl" video came up on one television screen, and the contestants linked arms and began swaying and singing along. These were black girls, Puerto Rican girls, one three-year-old, any number of whom bore not the faintest resemblance to Madonna. But for that one moment, however brief, each one could be Material Girl, the buxom, ubiquitous vision of a buxom, ubiquitous new culture: MTV.

Andy Warhol, who was one of the judges, says, "I just voted for the one who looked most like the video." That was lovely sixteen-year-old Jeanne DiFranco of Phoenix, Queen. "I just liked the style," she says. She copied it from the videos, which she watched on MTV in her mom's house secretly. If you want to understand MTV's reach, just talk to Jeanne. For a while, "MTV is the beat," she says. "I love my MTV."

JOSEPH DALTON is a former magazine editor in New York. He produced and wrote the entrepreneur *Plan B* (Dell) on the cover's August



**MTV** has helped launch careers for such new-look lights as Aimee Mann (left) and Sheri R.

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**BOB PITTMAN SMILES** ON LATE SPOTS afternoons in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the start-up off the Charles and opposite old money in dusky worn yellow lights, a market even now money won't sit. But when the light lets Bob Pittman about the old shadows, it makes him seem safer, thinner, younger than he already is—not as young as the people on the street, who are, for the most part, very young, but younger. With his hair that old friend longer than conservative, and his gray suit and bright tie, he could be a recent alumnae come back to life a bear in his favorite pub.

Pittman, who attended four colleges and always intended to graduate from one of them but somehow never could find the time, left his paper route and makes the Harvard Business School across the street, where he is completing the short-term business program.

The program is a week for bright young executives who have had to learn what they know and who don't, and Bob Pittman knows a lot. As managing director and chief operating officer of MTV Networks, Pittman is born and bred. He has seen all of those southern faces that night eight miles away but not for about thirty years. He's the face of the end girls who told you to take the Hairs and the pants, or the young attorney who just made \$20 million in Miami real estate. The southern cracker with the face of the choir boy—that's the fellow you watch in the poker game. Pittman watches the yellow light change through his garter tie, he is the first major television programmer who can't remember not having a television set, and MTV is a product of his generation.

"Madness is a good start," a good lead-in for the story," he says, and suddenly June has gone out of his eyes, which are cold, a bit dead. You see the Bob Pittman who spent eleven years in radio programming scraping for audiences, bringing the country to the stations that had creativity, bringing creativity to stations that knew the country.

"Madness is very smart," he says.

"Why?" Pittman gives you that slightly off look that tells you he's figuring something out and says, "She'll still be hot in December."

It's a new country, the postmodern mind that can understand the markers but is imaginative enough to look at a new approach. Like a lot of good frustration, Pittman has the ability to be analytical about people's processes. And that seeming contradiction is all the more pronounced because of the nature of the product he has systems presents. Videos are four-easy-peasy hours of visual insanity. They defy logic, and yet the desire to create a network that shows them twenty-four hours a day is an extremely logical business move—and a brilliant one. MTV is currently the highest-rated cable service,

with a 1.6 share in prime time. MTV Networks includes MTV, VH-1 (the music-video service for women twenty-five to fifty-dead), and Nickelodeon, a children's cable service. And last summer, American Express and Warner Communications each owned a third of MTV Networks, a deal that was publicly held. In August, Viacom International bought Warner's third for \$500 million and silvered another \$330 million for the public shares. At press time, Warner, which had previously agreed to buy Amex's third for \$450 million, was prepared to sell that part to Viacom in bulk. And remember, Bob Pittman thought it all up. That's why they pay him around a half billion a year to run it.

Quite simply, MTV has changed the way a generation looks at things. Videos are the easiest way for most people under thirty to experience the world. "We put together the world and the parties, better than it's been done," says Pittman. "Kids today never leave their house—they stay in their room, they don't go out, they don't have any real life, they don't have any real friends, they don't have any real job, they don't have any real place, they don't have any real time."

That lack of place is one of the reasons why it is so hard to turn MTV off; if you don't like the video that's on, wait four minutes. MTV is perhaps the only thing that can turn a normal, healthy, feeble one-and-a-half-year-old who makes between \$55,000 and \$60,000 a year into a couch potato. There certainly is a place for nonlinear storytelling, and you know that at your peril," says Braden Tarkoff, NBC's programming chief. "MTV is an institution. There is a whole generation out there, raised and influenced by it."

"It's strange," Pittman explains. "We sell environment. We're a nice place to be." But success requires a formula that goes through rigorous testing for the first six months or year. The environment—the set—was changed over and over until you got that big television feel, the here's-chaos-and-chaos-and-chaos feel, the here's-a-wait-and-see feel. The videos were carefully scripted but coached around natural, out-to-read to the Tele-Principles: Martha Quinn, America's Older Sister; J.J. Jackson, the Cool Black Duke; Mark Goodman, the Guy Who Could Make Your Sister Very Happy; Nina Blackwood, the Bimbo Who Could Make Very Happy; Alice Hunter, Your Next Friend.

It's a good act and a business. But attitude doesn't stop with environment. Attitude is having Mick Jagger, David Bowie, and a host of other superstar rock 'n' rollers making looks off themselves shouting, "Call my cable company and say, 'I want my MTV.'" Attitude is that caustic phrasing, like, "haha, this is America, you only go around once in life, and besides, you're entitled to it." MTV's promotions are fifteen-second works of genius. "MTV—video

music, twenty-four hours a day, and all we ask is that you have fun baby." Or, "MTV—video music, twenty-four hours a day, so that you can live forever." Both glorify the old banner of the 1980s, a bit perverta, a bit self-marketing, a bit we're-so-cool, as much as anything David Lee Roth or Richard Belzer ever put together.

The kind of pitch can work because the MTV audience is not so much an audience as it is a community. That's for a moment how rock 'n' roll, probably the most vibrant of pop culture forms, has been presented on television, probably the most perverse. Rick Clark and Ed Sullivan invented rock 'n' roll as vaudeville, and even the Beatles and San Gorgie look a little silly in the old *Rock Around Saturday Night*. Lou Reed rolled out for new talent that didn't have the mass appeal of what got on *Sullivan* or *American Bandstand*, but offered the conversational feel of, Hey, if you haven't passed out, you could be getting at least some of the music, therefore you must be cool. And that's what this band, Pittman took the conversational feel that has been lost by making everything about MTV success now.

"We're trying to radio what FM did to AM in the 1960s," he says, and that's not a bad comparison. We turned on classical music to be better, to get another dimension. Pittman has added musicals, the most diverse shows since stereo sound, and the looks still new enough to make MTV viewers feel like a close-knit band of hipsters. "We are a unique combination of the mass and the margin," says Pittman. "One doesn't work without the other."

MTV went on the air August 1, 1981, the first video was the *video*, "Video Killed the Radio Star," by the Buggles. The video cut sets and short pants have quickly become a staple of alternative, from commercials to sports coverage to prime time. But videos can be great as commercials for LPs. Known companies started putting orders for bands like the Psychedelic Furs from places like Postville, Idaho, when the band had never played a concert or even been on radio without a manager dropping in the place. "We had to make sure that was the place," says Michael Menas, chairman of the board of Capital-EMI. "And we saw their considerable rock videos quickly became a prime marketing tool."

Hollywood discovered them, too. "Take Baby Backwards," says David Geffen, who released the movie (and also produced *Grease* on Broadway, and before that founded Arclight Records). "A good movie, we thought, but a bad-time director, and Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay as their first starring roles. Still, a movie that we thought we could sell on MTV." A clip was produced using a Bob Seger song. It built prelease interest, and the film made \$80 million. Since then, of course, videos for films have become the norm, from new-fangled novelties such as *Purple Rain* and

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Particular to more traditional dramatic series with *The Falcon and the Stagman*.

The best example of MTV's style rubs off on, of course, *Home Box Office*, where plots as best incidental to the focus of well-wrought programs. "I decided they were doing something special," says Brandon Tartikoff, "and for a week I overboarded on MTV." After it was over, he called *Anthony Newley* and Michael Mann and told them to put *copacabana* out. The working title was *MTV City*. "But Tartikoff sees a broader television impact, too, and if you don't see it, he suggests you go look at a children's action show—"some thing like *Shazzam* and *He-Man*," he says. "I'm not talking about something real bad, just some average show, something you call 'all-the-art' in its time. It will look good, old-fashioned to you, and you won't be able to figure out why. That's what it is that the critics don't like old-fashioned in that it's never been done."

Another obvious connection is commercialism, since videos are commercials and since most of the people who make videos make commercials when they're not making videos. Still, it's a little broadminded—when the *Barrios* explode, or the Dodge Daytona takes off into space, that's *MTV*. Part of it is simply the technology catching up: a host of new editing machines with names like *Mirage*, *Pentelis*, and *UJ-turbo*—machines that can make things flip and twist, change colors and shape. But even without the toys, it's clear that a new kind of showmanship was evolving. Len's 500 show, *70s Party*, Michael Jackson and *Looney Tunes* ads, *McCartney* *Cartoon*'s "Help" campaign—all inspired and shown on MTV, though only on the networks. "MTV's set off over Madison Avenue now," says Bob Gaffin, the noted commercial director whose video for Michael Jackson's "Beat It" is probably the last example of the southern style. "You can see the videos changing, too—just look—when *Tina Turner* gets into *Mad Max* after *Beyond Thunderdome* basically because of her video. But the great thing about the revolution is that the form is flexible—you can do different things. It's art, MTV is the first policy."

But because it has become the style as rapidly, its uses are a bit unexpected. America's oldest governor, Indiana's Robert Orr, forty-five, had never seen *MTV* when, in 1984, he was convinced by a young staffer that he could reach younger voters with a comic-video political advertisement. He appeared on *It's Gonna Be*, a Bob George cassette with the suggestion that he wear it in his next race, but Governor Orr, a Republican, was reelected with 53 percent of the vote. More recently Herb Shapira, thirty-three, was the Democratic nominee for governorship of New Jersey and had considerable success with his video-political commercial. *Monte Carlo* is only one of a number of designers

who use videos, and the new tapes show off her new clothes to send abroad—satin and tulle to send a video-aesthetic than a dance track. "Visual communication," she says, "is instant communication."

Still, Pitman has made sure that people seeing things won't the only ones to benefit from *MTV*. We're talking contexts, and okay, Bob, I'll take whatever's behind *Door Number Two*. Contexts stand for community, that sense of belonging. "You know," Pitman raves, "Walt had that someday everyone would be famous for fifteen minutes. I think it's down to about five, and you know why? Because, because almost everyone wants to be famous, or if not famous, to have some tremendous connection to celebrity, whether it's a little fame in town. Hence the MTV contests, entered by hundreds of thousands, and the women get to stand up on national television and say, 'People really do win on MTV!'"

Pitman sighs. "What I see here is this kind from Muskogee, Oklahoma, or somewhere, and I realize that they're going back to a life that probably is kind of boring. And five years from now someone will mention Paris, France, and they'll say, 'Sigh, I was a contest, went there, saw *Donna Dunes*. And everybody will be quiet for a minute, and somebody will say another sound, and somebody will say, 'Yeah, sure—I lived next door to *Dawn Drama*, and everyone will laugh and say one will quite believe her.' It's gone." "We do our part."

They have given away a wheelchair with Van Halen, a car as *Trace Springsteen's* music, a chance to be in a movie with David Bowie. On New Year's Eve they gave away 80 million.

The favorite contest in the office was the John Cougar Mellencamp "Thank the Devil" contest. Mellencamp is the least problematic of the rock stars. The contest was his "Rock Horrible" video, a稚气的, cheery entry—*Rock*—that he did for his first tour, but mostly it was a series of *Blown Away*, Indiana, with twenty-five of your closest friends, where you would meet John Cougar Mellencamp and paint a house park. They gave you the house. There were more than two hundred thousand entries. Susan Miles, twenty-five, of Bellevue, Washington, was the winner. Who was she? "That goes without saying," Miles says. "I won an eight-room house on an acre of land in Bloomington, Indiana, a pale 1984 C-7 jeep, five hundred cases of Hawaiian punch, a Sony video-camera project television, a Sony VCR, a top-of-the-line Pioneer stereo system, and a private screening of *Street of Fools*. Sonny, of course, I'll sell the house. But it's such a big plus for my future." The contest was, she says, the biggest thing that happened to her. "But goes without saying."

"MTV is a magnetic force," explains Michael Ernst, who watched *Flashdance* take off when he was helping Barry Diller run *Paramount*, and who is now chairman of the board and chief executive officer at Walt Disney Productions. "We started a record company, and I've produced films and Broadway shows," says David Geffen. "But that was nothing new—people had started record companies before. Bob invented a delivery system, something totally new. I tell him," says Geffen, "that someday we're all going to be watching the band. And I'm only half kidding."

**EDDINGTON, MINNESOTA**, WHERE *MTV* Pitman grew up, is a nice small town—tearoom people, almost all of whom are pretty conservative, almost none of whom are exceedingly poor or extraordinarily wealthy. It's a pretty town, very much Middle America, and it sits south of Jackpot, Pitman was there when *Rock* was not. "When I was a kid, my dad had an old station, Tom 'The Doctor' on it, and he'd say to a bigger, 'When you get back from school when you're home, just sit down and say, "People really do win on MTV!"'

Pitman sighs. "What I see here is this kind from Muskogee, Oklahoma, or somewhere, and I realize that they're going back to a life that probably is kind of boring. And five years from now someone will mention Paris, France, and they'll say, 'Sigh, I was a contest, went there, saw *Donna Dunes*. And everybody will be quiet for a minute, and somebody will say another sound, and somebody will say, 'Yeah, sure—I lived next door to *Dawn Drama*, and everyone will laugh and say one will quite believe her.' It's gone." "We do our part."

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"Bob Pitman can be an honest claim to being the best programming director in the history of radio," says Claude Whalen, who hired him to do his first programming job at Pittsburgh's WPLG and is now a top broadcasting and cable consultant and director of the mass-communications program at Medio College. "After he's made his claim, you can argue with it—the point is he can make it."

Werner remembers Pitman in Pittsburgh in 1973, eighteen years old and unable to drink with the people he was

# When the things you have are more important than the things you don't.

Cheers.



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interviewing it here for jobs, with "a board down to his inky bottom and hair down to his waist. I know he played, but there is thing you remember most is Bob's discipline—very task-oriented. But most people like that aren't very personable—and Bob's job's not very creative. And most disciplined people like that aren't very creative, and Bob always had something he wanted to try."

They went together to Chicago, where Pitman now has two Program Director of the Year awards from Billboard, one for rock, one for country. He was reworking, making a ton of money, running stations with no promotion budgets, no givaways, living from Arbitron rating to Arbitron rating. Here one good look and you were smart, two good Arts and you were a genius. Three one bad Arts and you were looking around, two bad Arts and you were driving to Tucson. "It's a crazy life," says Warner, "but Bob and never nights. He was always in his office."

Pitman and Warner landed in New York to rescue a faltering WNBC, and as Tarnoff remembers, "It wasn't exactly like I was hearing footsteps, but I kept hearing about this young guy who had all these great creative insights." They turned it around, and Pitman was left with a "What next?" decision. He was tired of living Arh book to Arh book. He had finally learned how to fly, the Cozmo was at Tarnoff, he was at the top of his field—he could do almost anything he wanted, or fly away. Pitman went to what was then Warner Amos Satellite Entertainment Company to run the Movie Channel. WASEC's bid against Time-Life's HBO and Viacom's Showtime was a win situation he was used to—jump in against overwhelming competition and see who makes it. The Movie Channel was the first cable service to offer all movies, the first to go twenty-four hours, but Pitman had something in the back of his mind. He had purchased and located a show called *Allison*. Titled for VH-1, it was a situation that from my vision to be aimed at place. They didn't figure to tour—American bands made ridiculous for Europe, European bands made vicious for the U.S.—and he was searching for a format, something that could get rock 'n' roll and television together.

MTV was a hard sell. You could say that the Movie Channel was the HBO of television at that. But how do you explain MTV to a mind of executors, at alone a normal of advertisers? Let alone the record companies that are going to give you five videos. "Free what?" a number of them asked. "Why free?" usually comes next.

Pitman had David Hamonoff, though, and that counted for a lot. Hamonoff was a Columbia-trained lawyer who had held a number of important movie-industry jobs before joining Warner Communications as part of its ratings presidency. He had helped found WASEC and run overarching

Warner's cable operations. "I became MTV's steward," says Hamonoff, "and to make sure that you eat here. I'm the world's greatest manager." Hamonoff, an extraordinarily broad man, with the teeth to prove it. Would advertisers support it? Most important, Oleg, Bob, right idea—how do you finance it? Each session with Hamonoff brought them closer to a start-up.

But it hasn't all been smooth sailing since "Video Killed the Radio Star." In 1983 and early 1984, with production costs rising, advertisers and viewers coming in Pitman and Hamonoff cut costs to the bone and squeezed it out. They were a new medium, it took a while for advertisers to catch their numbers. The advertiser list was spotty: Coke and Pepsi, Ford and General Motors, and in the early days, most cable networks.

A bigger scare came last year when Ted Turner introduced his cable movie channel, Turner Network Television, to compete with MTV. Pitman was trying to keep VH-1 out, says Hamonoff. "We had a little product 'VH-1,' which was going to receive other influence than MTV's with soft rock and light country. It was a lot like Turner's channel. MTV offered VH-1 to us to merge who provider MTV. That helped, in a lot of goodon on the part of cable companies. Turner pulled out after thirty-four days.

Perhaps the most distressing setback, especially to Pitman, was a controversy about MTV's not playing black videos. Well, MTV did play videos by blacks. "I used to go into interviews with a sheet of front of me," says Les Gedluk, MTV's senior vice president of programming, "and say, 'These are the black videos we play.' The list included Jimi Hendrix, Parliament, Earth, Wind and Fire, and the truth is that most companies with large numbers of black artists hadn't begun producing videos—Motown, for instance, started relatively recently. But the underground scene became to be heard over the piano Medicaid. The media outlets that from my vision to be aimed at place. They didn't figure to tour—American bands made ridiculous for Europe, European bands made vicious for the U.S.—and he was searching for a format, something that could get rock 'n' roll and television together.

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basically eliminated its competition, but it has begun to erode some of the more stable parts of the market, witness the nearly universal criticism provoked by MTV's *Live Aid* coverage. Then, too, ratings have declined sharply over the last year.

Bob Pitman knows, "We're not a commodity product," he says. "Ratings aren't that important to us—state it, and our share went up. We hit our target audiences, and we bring an important entertainment to them. We're special to their lives, and they don't leave us easily."

Now Pitman finds MTV to be using their MTV, even in its fifth season, continues to present him with the kind of challenge on which he thrives. "I always know who I was, what I wanted to do, what had to be done. I always wanted to be in control of what I did. I like problem solving, the fifth way of solving a cat. And I've had a lot of luck, which is very important," *Live Aid*.

"Well, the way I used my wife," says Pitman. "I decided to fly across America, which I'd never done before, to my Cousins in San Francisco. I had a flight to the last seat on a TWA flight to Los Angeles. We were coming in a land at LAX, and there was some bad weather, and at the same time a man at the back of the plane had a heart attack."

The pilot announced he would fly us to San Francisco, and we'd all get up in a hotel somewhere. I had gotten acquainted with a beautiful woman across the aisle, and we had one and another, and I asked her to dance. She said that I didn't really want to stay in a hotel, and her parents lived down the coast, so we rented a car and drove there. It was a beautiful house, and we sat out on the deck drinking a good wine, watching the sun go down over the Pacific," Pitman goes.

"We drove down to L.A. the next day. She was back at the hotel, a couple of months after that we were married." He can't help grinning. "This is Sandy, who is very lovely, very sweet, with a career as a human consultant. They have a tape recorder, too, because she's a singer in Upper West Side a country singer in Carnegie Hall, and I don't know this life style existed," growing up in Mississippi," Pitman says. "Look a sergeant."

He sold the Cozmo, hasn't flown a plane in a year. His spare time is spent with his wife and his son. "It's a learning experience," he says, the highest compliment Pitman's face brightens. "You know, maybe he's only had a continental experience for about a hundred years," he says. "Before then, you went to air shows play a month or so ago, the clock radio went off and he'd come into our room and he said, 'What's that?' What's that?" He laughs. "We've told him 'Pitman reaches out his hand, in quick grabbing little bites, something he occasionally does,'" And he said, "Why can't I use it?" He laughs, grabbing for a sound, trying to put his hands on it.

He supplied the  
demand for a new  
way to explain  
changing  
economic times

BusinessWeek

# Sanford Grossman on Money and the Mind

SANFORD GROSSMAN IS A LEADING AND BRASHLY OPINIONATED THEORIST WITHIN THE "RATIONAL EXPECTATIONS" SCHOOL OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT. RATIONAL EXPECTATIONISTS DIFFER FROM OTHER THEORISTS BY ACCOUNTING FOR THE DECISIONS MADE BY INDIVIDUALS WITHIN AN ECONOMIC SYSTEM. THESE HAVE ALREADY BEEN ANALYZED, EXPECTATIONS ABOUT HOW THE GOVERNMENT MIGHT ACT, AND THEY ADJUST THEIR OWN ACTS ACCORDINGLY, EVEN BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT PUTS A POLICY INTO EFFECT. THESE DECISIONS ARE RESTRICTED BY WHETHER EDUCATION IS AVAILABLE TO THEM AT ANY GIVE TIME. RESPONDED TO A RATIONAL EXPECTATIONIST SUCH AS SANDY GROSSMAN IS A REAL-WORLD SLOGAN, INVOLVING "HOW INDIVIDUALS DEAL WITH EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS, AND HOW THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM INCORPORATES CERTAIN EXPECTATIONS TO APPROPRIATE THE INFORMATION PROBLEMS THEY FACE."

One of those institutions is the take-over process—certainly a hot topic on and off Wall Street, as corporate raiders like Ivan Boesky and T. Boone Pickens are wounded for the losses their actions wreak on the natural economy, the current wisdom being that such mergers make companies less efficient. But to Sandy Grossman, thirty-five, an aggressive free-marketeer who's given to describing government intervention as "dumb," the more take-overs attempted, the more we learn. And the more we learn, he said and again over a long lunch at Princeton's Hyatt Regency Hotel, the better for us all.

**INSIGHTS**  
Interview by  
Randall Falco

HIS THEORIES BEGIN IN  
A REALWORLD OF  
EXPECTATIONS AND NEEDS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BURNETT

IN ECONOMICS, WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW CAN HURT YOU

"Economics is a social science. It is about people. The problem that has, I think, always been implicit in economic theory is an informational problem. The 'Invisible Hand' is supposed to get more goods produced, when there is a scarcity. But if you think about what that really means, that most means that somebody, somebody must learn that there is a scarcity. What I do is look at who has the incentive to see whether there is a scarcity. How do you find the processions of information, of looking at a price and figuring how much of a scarcity there is? A much larger aspect of my work is looking at the institutions that develop to enhance the information-processing role—stock exchanges, commodity exchanges, the Chicago Board of Trade."

#### THE TAKE-OVER PROCESS IS WALL STREET'S CLASSROOM

"The ordinary proxy voting mechanism isn't very good, since there are a lot of little shareholders. Each one is not going to have the incentive to collect information to vote intelligently. The take-over bid is a mechanism that gives incentive for somebody to get big enough so that it is worth the trouble to collect information about how well the company is being run. My gut reaction is that, so to speak, that the current take-over issues raises the value of shares, it's certainly not harmful."

#### OF COURSE, IN THIS CASE THE TEACHER HOPPS TO MAKE A PROFIT

"He is, of course, making money on his own account, acting in the shareholders' interests. On average, when a take-over bid occurs, the company goes up about 20 percent of market value."

#### THESE ARE THE DREAMS OF THE ECONOMIC ECONOMIST

"My own intuition would be very high if I could start with some axioms, derive some conclusions from those axioms about the way economic quantities evolve in relation to one another, and then go out and find out that they are true. There is an economist named Fischer Black. He and Myron Scholes developed a formula, called the Options Pricing Formula, that figures out the price of a stock option in terms of the underlying price of the stock. This formula has actually been put on hand calculators. That's quite an accomplishment, to think up a theory and have it work sufficiently well that people in the marketplace put it on hand calculators."

#### ONE FAILURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

"One of the things I find most frightening is not when people withdraw a right, but when the shield of a right is cracked in newspapers and debated by demagogues to the point of social goodwill—such as the

experimental situations to distinguish among major theories."

#### FOR INSTANCE, CONVENTIONAL WISDOM HAD IT THAT EVERYTHING YOU NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT A STOCK WAS IN THE PRICE

"But Joe Stiglitz, who is also here at Princeton, is determined to find out that, in fact, the stock market is not perfectly efficient. If it were, if all the fundamental information about a security is reflected in the price—then every person could buy a stock comfortably knowing nothing but the price, without consulting the "fundamentals." But you can never predict, dividends, or certain other things. The Captain's Song by Paul Simon—basically everybody thinks that the stocks are priced correctly, which is the incentive for someone to come along and uncover new information about the security? If everybody knew about it, no one would do it. I showed to what extent it's necessary for individuals to determine fundamentals—but, somehow, will take money in certain situations by digging for new information."

#### SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE INVESTING IS, IN A WORD, A CRIME

"I think that argument is really a justification for theft. By that I mean the situation where a company is doing something and some group wants to get that company to do something else that's better for the group, rather than for the shareholder. So they make up some argument for why it would be the social good when it's really just for the social group that's trying to steal the shareholder's money."

#### WHAT DOES THAT MAKE THE SOUTH AFRICAN INVESTMENT MOVEMENT?

"If I have a South African shareholder to sit on my table to look at, the looking at the demand in itself isn't hurting anyone. That's to be compared with buying a home, however, which pollutes heavily in my neighborhood, the use of which is going to directly hurt somebody. So now you're asking, is there a social justification for the government's claim of an individual right? I think the argument has to be much stronger than it is in the divestment campaigns. You're contemplating what I consider to be virtually an act of violence against an individual right."

Democrats' presidential platform in the last election. The platform seemed to be moving towards politics of theft, a certain rephrasing of the statement that it is easier for someone to be rich and another one to be poor, and that the remedy to that is theft."

#### THEY AGAIN

"The Republican party has not been able to make a political stand in an articulate way that I can understand."

#### THE RIGHTS OF CORPORATIONS

"The book is organized by the following differences between us society and firms. For example, you and I have about 200 different corporate profits, or about the corporate to choose from versus the personal income tax, or that the President's current tax plan is going to raise taxes for corporations but lower them for individuals. But corporations are agents of the individual. They are not separate, skin creatures called corporations that physically consume in our society. They are not some kind of humanism. They are creations of individuals, and to the extent that corporations pay higher taxes, the individuals who own them will have less income."

#### A CORPORATION CONSTITUTION

"The economic problem faced by somebody creating a corporation is how to write a corporate charter that will somehow perpetuate the goals of the corporation and still work seven years from the date of incorporation. That's not very different from the problem of people faced with writing a constitution. To me, that's really interesting."

#### WHICH LEADS TO THIS ANALOGY

"A political teacher in a municipality is sort of like the president of a corporation. It takes a lot of responsibility for the underlying functions of the municipality, and it usually finds ways to raise its own wealth by raising the wealth and income in the municipality."

#### YOUTH, HERE IS IT THY STING

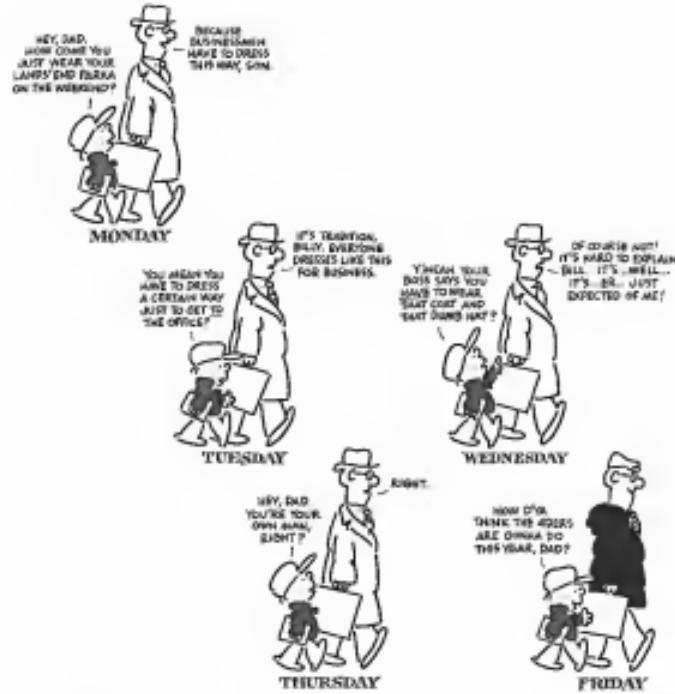
"My first teaching job was at Stanford, and half of my job was at the business school. When I arrived there, all the Ph.D.s were older—not to mention the Ph.D. students. But a small intruder. I was not intruded that easily."

#### A BRIEF EXPLANATION OF HOW SANDY GROSSMAN HAS ACCOMPLISHED SO MUCH IN SO BRIEF A PERIOD OF TIME

"I'm a busy."

#### TO DO WHAT NEXT?

"I don't understand like-others or why they take place. I want to know what motivates take-overs, have some ability to predict or forecast, explain why. At the point, one company is taken over either than another company. Right now, it's a mystery."  $\bullet$



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Business & Industry



WHAT KOPALD UNDERSTANDS IS THAT GREAT ADVERTISING COMES FROM THE HEART

JERRY ADLER is a senior writer at *Newsweek*. His article "Second Thoughts" appeared in *Esquire's* October 1985 issue.

# It's a Jingle Out There

by Jerry Adler

**W**e are all singing the same thing, which is love you and I, politicians and movie stars, McDonald's and Coke, McDonald's and Coke especially, because while we can live without them, they would be tomorrow without us. And that is why they advertise with such desperate energy, drumming repeat jingles into our psyches on the march on a thousand streets. Little workers in the dozen of mouth harps, shouting their hoarse hukas across the land, perhaps flipping their cutlasses, just a snarl.

Well, just, perhaps. Larry Kopald disrupted the penguins. A dozen live-size penguin puppets, wrapped in plastic garbage bags, were scattered in the corner of this gleaming Hollywood sound stage. Two others are already on the set—an elaborate reproduction of a back-country roadside, surrounded by a small grove of potted fir trees. Their heads bob in mechanical alibi-like, their beady eyes alight with orbicular passion. In a moment one of the penguins is going to buy something called a Colorado Chiller for the other.

"I'd try a product that uses talking penguins," says Kopald. "Wouldn't you?"

Great advertising comes from the heart, and like all things of the heart, it is a mystery that we cannot ever fully penetrate. We know, though, that the choice of talking penguins grew out of the special challenge Larry Kopald faced with this product: a variation on the wave-cooler theme that Coors introduced into half a dozen other list夏天. The challenge here was to differentiate it from the scores of other coolers on the market without saying what it is that makes it different. This is because what makes it different is that it is based on heart, not wine, and the Coors people suspect that most people are repelled by the idea of getting frost juice into their beer. This approach was fine with Kopald, because it caused him to throw out the entire beverage-advertising genre, the television license and the oil-field roughnecks, and extended series of beer commercials, leaping joyously into gleaming glasses. Kopald and his art director, Jim Morrison, began with the idea of a "real" penguin, one that is "different," not appealing, and extending them to the far left could in all directions: they found the one spot where they intersected... and it was penguins.

He started out wanting to use live penguins, but he was told that if you put two of them in the same room they might try to kill each other, which would make for a terrible commercial. Instead, Kopald's penguin was made from wax by Peter Kowalon, the great puppet master who helped the *Aladdin* Co. They were modeled after emperor penguins, the Cadillac of the flocks, although Kowalon has customized them for commercial use by moving their eyes forward to a more appealing position and shortening their rather enormous heads. However, the one thing live penguins do better than any substitute is waddle. Kowalon's

penguins weigh fifty pounds each, and the puppet operators, who have to hold them over their heads throughout the scene, are lending more to a struggle.

All over the sound stage, people are huddled together in little groups, shouting and coddling and nudging encouragement to one another, but each time they play a take on the monitor, it looks like two pugilists dizzied falling off a track. The camera is a crated talk. The director calls for another take, and the two stars lurch forward. Keegan-Myers weakly, it's going to be a long week. But he knows there is no great advertising without pain.

out precedent in the long history of personal-electrodes advertising," Repaud said, a 360-degree move made a dozen. The censors have come in tight enough so that when the model blinks, the electrodes come flying off her eyelashes like missiles.

Kopke is impressed by the executives at Tethys Land as an interesting advertising area with an extremely promising future. He disagrees only to the extent that

**Kopald is known for his empathy; he understands the need of products to be loved before they can be bought.**

AT THE AGE OF 35, LARRY KORNBLAT is one of six creative directors at Thirteen-Lane & Kotter, a respected ad-line agency-agency. Like most agencies, Thirteen-Lane is organized into creative groups, each headed by a creative director. Kornblat heads the largest group, which includes planning, art, direction, and production. In 1985 his group was responsible for nearly \$100 million in advertising. His major clients were the Coors new-product group, Velosters, Coast soap, Mr. Clean, and Carrasco and Sterling cosmetics. The week that he was overseeing the shooting of the newest commercial, you couldn't pick up a magazine without seeing his "Beach for the Ecopacific" campaign for Sterling, with dramatically backlit silhouettes of people laying out the sun on motorcycles and surfboards.

His work covers the entire spectrum of creative activity, from the subtle process of dreamt-up a new slogan to the painstaking business of choosing between baseball caps and hard hats for the paragons. That same week, in fact, he would need to look at his head after a day of pentagonal dreams to ponder plausible themes for a defense campaign for the recently collapsed Continental Illinois Bank, which, as he put it, "had a little problem, if you can call the largest corporate disaster in American history a little problem."

He took it, he explained, to be the first to have heard that and, in effect, "Look, we're still here, we want to eat your entire finger again." So I look at how we say it in a human way, in a compassionate way, and I generate lines in each of them and look at how they work across the broad spectrum. It's gotta be something that the chairman can go to Washington and give a speech about, and still something that the chairman can put on a notecard for a frantic teller to use. At the same time, it's gotta be something that the chairman

He was to be the spokesman for the campaign to clean up the Mississippi River. He was to be the spokesman for the very next year. In the meantime, when things were still getting set up on the new season stage, he and producer Gary Gissler would go off in a car to a video camera and record the work of various cinematographers. They were going to make a movie, literally. They

treating a rough cut at a big Cine spot, Kogald worries whether he has placed too much visual emphasis on an ax and battle-axe at the expense of the oligopolistic status denunciation. "It's such a magniloquent commercial," he feels. The harassed Mr. Chate Egaret has not yet been superimposed, so that the address of the oligopolists is still a blank space, with even more room than is usual in most products, but only allowing for Kogald as tormented enough to call his editor and ask someone to go back and find a change with a little more words. "I'm always long shots," he explains. "I'm always bantering. Everything is in a tight shot of a second."

Ronald believes that advertising can accomplish a lot of good in the world. He points to the fact that it was his commercial for TWA that brought together two men who previously had been known to feel a personal dislike for each other, Witold Chomicki and Ryszard Kaczmarek. Ronald sees art and art to each other as showing much more space than there was in TWA's new airplanes. They got to talking on the art, and now they are said to be friends.

TWA was also the occasion for Kapald's great triumph as advertising. It came just six months into his career, when he was a management junior copywriter at Ogilvy & Mather, in New York. Ogilvy had been asked to come up with a new campaign for TWA, which was suffering from a somewhat declining image as the service of choice among states and senators. All thirty people in Kapald's creative group went to work trying to think up ways to make people like TWA. A lot of people at the agency liked something Kapald had been noodling around with, a few words plus for which he had written a few lines of copy. In the end, the agency chose a few lines from Kapald's idea to make the decision. It chose Kapald's theme, "You're going to like it."

You're going to die in there. How remarkable that the pace of growing up as the treatment led in Morton Grove, Illinois, had, transformed into a celebration of pregnancy and frequent-flier boutiques, emerged as one of the most compelling advertising slopes of the 1980s. "You're going to like it!" If he'd thought of a back track, it would have made a perfect antidote for the unhappy junior high school boy who weighed as much as a profficeau. Kogal describes himself as a normal child up to the age of 16, when he underwent surgery for a tumor on his bladder. Consequently, he loved watching TV and eating cookies: a more convenient form of recreation than riding his bike. Eventually his parents tried to cut off the cookies, but not his allowance. He would go to the neighborhood pizza joints and bring the delivery boys to sneak access to a basement window, where he would be waiting after dinner.

was going up enough in the square of his age. It is hard, he says, to convey the mystery of that childhood—the silence, the gloom, the constant fear of approach hidden behind even the most innocent place in the house. His parents must have given over the desire to live. To overcome parents' reaction to the sight of him, he spent his teenage years in a kind of self-imposed exile, learning to regard himself—genetically, emotionally, and grand humorously. "Growing up as an obese person, to the point where people consider you a freak, makes you a more interesting person," he explains. "You have to find out what people want before you can give it to them. That's a lot like advertising."

Kopkind took a year off from college to lose weight. He went on a strict banana-calorie diet, with six hours of exercise a day. He weighs about one hundred and eighty-five these days, which he says is more than he would like, but he nevertheless extremely well-constructed, broad-shouldered, six-foot frame and is ever mindful of the two or three inches he once was. In fact, he has turned into a kind of Ancient Mariner of obesity.

In the same way that people who went to Harvard will always manage to get the conversation around to college, Sophee will find an excuse to show you a picture of herself as a popular, sewing-lessons-taking somewhere-in-the-middle schooler. The two things he always packs for a trip are the picture and a box of Nutri-Sweet Jell-O, the calorie content of which—eight partitions worth—makes up his bedtime snack.

You'd think the woman would be the last thing he'd want a pretty girl to see, but he showed it to a slight, attractive young man named Harry Haywood, who came to see him one day in 1981 about some trouble he was having with his car. Haywood had come to show a V8 spot he had been crossing Old Birmingham Road on a moonlit night when a motorcycle swept down on him, throwing him to the air and robbing him of his left leg. He was a doctor later described in "dusty-five-pence" plans that day. The doctors' consensus was that he would never walk on that leg again, certainly not without a limp. Haywood came to see him in the hospital. Two years later, after he proved the doctors wrong, they were married. "He walked normally," Haywood said, "but he had the average amount of pain in his leg."

he would see more people in need for the day. "On bad days he loans us a man's suspenders-headed case. It is good as armor against temptation. If he ever weighs four hundred pounds again, he can forget about walking for life."

base, his salary had gone up four times, and it has doubled many times since then. I Kopell didn't realize at first how little money \$10,000 was, because he was working on American Express' "service establishment," ads, the ones that try to sell you on a new restaurant; to try out your credit card. To get the feel of the place for the ad, he would have to eat there, maybe a couple of times—on the company's

**H**e wants footage with a little more warmth. "I'm missing long shots," he explains. "I'm missing humanity."

—diapers—twice as many as worth—and used it all over one neighborhood. He emerged with the essential insight that it was a mistake to market a disposable diaper as what it invariably was, a way to stop the whole *negative* mass out the trash. There wasn't a mother in the world who would admit she was using disposable diapers for convenience," he says.

So Klopold raised himself out of the comp-

erends altogether. There would be a baby and a diaper, and a voice-over explaining the story, which amounted to a kind of different ways of saying that they do better than we men ("Meet Jim, an inspiring atheist who shows us his happy life"). From an almost invisible position, Blagojevich snuck over a quarter of the manuscript. "I gotta great sense of pride from that," Argus says, as we file out. Blago is now a 350-page document for Olyp.

He left Ogbay and New York in 1963, enroute for Chicago, for the Data, and that controversial Chicago experience of watching from a high-rise condominium at Lake Shore Drive as a storm swept in off Lake Michigan. He joined the Midwest's premier agency, Leo Burnett, where he worked on what should have been the most satisfying account of his career, McDonald's.

McDonald's advertising is the culmination of wealth. He did some memorable commercials in the "McDonald's and You" series, including one marathon spot to launch the campaign, which ran on for as long as a marathons and had grandpas with the roundabouts and stoppers and little kids in it, and made you gasp, as well as hurry, to be an American. Kipald introduced Chicken McNuggets. "All I did was give McNuggets a personality—the finger-licking chicken that's fun to eat." I quote a big ad about the dipping into the sauce. When a person does, McNuggets were worth something to a billion dollars a year."

Literally, though, McDopah's was a disappointment to her. "They're not creating their image, they're perpetuating their image," he says, more to sorrow than in anger. "Everything is judged on the content of what done before." You could say, well, you couldn't check them both out as a pair of penguins. Every canard had to end with the protagonists bickering de-

only through the doors of a restaurant one couldn't show motorcycle in a McDonald's commercial, because the company didn't regard them as wholesome. Kopald started on this last rule when he skeptically came up with a "Leader of the Pack" theme for Big Macs. Kopald thought it would be hard to write an ad campaign based on "Leader of the Pack" without showing any motorcycles. So he wrote a script that had two motorcycle captains, and decided it among the storyboards he took to a meeting with the company's top brass.

As we wound our way through the sultry, steamy streets of Singapore, she murmured faintly that the exotic scents of the orient mingled with the fragrance of my Azzaro were almost intoxicating.

I told her to take a few deep breaths.



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INDIANA  
J.C. Penney, Indianapolis

ILLINOIS  
Chicago  
Commodore, 1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois  
Lord & Taylor, 1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

ILLINOIS  
Chicago  
Saks Fifth Avenue, 1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois  
McDonald's Restaurants, 1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

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Indianapolis  
McDonald's Restaurants, 1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

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Las Vegas  
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McDonald's Restaurants, 1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

OKLAHOMA  
Oklahoma City  
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McDonald's Restaurants, 1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

TEXAS  
Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Austin  
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See Reader Service Card for page 208

The master of the soft sell with the products of his success



agreement. McDonald's is one of the few companies in which the chairman of the board forced him to approve all the ads. A handful of agency people and a battalion of McHouses gathered in the Ray Kroc Room at McDonald's headquarters. When Kogal began describing the concept, a friend recalls, the chairman of the board, Fred Turner, got red in the face and groaned. "I thought I said no advertising," he said. "Larry, are you kidding?" What so impressed Kogal's friend was not that he said anything particularly notable in response—apparently he just said, "No, sir"—but that he was able to speak at all. Eventually he was able to convince McDonald's that motorcycle cops were not the sort of deceptiveness who would scare decent citizens away from their restaurants, and the commercial got made. Friend avers that Kogal has gotten a bit more lenient in being exceptionally hard to rattle. Kogal says that he has an ideal degree of self-confidence, about which he says simply that having lost 225 pounds, he feels he can do anything.

That belief is born part to the man now

on the sound stage, where the performers are still trying to get through the door to their car without collapsing onto one another. One of the two hero policemen looks like he needs passing, and the client is upset about that. Because no one really knows what's going to work on film until it

is seen on the screen, people get along on a set by telling one another that it's going great. Everything's great. Down the hallway and downsets on the set are great. The only one who doesn't play that game is the client, an anxious man in a Coverall. As the one who is paying for the whole thing, he considers it his prerogative and duty to look for things that are going wrong. Kogal can sympathize with him. He believes that commercials are the most technically demanding form of art because they're the only performances that people will sit over and over and over again, until out of sheer boredom they begin looking for flaws, like the woman who once wrote to McDonald's to complain about what looked like a tear on the face of a sandwich that was visible in one frame of a thirty-second commercial. He immediately sent a check back to her, protected by his name, but he was unable to get it possible to take that performance to her.

The agent the client hired in Boston, showing a female appearing to burst out of a shell of ice and asked whether the ice containing the beverage had been made from distilled water.

What clients never learn is that secret researched to people whose living comes from creating things on deadline, it is all going to work out in the end because it has to work out. And so it does. Kogal's career is racing over with the good news: he has found the secret of making penguins waddle, by balancing them on a sheet of Mylar so thin enough to flex beneath their weight. The smoke pots are fired up, sending a thick cloud of artificial incense haze swirling among the rented trees. The camera rolls, the sound track ticks, and three girls standing in a line of leather with bullock pigtails on their heads start waddling. The chain of events will move, if not mountaintop, at least candlesticks of Colorado Chiller. And Kogal set it all in motion.

It is a powerful force: he has tapped the force of love itself. On the way back to his hotel that night, he puts a cigarette into the metal car's stereo deck, and his wife's voice fills the car. This is the real she needs out to go, she says, she is singing about Kentucky Fried Chicken and McDonald's Action. Her voice drifts out onto the night. Businesses are never going to be the same, covering as follows: we are the people, speaking of money, education and health care. It makes Kogal think of the time TWA showed him how his smile had been translated into twenty different languages. He gets goose bumps thinking about it, he says, that all over the world, every time someone buys a ticket, there's his face on the ticket. You're going to me and I and Larry Kogal, TWA and McDonald's and Haggis, we're all in the game together. Some of us work harder at it than others, is all.

*Taste the intrigue.*



**Mavericks of Silicon Valley,  
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Metcalfe have challenged  
the communications giants  
with new solutions**

**Business & Industry** by George Leonard

# Meet the Present and Future of Silicon Valley

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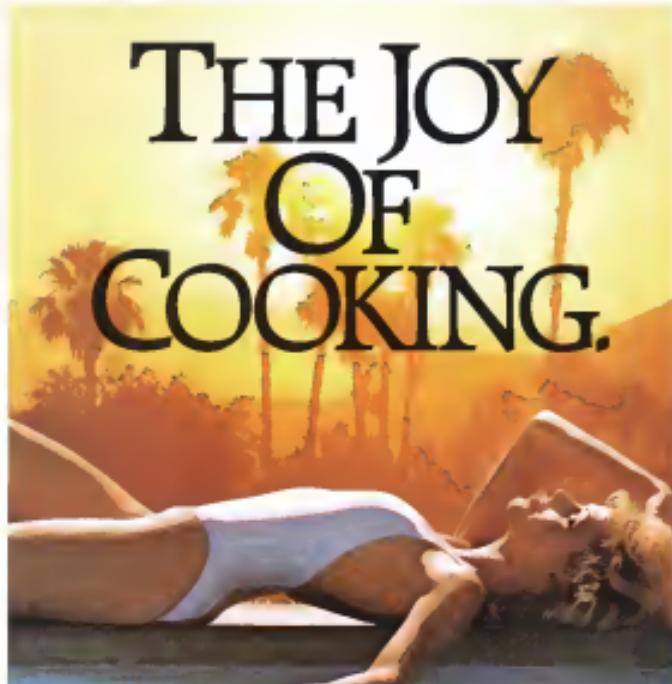
George Leonard is a contributing editor of *Entrepreneur* and the author of *Transformation*.



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The securities  
Lewis Ranieri  
devised made  
it easier for us  
to finance  
our dreams

**Business & Industry**

# How Lewie Raised the Roof on Wall Street



Lewis Ranieri grew up in Brooklyn, on the crowded top floor of a three-story house that his immigrant grandfather bought. It was a good working-class neighborhood, rich in

family values and loyalties, but by the time Ranieri was a teenager, the sprawling nearby slums had turned the streets into a combat zone. "I learned at a very early age," he says, why the adage about the three basic properties of real estate is "location, location, location." This property didn't have it, didn't have it, didn't have it. Still, it belonged to the

**by Steven Solomon**

STEVEN SOLomon  
is a free-lance journalist  
who covers economics  
and political topics. Since  
New York and Rome

family, and it was the focus of their lives.

There is nothing more exciting to the American than buying a home. And there is no one who knows that better than Salomon Brothers' Lewis Ransier. In the last eight years he has done more than anyone in the country to help Americans buy their houses. Though Wall Street chafes at Ransier's fame, his ingenuity is well known there. In the past few years it has appeared on a bewildering range of new mortgage forms, many of which he invented or helped develop. At thirty-

seven, Lewis is now a college degree set alone. M.B.A. Lewis Ransier is something of a throwback, an old-school guy, when self-trained, independent thinkers still sell the mortgages he certifies. For the people who buy the securities and receive massive payoffs. And, most important, for the home buyer who can borrow more money more cheaply from their savings and loans.

Like any significant invention, the concept, once grasped, is childishly simple. Making it work isn't. But Ransier did it, and a business that hardly existed before

mortgage bankers and savings and loans joined the country that sell the mortgages through investment banks. For the investment bank that sell the mortgages he certifies. For the people who buy the securities and receive massive payoffs. And, most important, for the home buyer who can borrow more money more cheaply from their savings and loans.

Lake Superior's invention, the concept, once grasped, is childishly simple. Making it work isn't. But Ransier did it,

and a business that hardly existed before

an unlikely moment in high finance. Physically unattractive, he appears shorter than his medium height because he's plump. His visible construction is typified by cataracts, sandstone Brooklyn wit, and an ever-present pipe or cigar. Smoking, the pipe, which has a weight control. It is also focus an enormous nervous energy. Ransier doesn't sit still.

His corner office—on bigger than those of many corporate vice presidents—overlooks New York Harbor and his native Brooklyn. There, it is noon for a coach, new

another job won't easy. Ransier is growing financially desperate when he answered an ad for a seven-day-a-week night mail clerk at Salomon Brothers. He was told that he was overqualified. But he begged them and was hired when

From that day on, Salomon had Ransier's undying loyalty. Other firms found that out later when they tried to lure him away. "It's easy to do a favor for your best trader," he says. "But I was just some guy who walked in off the street." He prudently continues and tries to hire him away for dollars. But Salomon held it when there was nothing for them to gain. I've learned since that they did it for others, too."

Ransier's first success was in the mail room, where the clerks, many of them immigrants unfamiliar with U.S. geography, were constantly using the wrong spelling. Salomon's clients often wrote him letters asking for a pronunciation guide. "I got the brilliant idea in order to put a map of the U.S. on the wall and suffice the postage rates in *Maple Bluff*," Ransier says. "For that they made me supervisor."

Soon after he was offered a day job in operations. It meant getting out, but he took it. He rose quickly in the back office, helping out Salomon's first computer system. By his mid-twenties he was managing several departments. It was then that he met Fred, his second wife, whom he hired for the key punch department. The thirty-five women there, he confesses, sometimes drove him crazy. It was one day during a typical Monday's trade that Fred first noticed him. "He stood up on a desk and started to scream at him," she remembers. "I turned to a neighbor and asked, 'Is he always that crazy?' She said he was."

Salomon then offered him a losing—and losing-paying—position in clerks on its large trading floor. Trading is the soul of Salomon Brothers; many of the partners come from the floor. It was Ransier's choice of the front office. Although his first days were spent going to coffee and stamping postcards, in a few years he was Salomon's top after-hour trader.

Then one day when John Gutfreund, then one of the major executives in the business, came to the office, Ransier was asked to go with him. "One reason Lewis is so good is because he understands the business from the clerks to the mathematical function, which is so exotic to most of the rest of us. He also has a great ability to project very far beyond current operations."

A trading-floor colleague, Robert Dell, was just then setting up a tiny department to create a market in mortgage securities. Dell wanted Ransier to be his assistant. Ransier's first reaction was that Dell was crazy—corporate bonds were at the peak of their glory, and Dell wanted him to leave them for a business that didn't exist and that few believed could exist. "I told him, 'Congratulations, we will be to you in Salomon's'."

Yogi Dell's logic was persuasive. The baby-boom generation would soon be coming into the home-buying market, and the home-loan system appeared insufficient to finance the demand. Salomon



Lewis Ransier rose to his current heights from improbable beginnings in the mail room of Salomon Brothers, where he worked the all-night shift at a salary of seventy dollars a week.

eight, Ransier has already spearheaded two great revolutions: the first, as the way Americans finance homes in our homes, the second, as the way that Wall Street defines its parameters. Today he sits as the posturing master of the highest hierarchy of power at the largest investment banking firm in the world. He reportedly earns more than \$1.5 million a year. His three-hundred-plus department accounts for about 40 percent of Salomon's \$900-\$900 million annual profit. Says Salomon chairman and chief executive John Gutfreund: "Lewis is very definitely on the short list of potential future chieftains." Says Ransier: "I never dreamed as high as I am."

make his mark.

Most bankers did was pioneer a market for a new kind of security called a mortgage-backed security. A security is any kind of stock or bond that is guaranteed, or "backed." Usually the backing comes from corporate assets: you buy a piece of AT&T, and it goes "under," you can take a step or two. Ransier's securities are just like AT&T's, but instead of being backed by corporate assets, they are backed by a group of home mortgages. Like corporate securities, mortgage-backed securities pay interest and can be traded publicly. And like corporate securities, they can raise a lot of money for everyone involved with them. For the

Bankers took the oath of office in 1981 has mushroomed to \$350 billion in securities outstanding. Already it is the U.S.'s second-largest capital market in trading volume—larger than the corporate bond market and the New York Stock Exchange. Only the deficit-driven government securities market takes Ransier's new trying to create a liquid capital market for residential real estate and credit-purchased consumer goods such as automobiles and dishwashers. Even said, debt-burdened U.S. corporations have begun "securitizing" their assets to ease additional financing. It all amounts to a transformation of long-held financial concepts.

In appearance, Lewis Ransier seems

an unlikely master in high finance. Physically unattractive, he appears shorter than his medium height because he's plump. His visible construction is typified by cataracts, sandstone Brooklyn wit, and an ever-present pipe or cigar. Smoking, the pipe, which has a weight control. It is also focus an enormous nervous energy. Ransier doesn't sit still.

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## A Lexicon of Mortgage-Backed Securities

Although mortgage-backed securities may be a brand-new business, nearly every item that you have abbreviate to have with the words "mortgage-backed security" or "mortgage-backed securities."

### ARMs—Adjustable-Rate Mortgages

The rates of these home mortgages move up and down, depending on interest-rate fluctuations. They have become very popular with homeowners and lending institutions because during high-interest periods their rates are lower than most fixed rates.

### FANNIE MAE—Federal National Mortgage Association

Formerly chartered, shareholder-owned mortgages. Fannie Mae holds a large "pool" of mortgages, but it is not a direct lender. Fannie Mae is the largest single supplier of home-mortgage funds in the nation.

### FREDDIE MAC—Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation

Freddy Mac buys conventional mortgages from mortgage lenders, packages them into pools of mortgage pass-through securities, and sells them through dealers to institutions such as banks, insurance companies, and pension funds.

### GEMs—Growing-Equity Mortgages

With each year, a couple of breakthroughs, which have been the result of a unique pipe racks, massive air bags, and a very prominent framed photo of his daughter, Priscilla, recently adopted. In the corner behind his desk, at the foot of a blonde-accented Queen, are three fat berelined wafers. Staff were been come in and out, calling him Lewis, asking for pricing approvals, returning a pipe, selling him a White House statue on the phone.

It has been an arduous climb to that spot. Ransier was chosen when his father died—and left behind large medical debts. To supplement the little his mother earned sewing in a garment factory, he got a part-time job in a restaurant, though he was below legal working age. He grew to love it, and even when enrolled as an English major at St. John's University, he continued at the restaurant with every ambition of becoming a chef.

All was going well until a head-on auto

accident on Brooklyn's Brooklyn Bridge abruptly terminated Ransier's first audition. His driver was passed by the steering wheel, and the accident brought back the asthma attacks he had suffered as a child. To his dismay, the family from the restaurant's kitchen aggravated his condition.

Finding another job won't easy. Ransier is growing financially desperate when he answered an ad for a seven-day-a-week night mail clerk at Salomon Brothers.

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some way, there was an opportunity for Solomon. But no sooner had the department been launched than 1979's volatile interest rates drove the country's average adjustable rates into a liquidity crisis. A year later the housing market collapsed.

Most investment-banking firms took that as a cue for a mass exit from the market. But, meanwhile, had fallen seriously ill and had taken an extended leave of absence. Solomon was left in charge, and he continued Solomon to expand operations. Almost alone on the Street, he had a vision of a true capital market—not just a housing market.

When a capital market did begin to develop in the early 1980s, the housing-down M.B.A. investment bankers came stampeding back, desperately reducing the staffs of the few, like Solomon, that had built up knowledge and contacts. "Lever is the absolute most important lesson who took the market from the Stone Age to the twenty-first century in one great leap," says Warren Lasko, former executive vice-president of Ginnie Mac, the federal mortgage agency (see box).

Rosen's team includes two years of plan-hard work. He restructured the country like an entrepreneur, delivering a canned three-hour presentation to thousands of one-on-one and group meetings, making believe of leading institutions and potential investors. He visited state insurance commissioners and congressional committees by foot and law a labyrinth of banking legal obstacles. The first mortgage securities, which helped avert the housing crisis, were, in fact, chartered through federal mortgage agencies—Ginnie Mac, Fannie Mae, and Freddie Mac—but, because they had no legal existence, "in the late 1970s and early 1980s," Rosen explains, "the job was to get any money for mortgages at any cost, anyhow." The agencies were spectacularly responsive. We would've died without them."

Mortgage-backed securities were then still private placements with institutional investors. They were not publicly traded, as in a true capital market. For that, major structural obstacles remained.

The big breakthrough came in 1983 with the first collateralized mortgage obligation (CMO), issued by Freddie Mac. With the CMO the capital market became a reality, because the CMO separated the pool of mortgages into short-, medium-, and long-term portfolios (at varying interest rates), thus making the investment risk more predictable. "We were discussing the problem when someone and amazingly, 'Why can't we literally curve out the mortgages into monthly units of cash flow?'" Rosen recalls. "It suddenly dawned on us that you could look at a pool of mortgages in two ways: as a single security of the traditional thirty years (because the sole value of the home, or as a series of cash flows from the

mortgage payments extending out thirty years, each one sold in a security. The ones with shorter maturities would have highly predictable yields, the longer ones would be riskier, and accordingly would carry a higher yield. At one stroke it gave security holders the increased flexibility and predictability of income that had been lacking, without compromising the home owners' freedom of choice. It was obvious, but we'd been groping for it for years. All the light bulbs went on at once."

The innovation sparked a flood with first-time buyers, which caused the market to boom. And, as expected, the CMO became a cornerstone of the housing upturn when he took about a "Fox" (Boeing) that didn't have the know-how—if we did, then why didn't they tell Freddie Mac? I have their proposal and our proposal. Any time they want to argue the point, I'll produce the documents!" Nevertheless, everybody's eyes were a little bit deflated when it was later learned that the CMO concept had already been invented in the 1960s, revised briefly in the 1970s, and then forgotten.

Rosen's street-smarts was a valuable trait in pioneering the new capital market. Over and over he faced dead ends, but he kept on trying. He based it many times that the thought of failure doesn't scare me. Success gives you a glow, big or small," he philosophizes. "Failure keeps it in perspective." Rosen feels proud that he has constantly built back to overcome adversity. He feels that a good law is the right to demand the same of his staff, clients or clients, who, are young M.B.A.s from the best schools out there, who have never worked hard and are not accustomed to their first law. "I feel it because I have the right to lead, but that I have to prove it every day," he asserts. "I want to follow me because I'm right, not because they've been assigned to do it. For example, I demand long hours. But no one works longer than me." Arriving at 6:45 a.m. and leaving twelve hours later proves his single freedom to drive his staff.

On the way to work in the morning, he often stops at the church dedicated to Saint Anne Sutton, the first native-born American saint. Once, when he noticed that the saint needed repairs and the manager explained that the church coffers were low, Rosen and colleague launched a fundraising campaign among Wall Street firms. "I believe in God," he says, "but I'll never be nominated for saint."

Rosen's law-style and homespun values seem little changed by his success and wealth. "I've known his for fifteen years, and money hasn't changed him," says his wife, Reg. "He's the same human he always was. That's what's great about him." Adds close friend Richard Siegelstein, who lives across the street from the Rosen's two-story Tudor

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# Update

CHECKING IN ON THE LIVES AND TIMES OF LAST YEAR'S HONOREES

Throughout the past year, *Esquire* has received news from—and inquiries about—the men and women honored in the 1984 Register. Herein, a sampling of progress reports on their personal and professional lives.

### Elliott Abrams/Assistant secretary of State/Washington, D.C.

**Elliott Abrams is on the Right Track**

**BY ROBERT DODD**

**ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY L. KASPER**



Elliott Abrams

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS

Eighteen months ago Elliott Abrams was the Reagan administration's assistant secretary of State for Human Rights and Inter-American Affairs. Now he's assistant secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. "The job changes," he says, "a terrible. The responsibilities at the State

Department are the the regional issues, so holding up one of these pressers is better, especially to affect policy. The offer was actually quite a surprise, so because I didn't respond to it, I was asked to leave. They called me in and asked me if I wanted to do that. I said, "You can't mean that right now. You can't do that right now." And I said, "I don't need to think about it." And I said, "I don't need to think about it." I think that the time had really come for a change. I'd been in my former office for three and a half years, and we knew, I knew, I should do the new. The State was derive when I was last in there. It should have a new of the Washington Management, and the Americas is certainly better. But a much more important change at the long run was that our third child was born last year, on December 12."

### Margaret Choate/Behavioral researcher/Woodside Park, California

**Margaret Choate, Affairs of the Heart**

**BY ROBERT DODD**

**ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY L. KASPER**

Margaret Choate

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

In the last year, Margaret Choate continued her research into the link between stress and heart disease, working again, with partner Ray Rosenman. In addition, in publishing *Anger and Hostility* in 1983, Choate and behavioral researcher, they have done new research in anger management intervention. "The focus of the program," Choate explains, "is to teach people new skills for handling and reducing infections. In addition, we've been awarded a grant to measure the men who were in the very first study of Type A behavior, done by Dr. Rosenman in 1968—when I was a year old. A study of those people will allow us to look at the individual characteristics of heart disease appeared to be high when she did not develop it. We are also looking at Type A behavior changes with age, and we're studying Type A behavior in women, looking a relationship between smoking and weight. What's particularly important to us is that our progress can ultimately be translated into increased longevity and better quality of life."

### James Fallows/Journalist/Washington, D.C.

Journalist James Fallows is publishing a book this spring, tentatively titled *Reform Capital: The Case for the Constitution Between American Conservatism and Liberalism*. "It's really about what's been lost in America," he says, "and if you really start thinking about it, you realize that's a lot of stuff. The other change is my life is that the winter are hard, and I'm trying to move to Mexico as part of our continuing to save-the-world project. My wife and I have worked in Mexico before, in 1980, and we've lived or Europe for a couple of years. We've had to make things up as we're going. We wanted to spend time in Asia because it means the kind of adventure."

### Henry Cisneros/Mayor/San Antonio, Texas

"The April," says the mayor, "was a watershed, but it's made the most important thing this year was the passage of a bond issue for improvements in the city's transportation and infrastructure. The significance is we total bonds is that there's a distinct urban improvement movement right now, but we've shown that when you start people a package and include them in the decision-making, you can start the urban movement. It was a big leadership job. I had to sell it to people it was, and it was a record victory for the city as a whole."

### Willie Robertson & Rose Hobbes/Record executives/Palo Alto, California

The founders of alternative music label Windham Hill, Willie Robertson and Rose Hobbes, have been reviewing the expansion of their organization. "We've rebounded to grow," says Hobbes. "We've started a few subsidiary labels for other types of music, Rapax for rap, Open for rock, and Last Label for rap, and we're doing more in this direction. We're also preparing for our book-publishing project, the Windham Hill Press. Our business is less about making money than about making art. We happen to be very fortunate that what interests us pays the bills."



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Send to: Mr. Barry Leonard, Manager, Esquire Register, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016

# High-tech bodyshaping

If your goal is to reshape your body to look and feel great...The Lean Machine® PRO is designed for you.

## Total Fitness System

48 different exercises combined with a free computer generated "Personalized Fitness Program" allow you to make a home fitness program to your exact requirements.

## Unique Design

Resistance is infinitely adjustable from 30-200 pounds—simply slide the selector to the desired weight. Smooth constant resistance is maintained, in both directions, by a patented cam system. Muscles are exercised more evenly and safely for maximum results.

## Compact

The Lean Machine PRO takes only 4' x 6' of floor space. Create your own health club right at home. See it and try it today. For your nearest dealer, call 1-800-823-7143. (In Arizona, 820-3919).

The Lean Machine PRO is covered by a limited lifetime warranty.<sup>®</sup>



Inertia Dynamics Corp.

**THE LEAN MACHINE<sup>®</sup>**  
**PRO**

The Lean Machine, Inc.  
(See Footer Section for Disclaimers)

\*Limited lifetime warranty covers both upper and lower weight and resistance assemblies.



"Luvvy, what a truly glorious road car!"



"Definitely engineered in Germany."



"Room for you, me, Lord and Lady Birmingham, and the poodles."



"Not to mention all 13 of our Ferre Bellini vases."

"M, darling."



"Good heavens! Is that all?!"



"Pretend you didn't see it."



It's not a car.  
It's a Volkswagen.

1986 model. Actual price as shown is \$8,170. Actual payment depends on your individual circumstances. Vehicles as shown, \$8,170. All figures are estimates by a Daimler-Benz/AMG. Photo © 1986 Volkswagen AG. 3-year limited warranty. See dealer for details. Photo © 1986 Volkswagen AG.

THE ESQUIRE  
**1985 Register**

## **A Celebration of Man At His Best**

This second annual edition of the best-selling Esquire Register is the result of an extensive, ongoing search to identify those American men and women under forty who compose a dynamic new leadership class. In selecting and profiling more than one hundred individuals, Esquire honors those whose talent and determination are the guiding forces of this changing society. And in an exclusive survey undertaken by the editors of Esquire, the values and opinions of the leadership class are revealed for the first time.



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